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IN QUEST OF LOVE AND RICHES

by
Walter Thomas Baltzell

1959

To Gladys
with love

The femininity of her lips, the noble forehead, the sparkle in her eye, her natural poise set her apart from all the rest. The little tilt on the end of her nose gave a hint that there may be a little devil in her, too. When we danced, the light fantastic rhythm of her swing made her a fairy queen.

--Walter Baltzell

September 7, 1959

Dear Margaret,

I found time on my hands while here, and then I remembered how the old composers and some writers had scribbled pages strewn all over their rooms, so I decided to go to work.

This will eliminate the expense and inconvenience of a recording machine, and I will have, I hope, my own machine (my hand) always with me so that I can jot down a paragraph or two whenever the spirit moves.

The 20 pages enclosed herewith could be doubled or even trebled by adding more characters or more details. This is just the first draft. (How many times did Lewis rewrite Arrowsmith?)

I can perhaps give 80 to 100 pages to my college days, at least that many or more to the two years I spent as an itinerant worker, land seeker and light traveler, about 50 as a Beau Brummell[1] and full-dress society man (two years), 100 or more for the eight years in Canada, perhaps even more for the 30 years as a real estate man in Chicago and another 100 for Arkansas experiences. This would add up to well over 500 pages for the first draft. Then this could be shortened or lengthened in the rewrite as it seemed advisable.

I do not expect you to give any time to this now except to read these first pages. Any suggestions you have to offer will be welcomed.

I know you will have your hands full getting the boys settled in school, and while you are working, this added task will be too much.

It will probably be several months before the first complete draft is completed as I can only work when I feel like it, and any attempt to crowd only leaves a sorry mess.

We may be leaving for Arkansas in another week. Mama has about settled on her car—a Ford—and I believe this coming week will give me enough profit to fix the well and keep us going for another few months along with other smaller jobs.

Love,
Daddy

1

Beau Brummell, real name George Bryan Brummell (1778-1840). British dandy and intimate companion of the prince of Wales, later George IV, king of Great Britain. Brummell was for many years regarded by court society as a wit and an authority on all matters of dress and etiquette. He finally lost his royal friends, gambled recklessly, and in 1816 fled from his creditors to France and eventually was forced into debtor's prison and died in Caen in a mental institution.

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PREFACEPREFACEPREFACEPREFACEPREFACE

People often ask me "What do you do? How do you spend your time?" Well, let me just say this as an answer to that question:

Man cannot live alone. He can live with his fellow man (this is his most difficult role), he can live with animals, or he can live with nature. If a man living alone wants to consort with his fellow man, all he has to do is to move about and he will find someone who is as lonely as he is. He will be relieved of his loneliness in either of two ways: he may have a quarrel and return to the protection of his isolation with the reassuring thought that he is lucky to be so securely shielded against all the rest[2] of humanity, or he may have a jolly good time and all he has to do is to arrange for another meeting. He may consort with the animals. This may require a deeper understanding, but they won't bite back if you leave them alone. He may consort with nature, but this feat has become so far removed from the capabilities of modern civilized man that it is hardly worth mentioning.

Now after all this superfluity of verbal discourse, let me just say this:

That one day in January at about 11:30 a.m., I noticed that the sun was shining bright. I had been out earlier in the morning and the air was chilly and cold, the sun was not sure that it would shine. I turned out the mother goat, and did a few odd jobs and then went back into the house. Gladys and Larry (my grandson) had gone to town. I sat down in my easy chair, had a couple of highballs, then noticed the bright warm sun. I thought of the little two-week-old kid in the cold shed (a shed is warm when the wind is blowing and cool or cold when the sun is shining). I got up and went out to the goat shed to get the little kid and put him outside in the sunshine with his mother. I had a heck of a time catching him, as he no doubt thought, Anyone who would pen me up in this cold dungeon is no friend of mine. Finally I caught him, put him outside and at the first bleat there was a response from the mother and in a few moments there was the reunion.

The pessimist could say this was just the natural consequence of the reunion of a hungry kid and a mother goat with a painful udder. Or the sentimentalist could give it a meaning that would ring in poetry and in song throughout the ages. I just enjoyed feeding a hungry kid and letting him have a little sunshine. If I could have not enjoyed doing this, all I would have to do was to just wait around until I got as hungry as the kid. Then all I would have to do was cook myself some stew and I could be as happy as the kid was.

2 "____" as written by author. Assume it means some sort of vulgarity that Walter is too polite to express!

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2

PART ONE

EARLY YEARSEARLY YEARSEARLY YEARSEARLY YEARSEARLY YEARS
1886-1910

Chapter One ❧ *SCHOOL DAYS*Chapter One ❧ *SCHOOL DAYS*Chapter One ❧ *SCHOOL DAYS*Chapter One ❧ *SCHOOL DAYS*Chapter One ❧ *SCHOOL DAYS*

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love or playing at making love and dreaming or scheming of ways to make a fortune.

My first love was Chloe Warner, a black-haired beauty who lived just across the road from where I was born[3]. Chloe was three or four years older than I, and she was the youngest of the three daughters of John Warner, a tenant farmer on the Abe Parrish Farm.

It was from Ora Warner, Chloe's older sister, that Chloe took her cue for our courtship. Ora's beau was a dandy by the name of George Shady. George's moustache was always neatly trimmed, curled and waxed. His vest was of the brightest hue, with the heavy watch chain with the many chains reaching through a button hole from pocket to pocket across his chest. This was the horse and buggy days, and George's horse was a pacer, not a trotter. The harness was decorated with rings of many colors and the seat of the buggy was just a little higher than the regular run of buggies. So George, all things considered, was an outstanding catch for Ora. There was no gate to the Warner place which allowed George to come charging in at full pace right up to the door.

Ora's love nest was the parlor in the Warner home. Chloe's was in the playhouse out under the big apple tree. I didn't have a buggy, but I did have a horse, a stick which I rode, and Chloe had the string reins decorated with buttons in imitation of the rings on George's harness, and when I came charging in, Chloe proceeded to paint a moustache with mud on my upper lip, also in imitation of George.

My courtship of Chloe was all too short, only two or three years. Abe Parrish, the owner of the farm on which the Warners lived, had moved to town, and as living in the city proved to be more than the income from the farm would provide, he decided to sell the farm and the Warners had to move. Our last farewell, Chloe sat in a rear seat of the Warner spring wagon drawn by two mules, Johnny, a large mule, and Jerry, a small one. She looked straight ahead as the mules moved slowly by, and I stood alone under the large cottonwood tree too sad to wave goodbye. I never saw her again. After I had gone to school and learned to write, I wrote her a letter but she never answered it. Perhaps the Warners had moved again.

~ ❦ ~

3

The setting is Decatur, Indiana around 1890. The author, Walter Thomas Baltzell, was born in Adams County, Indiana, on November 26, 1886.

It was my father who bought the Parrish farm. And when the farm became our very own, I could pursue my hunt for the pot of gold (rumored to be hidden on the farm) with a clear conscience and without the dread of having to divide the find with the Parrishes.

Old Peggy Parrish[4], Abe's mother, started many rumors and played many practical jokes. She could pray louder and longer during revival season and swear and work harder during the rest of the year than any other human being alive. A sample of her pranks: Johnny Parrish, her henpecked husband, had been working hard and long in the clearing back along the ditch. Johnny had just been converted too in the recent revival. Peggy was beginning to cool off in her religious ardor. One day while Johnny was working, she slipped out of the house and followed the ditch down to the clearing near to where Johnny was working. As he raised his axe she called out, "Johnny, go preach." Johnny stopped, looked about and listened, saw nothing nor did he hear anything. He raised his axe again, and again Peggy called out, "Johnny, go preach." Johnny looked up, clasped his hands across his breast and reverently said, "Yes, Lord." Peggy silently slipped back to the house and awaited Johnny's arrival. He came in, sat down, looked up and solemnly told her of his experience. She listened until he had finished and then said, "You old fool, get back to your work. That was not the Lord, it was me."

It was Peggy who started the story of the Indian chief who had hid the pot of gold under a big flat stone between two maple trees on the hill near the pond that never went dry. And this spot was on the rear end of the farm that my father bought from Abe Parrish.

While still courting Chloe, when I was too small to use a spade, I used to slip back on the farm to try to locate the two maple trees. For years after Chloe was gone, I continued my search. No maple trees were still standing so I investigated the stumps. And after the stumps were gone, I followed my Dad or our hired hand behind the plow, hoping to locate the stone. Whenever the plow struck a large stone, I marked the spot and then returned later all alone to dig under the stone in search of the gold. I never found any gold, but I did gather a fine collection of arrow heads and the finest tomahawk specimen I ever saw.

~ ~

My next one-sided love affair was with Ada Johnston[5]. Ada was four or five

4

Walter does not seem to be aware that Peggy Parrish is a relative of his. Her grandparents were Thomas Archbold and Mary Kent, great great grandparents to Walter, making them first cousins twice removed. See abbreviated genealogy.

5

Ada and Eliza Johnston were third cousins to Walter. They all shared common great great grandparents in Thomas

years my senior but she was very small for her age, and I was at least two years bigger than my age. I was to start going to school in the next term in the Fall, and in preparation for this new experience, I was allowed to accompany my older sister to school during the later days of the Spring term. The seats in the school house were long enough for two pupils. I sat with my sister in one seat, and just across the aisle sat Eliza Johnston and her sister Ada. Eliza got great sport of teasing me. She was about two years older than I. When the teacher was not looking she would raise up and kick me in the back. She kept this up for a long time until I began to cry, whereupon Ada got up and changed sides with Eliza and sat near me for protection. She petted my wounds, talked nice to me, and I never forgot it.

For the next three or four years after I started to school, I kept close by Ada whenever the opportunity presented itself. I skated with her, always tapped her in the popular game of Fox and Geese, and protected her in the snow ball battles which were a part of our winter sports.

My affair with Ada had a happy ending. Wilson Beery became our teacher when I was in the sixth grade. He was a favorite among the boys. He played all our games and taught us new ones, and could out-run, out-jump, and drive a ball farther than any of the big boys in school. The big boys only went to school for six weeks to two months in the middle of the winter term and therefore never graduated but kept coming back in some instances until they were 18 years old.

When the next term opened, Wilson Berry brought his younger brother Edwin with him. Edwin, like Wilson, was a star athlete and became our hero. Edwin was about Ada's age, and before long, they were going together. And while I looked on with envy, I was happy to lose to such a worthy suitor.

~  ~

It was the custom in those days for the pupils of one school to visit with the pupils of the neighboring schools. Sometimes the whole body would pile in three or four bob-sleds once each winter and visit the neighboring schools. It was on one of these trips that I first saw Sadie Carson, a dazzling beauty with long flaxen locks streaming over her shoulders. As this was the same winter that Edwin met Ada, well without her knowing it, Sadie was my salvation.

Sadie occasionally attended our Sunday school, but in winter the roads were too bad and in summer the horses had to work so hard that she attended a little church within walking distance of her home. I didn't see her often, just enough to keep the spark alive. And finally I found an excuse to visit her school alone, and this gave me my opportunity to become her hero. Just as she was leaving the school door to go home, Ralph Andrews, a boy about my age, grabbed her handkerchief and

and Mary (Kent) Archbold and in Jonathan and Linney (Cecil) Andrews. Note that the family name of Johnson was changed to Johnston in their father's day. See abbreviated genealogy.

started running. I set out in hot pursuit, recovered her handkerchief and returned it to her.

We always spoke and grinned but never talked when we saw each other at the infrequent trips to Sunday school. Finally when I was about 12 years old, I ventured out of bounds to attend an ice cream social at her school. I invited her to have ice cream with me. She accepted. And later when I asked to see her home, before she had a chance to speak in her own behalf, her mother, whom I hadn't even noticed, answered for her, "Come along, Sadie."

I did not see Sadie again for several months. But from a large tree near the spot where the pot of gold lie buried, I could just see the corner of her home.

I spent many hours spading for gold and then climbed the tree to sit on the limb and feast my soul by viewing the mere outline of a part of her home, and dreaming of the day when the pot of gold would be found.

When I saw Sadie again, her curls were gone. She wore a long dress. She acted completely grown up and passed entirely out of my life.

~  ~

I remained in the grade school for two years after receiving my credits for entering high school. During those two years I had a very fine teacher, a Mr. Finch, who tried especially to interest us post graduates in literature and to fire our ambitions for something more than just being farmers. I benefited from his teaching, and when I entered Decatur High School, I was well prepared to benefit by the instruction of Mr. Harding, another very fine teacher who later became professor of history in the University of California. Mr. Harding was an advocate of early specialization, and before the year was out, he had me set, mentally at least, to become a lawyer.

I applied myself diligently to my studies. I would have no time for women, so I thought, and when Fanny Frysinger asked me to take her for a ride on the merry-go-round, I turned her down flat. Fanny was the youngest and ugliest girl in our class. She sat just across the aisle from me and always seemed to be standing on the corner of Second and Chestnut streets waiting to get a ride home. She lived at the edge of town in a big house on Chestnut Street, and I lived in the country a few miles out and passed her home each morning and eve as I came and went from school.

I drove a horse and buggy to high school for the entire four years. I was good in math and Fanny poor. So she set her head to have me help her with her math, and eventually I did willingly in order to boost my ego. This continued for the first year. In the second year our seats were separated, and I missed her. She began dating Irwin Case, a fine-looking boy from a small town nearby.

I became class orator and then wrote a poem or two and became class poet. When I was asked to play a violin solo before the school, I asked Frances

Merryman[6], a junior and a fine pianist who played before the school on numerous occasions, to play my accompaniment. Fanny asked me why I had not asked someone in my own class. I immediately made excuses to Frances and spent many happy hours after school practicing with Fanny for the event.

In our junior year, the seating arrangement put us in adjacent seats again. I helped her with the solid geometry more willingly than before. She could express her appreciation in the most gracious manner and with feeling. She seemed interested in my ambitions, etc. But I wondered about this man, Case. They were going steady now and to me it seemed serious. Why was she so nice to me was it all because I helped her in her studies? At the next school dance I would see. I was green as grass and could not dance. I really never had a date with a country girl, let alone one from town. I had a cousin in Fort Wayne a couple of years older than I, a fine dresser who had taken drama and the arts and was an all-around ladies man. I asked him to come down and date Fanny for the school dance just to see if she would ditch Irwin. She did.

The next chance I had, I took a few lessons and learned to waltz and two-step. And from that time on, for all our remaining class affairs (maybe five or six in all), Fanny was my girl. For all the theatre performances or any date that took money, she was still Case's girl, for my allowance was too meager to allow me to participate in any social function that required money.

~ ~

6

Frances Mildred Merryman was Walter's third cousin, sharing the same great great grandparents, Thomas and Mary (Kent) Archbold. See abbreviated genealogy.

During my last few months in High School, I was riding on the crest of the wave. I received the highest praise for my essays by my teachers, and when I delivered my graduation speech, the best lawyer, judge and orator of the town came forward with the highest praise.

During the summer, Luther Boyers, an early classmate who had quit Decatur High School and went to the De Paw University in his second year, returned home for the summer. We renewed our friendship and started making plans to go to college together. We had always wanted to do this, but my father favored our own state university, and Luther's father, Dr. Boyers, wanted something better than a state university. We decided to go all out on our own and work our way through Leland Stanford.

My father gave in reluctantly and gave me $275, the minimum amount specified in the college catalogue required for tuition, books, board and lodging. I had one good suit and an old suit and $275.

Luther had three or four suits, and his father and he went downtown on the morning before we left and got another H. S. & M.[7] suit, and then just before we left to board the train, Dr. Boyers came up with still another new suit all packed and ready to check, just in case Luther had an accident.

Dr. Boyers stood well in the community and my father ranked just as well as a stockman and business man. So Luther and I had no trouble in getting a fine letter from our banker, Mr. Dugan, to David Star Jordan, president of Stanford. Mr. Dugan was an A+ student in Indiana University when Dr. Jordan was president there.

We also got a fine letter from Edwin Holt Hughes (he delivered the address at a commencement exercise), who heard my graduation speech, and who had been president of De Paw University where he met Luther. Mr. Hughes was resigning as president of De Paw to become archbishop of the Methodist Church in San Francisco. With these letters in hand, we looked forward to entering Stanford with the highest hopes.

This was the high-water mark in my career as a student. Without knowing it, I was stopped before I hardly had gotten started.

General Grant in his memoirs gives little credit to himself for his success, except that he always did his best. But he said it was fate that he was the lucky general on the spot when the great battles were won, and if he had not been there, someone else surely would have won and he would never have become president. Far too modest, I would say, for General Grant.

7

Hart Shaffner & Marx

However, if I had not gone to college with Luther Boyers and if I had gone to a smaller college at first where the requirements were less severe and more in line with my prep work, what would have been the outcome? Although, I never regretted the outcome.

I had had one or two informal visits with Fanny during the summer. I made a formal date to see her on the evening before I was to leave for Stanford. When I arrived at the drive-in entrance to her home, I found her seated in the Case phaeton (a stylish buggy) with Irwin Case. I gave her the box of candy, which was customary in those days, talked for a little while and left. This was disappointment No. 1. I was not in love, as I learned to know love later. I was beginning to feel the need of a lady friend, and Fanny was to be the one. Had she failed me? We had agreed to correspond while in college, which we did, and neither of us ever referred to this date.

After prolonged farewells to our respective families, Luther and I were finally seated beside one another on the train to Stanford. In my talks with both Luther and his father regarding college finances, they always stressed the necessity for economy. When I saw Luther leaving with four or five suits of clothes while I had only two, I felt dejected to say the least. When he showed me the check for $250 which his father had given him, I thought, "Well, I have $275. He has more clothes, but I have more money." But when he said, "This will be almost enough for the first semester," my spirits sank to the lowest ebb.

Luther had been dating (occasionally) Winifred Johnston, a friend of Fanny's. Luther thought more of her than she did of him apparently, but nevertheless, although she had many boy friends, she gave Luther an affectionate farewell and an evening all alone on his last night at home.

Luther and I had been and always remained true friends. I did not begrudge him his many suits, his adequate finances, or his tribute from his lady friend. But it all gave me an inferiority complex that, with him in company, I was never able to shake off.

~ 1 ~

On our arrival at Stanford, Luther and I went immediately to Dr. Jordan's office and presented our letters and credentials. Dr. Jordan was a big enough man to receive us and gave us his blessing and then he directed us to the proper authorities for registration.

The monitor to whom I was assigned was Professor Gray. In the beginning he was very pleasant, and I was delighted at my good fortune in having such a brilliant and at the same time agreeable person to advise me. I had prepared a very ambitious program for study which skipped a lot of the more elementary courses. Professor Gray expressed his admiration for my lofty ideas and then began to bring me down to earth. He informed me that the Decatur Indiana High School was not accepted by Stanford as an accredited school. The history courses in Decatur High

School, in which I got straight A's, were not accepted at all. The literature and language courses were far below Stanford. Instead of having the full 15 credits, I was reduced to 11 and thus entered Stanford on a conditional basis. I very reluctantly accepted Professor Gray's advice to take the most elementary courses the University provided and to leave the courses I myself had chosen until my junior or senior year.

Our registration completed, Luther and I met at the appointed place under the large spreading oak tree just outside the quadrangle. (The main buildings at Stanford are arranged in a quadrangle around an inner plaza.)

Luther, who expected to enter as a junior because of his summer credits at Michigan State, Northwestern De Paw, and Nebraska State, was reduced to the status of a sophomore. We sat there brooding for hours, all our hopes of doing Stanford in three years shattered. The cost of meals, books, lodging, everything was much higher than anticipated. To me, the extended time for graduation seemed prohibitive. Luther just moaned.

Finally we awoke to the fact that we must get out of the expensive hotel where we had taken temporary quarters and look for a place for permanent lodging. Anything on the campus that was acceptable at all was excessively priced and suitable only for the rich men's sons from Frisco. Next we looked over Palo Alto. It, too, was too high and required a bus fare. We finally went to Mayfield where we found lodging, still more costly than I could afford, but there was no bus. So we had to walk the one-and-a-half miles and thus saved the fare.

In Mayfield, we had looked over numerous advertised rooms in private homes and boarding houses for students before we accidently came upon the Cardinal Club for Men, a brand new building for about 20 students run by Leon and Ray Tuttle. The Tuttles did not advertise but planned to fill the Club with selected members. As the registration was now completed and the Tuttles still had two or three vacant rooms, we had little trouble in convincing them of our eligibility.

We could not have found a better place to stay. Leon was a senior majoring in philosophy and the social sciences, and Raymond was an A+ junior in history. The membership included, among other worthy young men, Bruce Bliven, who later became nationally known as a writer. Sydney Hiliard, about 30 years old, was an Englishman who had traveled extensively in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. He had already had many articles accepted by national magazines. He wrote articles for the college paper, some constructive, but mostly very critical of anything he did not like. He was a Barb[8], but the fraternities tried hard to pledge and he received many invitations to sorority functions. He was much inclined to socialism, but he wore a full-dress suit when occasion decreed and he looked well in it. Then there was Hagen, an A.B.[9] from Berkeley and a Juris Doctor from Stanford

8

A barb, "barbarian", was a person unaffiliated with any fraternity.

who was taking special post-graduate study.

Under normal conditions, I could have been perfectly satisfied and happy with my surroundings. But the room and board, the cheapest desirable place we could get, was $4 per week. This was $1 more per week than I had figured on and it did not include heat. We had to buy our own stove and fuel if we wanted heat. It was all too evident that I would have to get a job and the sooner the better and this would take time from my study and from participating in the meetings of the Club at which only intellectual subjects were discussed.

Luther and I had originally planned on making many exploratory trips on foot in the immediate vicinity and by whatever transportation that was available for the more remote places. On our first Sunday we decided to take the country trail to the old pier near the southern tip of San Francisco Bay, east of Palo Alto. It was only a few miles out, and after sitting on the pier for a while, from which we got a fine view of Mt. Hamilton across the bay, we ate our lunch and decided to return by a different route. We got lost on the winding trails that led us through what was apparently a secluded section of deserted millionaire mansions on large estates. The money that had been expended by the early gold miners or shipping magnates seemed fabulous but now, at every entrance, there was only the sign "Keep Out" and a big padlock on the iron gate. The only human beings we saw were apparently watchmen, and they kept at a safe distance. We wandered until long after dark and finally emerged at San Mateo several miles distant from home.

We took the Southern Pacific back to Palo Alto where we ate supper in a restaurant, another expense we overlooked, and then walked over two miles to the Club. We were dirty and completely worn out. So instead of getting a lift for our depressed spirits by our first hiking expedition, we were more depressed than ever.

On Monday morning we were off to begin serious work in our classes. Although I had followed Professor Gray's advice in taking elementary courses, I did not stop at the 15 hours normally taken and required for graduation, but to make up my deficiency in entrance credits, I enrolled for 18 hours.

The first week's work in school was quite satisfactory. The assignments were moderate and the professors did not appear to be too exacting. Professor Martins in Latin spent the week mostly in a review of a little more advanced high school book on beginner's Latin. Professor Gray in English Literature spent most of the time lecturing, and any assignments were for preliminary readings for further study. Professor Briggs in English Composition mostly lectured and gave us samples for special reading before we tried our own hand. Professor Murray in Greek in English (I had decided to take this course instead of mastering the ancient Greek culture) just lectured. He didn't seem to care whether we did collateral reading (I found out later that he had taken that for granted). Professor Munkhaus in German (Beginners), my

9

Lat. *Artium Baccalaureus* (Bachelor of Arts).

heaviest course, lectured, tested us in single syllable words, and laughed at our mistakes. Hygiene and physical courses were merely routine. My spirits gradually rose during the week and were at a moderately high level by the end of the week. I felt sure that the school would be so easy as to allow me ample time for outside work to earn money enough to pay all expenses. The whole Club seemed in high spirits. Luther and I should have profited more from this good atmosphere, but we made the mistake of keeping much to ourselves and planning our weekend to be spent alone.

On Saturday, Luther and I explored the ruins of the Stanford Memorial Church, the new library, the art museum, and the new gymnasium. This was in 1907, the year after the historic earthquake of 1906. All these buildings were completely demolished with a loss of millions of dollars. We browsed among the ruins until late in the evening—too late for supper at the Club, which meant the cost of another meal at the restaurant which was not included in our plan of expenditures. And the trousers on my second suit, which were supposed to last me at least half a year, were reduced to a state of demolition almost equal to that of the ruins we were exploring.

On Sunday morning we were almost too tired to rise for breakfast. We had not relaxed or rested since we left home three weeks before and the cross-country run prescribed by our athletic director on the Friday afternoon was just about the last straw. But we had planned a long list of hikes around the vicinity of Stanford and next on our list was the hike (14 miles) to the top of Black Mountain (height 4,000 feet) from which it was reputed that a broad, expansive view of the Pacific Ocean could be had. Unmindful of the fact that most hikers who tried to accomplish this feat in one day leaned on their bicycles going up and then coasted all the way down, we set out afoot with our lunches, cameras, and canteens filled with water. We started up the foothills, which became steeper and steeper as we trudged along. Luther, who was the camera addict, took some pictures during the first few hours, but by the time we reached the pass over the coast range at the foot of Black Mountain, he had long forgotten that he had his camera along. It was after 2 p.m., and completely exhausted, we lay down and slept for two hours. When we awoke at 4 p.m., we realized the folly of trying to scale the still steeper ascent to the top so late in the day and began the long 14-mile trek back to the Club, arriving too late to even get a snack at the little restaurant.

On the trip to the old pier, we at least saw Mt. Hamilton, which supported the observatory, and we did see some stately old mansions, even though they were deserted. But on this trip to Black Mountain, we saw nothing but poor Italian immigrant homes and poorly kept vineyards. We did not see the Pacific Ocean, and the best view of Black Mountain was the view we got from the valley below before we started our trip.

When it came time for the gym class on Monday, I just didn't show up. I could not see the wisdom of taking gym exercises after a 28-mile hike the day before, and because of the many more hikes we had planned and in view of the fact that I would have to get a job, I then and there decided that there would be no more gym

for me. I gave no explanation to the athletic director and thus got a mark of failure at the end of the semester a couple of weeks later. Since the hygiene course was tied in closely with the gym work, I unceremoniously dropped out of this class too, and altogether, instead of gaining three extra credits, I got three black marks against my student record.

There was little change in the procedure in the other classes during the week. Professor Gray in English Lit. showed some nervousness on a couple of occasions. Professor Munkhaus did not laugh so much at the students' mistakes in pronunciation, and if the same student made the same mistake twice, he did not laugh at all.

During the week we received letters from home. It seemed a long time, but it was almost two weeks before our folks got our permanent address and mail in 1907 was quite slow, especially where rural mail delivery was involved.

I also got a letter from Fanny in answer to my many postcards to her, and I also received a large sized photograph of her which flattered her quite a bit. But this piece of artistry by the photographer was mild compared to the touches of my imagination as time went on. Luther also received a letter from his father with a demand for an itemized accounting of every penny spent so far and a decree that he start regular attendance at church forthwith, assuming correctly that church-going was one of the things we had not considered at all.

This letter from Dr. Boyers was the cause of the beginning of the rift between me and Luther. I agreed that we should keep a strict account and Luther resented this very much. He got his shoes shined on an average of two times a day by the boot black, while I carried a rag with me to shine my own; and I would rather hurry home where our meals were paid for and we got no credit for meals missed, while Luther held that we needed a meal out once in a while and he offered to pay for me which my pride would not allow.

We bowed to the edict to start attending church, and when we attended the Methodist Church in Palo Alto on the following Sunday morning, the minister met us at the exit after services and gave Luther a warm greeting. I got a nod and casual handshake on being introduced. You see, Dr. Boyers had had the minister of the Methodist Church in Decatur write to the Methodist minister in Palo Alto so that Luther would be well received on arrival. I had not been mentioned in the letter and as my best suit looked none too well after a long spell of constant wear, I was merely tolerated. After we left the church, on our way home, Luther was quite critical of my lack of aggressiveness at the interview. My only response was to tell him that I would not embarrass him by going to church with him again.

I resolved to get a job and go to work. I spent much time in the search, but about the only jobs available for me were those that offered board and lodging in lieu of cash as compensation. The rainy season set in. I got a very bad cold that lasted for weeks. My progress in my studies was poor. I began to realize what my monitor meant when he said my prep schooling was inadequate. I bent over my Latin lexicon for hours preparing an assignment that some of the pupils seemed to be

able to read at sight. In English literature and poetry, the way I was taught, the student was to look up all words in the dictionary, look up all references, etc., and then retell the story in his own words.

To Professor Gray this was purely elemental. He was always, it seemed to me, searching for some mysterious deeper meaning that the author had in mind. I seldom, if ever, hit upon the right answer. Professor Murray in Greek in English just seemed to take it for granted that every pupil had read everything that had ever been written on the subject. The only encouragement I got in any course was by Professor Briggs in English Composition. He at least seemed to think that I had a mind that was worth training.

When I got my examination papers from Professor Murray, it was marked with red pencil clear across the sheet, "Failed," with no grade marks at all.

Professor Gray personally told me, "You have failed miserably."

I got a "B+" in English Comp.

Professor Martin in Latin had withheld marking my paper until he consulted with me, and when I told him I was already conditional and that to fail another course meant expulsion, he thereupon gave me the lowest grade "D " for passing, on condition that I promise never again to take a course in Latin with him.

Professor Munkhaus was fatherly. He recommended that I take a course in the manual workshop instead of German. When choked with emotion I told him I would rather fail, he marked my paper "D", handed it to me, gave me a pat on the shoulder, and wished me the very best of luck.

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I had anticipated that I would not have enough money to pay the small tuition and board and lodging for the first month of the second semester so I had sent home for $25. The check came immediately, but before it arrived, I had taken a job in a fancy rooming house on the campus making beds and sweeping up daily for my room and board and $1.25 in cash for giving the place a more thorough cleaning on Saturday morning. Thus freed of the obligation of paying board and lodging, I had enough of my own money to pay tuition. As the university had promptly notified my parents of my low grades and that I must now make a passing grade at the mid-semester exam in all subjects taken or be expelled, in order to soften the blow, I returned the check.

At this time I received a letter from Fanny who had entered Indiana University at about the same time I entered Stanford, telling me that she had been pledged to the Delta Gamma sorority. In 1907 the breach between the Barbs and the Greek-letter fraternities was so great that even a passing friendship was almost impossible, and I believed this to be the end.

My answer to her letter was to tell her of my failure. This surely would mean the end. But to my surprise I got a reply of encouragement and endearment that perhaps did more harm than good. It was bad enough to be falling deeper and deeper

in love at the same time I was failing in my studies, but to be falling in love with a girl that was joining a sorority was enough to drive any man mad, especially one who had just taken a job as house maid in a rooming house for men.

My lodging quarters at this new address was a little frame 8' x 10' box with a roof in the rear of the lot. My predecessor was a Jap. Many of his pictures of Japan were still on the wall. I never removed them. They were beautiful. My employer was a cultured lady with an invalid husband who had seen better days. Her early home was in Ohio, not too far from my home in eastern Indiana. I believe it was to this fact alone that I was considered for the job. She was a kindly lady and we had many talks about folks in Ohio and Indiana. My father's people all lived in western Ohio near the Indiana line.

It would seem that I should have done better under these conditions. I had a measure of security I had not had before. I had absolute quiet for my work. The boys at the rooming house were the sons of very rich parents of a nationality that made them ineligible for the fraternities, so I had no feeling of inferiority because of them. I worked hard until 2 or 3 a.m. almost every night on my studies, but I could not make the grade. I was just completely miscast. After the midterm exams I got notice to leave the University. My employer got notice that expelled students were not allowed to live on the campus. And, of course, they also notified my parents.

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Chapter Three ▪▪ *SUMMER BREAK*Chapter Three ▪▪ *SUMMER BREAK*Chapter Three ▪▪ *SUMMER BREAK*Chapter Three ▪▪ *SUMMER BREAK*Chapter Three ▪▪ *SUMMER BREAK*

While the condolences came pouring in from my parents and the few people with whom I kept in contact, strange as it may seem, this action was a distinct relief to mind. My mind had become so imprisoned by the overpowering circumstances of the past few months that it simply had ceased to function properly.

I felt free. I was glad. I knew I could do physical work; my father had taught me that. So I got a room in Palo Alto, an attic room for $1.25 per week. My first job was dishwasher for a restaurant, with meals and a little money and time off in mid-morning and mid-afternoon to look for work. This was early 1908. The panic of 1907 was still on. Wherever you saw 100 men working, there might be 200 waiting around for that one in 200 chance that they would be called in case some poor fellow got fired.

I did not choose to wait in line. I went directly to the boss on the job. He cursed me away. I returned in the afternoon and again each morning and afternoon until one morning he said, "You here again? Why, you little son of a bitch. I believe you would work," and then he said, "but you have no overalls."

I said, "These are just old pants and..."

But before I finished he said, "You will have to get overalls if you want to work here. We don't want any dudes around."

I was off and back in a jiffy with my new overalls on over my old pants.

He looked at me with a scowl and said, "Stand here." I did and waited until a poor little Italian was pushing a wheel barrow full of concrete over a plank runway. One of the planks tipped and he spilled a little concrete from his wheel barrow.

"That's enough. You're fired," cried the boss, and then to me, "Get in there."

I shall never forget the look on that little Italian's face. And although I was the beneficiary of his misfortunes, this act made me prejudiced in favor of labor in the war between capitalism and labor that was soon to sweep the land.

I worked like a demon. The work was killing. I had blisters on my hands and pains in my back. But I was 5' 11½" tall and weighed 175 lbs., and I had broken in on hard jobs before back home in the spring after school. I knew the blisters would heal and that my back would grow stronger.

As soon as the boss saw that I knew how to use a No. 2 shovel like an expert, he abruptly said, "Come with me. Let them honkies do that hard work." Then he took me over to where they were putting in the forms for the concrete work on the sidewalk and said, "You see here? This measurement must be four inches on each side, but it does not matter if it is raised a little in the middle."

He was giving me a chance to have an easy job if I would steal about 10 times

my daily wages ● worth of concrete from the city by leaving a skillfully contoured hump in the middle of the sidewalk floor. In other words, make the form four inches on the side and only three inches in the middle. He watched while I showed him that I could do the job. I could do this work faster than the men before me could lay the forms, so after a few days I was given another job that gave me overtime. Concrete may dry too fast in the hot California sun. To prevent this, a thin layer of loose dirt is spread over the concrete when it is dried out a little on top. This was my overtime job.

I was keeping my own time for the overtime and I got it built up to 14 to 16 hours per day and kept gaining favor with the boss every day.

Even with this job I had slack moments, and the boss used to come over and engage me in conversation. One day my boss saw his boss, who seldom came around, arriving on the scene. This was during one of my slack periods. He came to me and said, "We are short some shovels. Perhaps you better go over there where we were working last week and see if you can find them." I hurried over, looked all around and came back before the big boss had left and told my boss that there were no shovels left over there. He looked at me in disgust and said, "You didn't look in the right place," and then aside to his boss, "How dumb can they get?" I finally took the hint. I went back and hid in the weeds and didn't return until the big boss was gone. Nothing more was said about the lost shovels.

Another time this big boss appeared just before quitting time, which was 6 p.m., and we were all on a 10-hour day. He asked my foreman if he could get two good strong men to help him unload a little furniture. I and another very strong young man were designated for the job. My foreman whispered to me, "This is your chance to get in solid." We started moving old furniture out and new furniture in, then changing the new furniture around until about 10 p.m. My pal and I had been talking to one another on the Q.T. as to how much he would pay us, thinking for a hard job like it was and also after hours, he would or should be quite liberal. He was not. He called us into the kitchen, gave us a speech of appreciation for our good work, and then put two glasses on the table, opened the ice box, took out two bottles of beer, divided one between the two glasses for me and my pal, and then drank the other bottle himself without even asking us if we would have another.

The slight elderly lady, ostensibly a widow from whom I rented the attic room, noticed that I was using canned milk. She suggested that we have the milkman leave a pint which we could divide. I agreed to this arrangement, but I was never there first in the morning to get my half. She was always there first and got the cream and left me the skim milk. I got there just as she was closing her door after she had taken her share a time or two, but I never got there first.

I was too happy and contented to complain about a small matter like that. I was adding to my bank account every week. The kind of fatigue that calls for sleep and mental relaxation was mine every night.

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16

I did not allow this happy state to divert me from my original purpose. My father always said to work hard to get a start and then use your head and let your money work for you. He meant it in a capitalistic sense, of course. I would use my stake to further my education and let that work for me. I began to review my recent past and to try and analyze the reasons for my failure. I decided first to provide an adequate wardrobe then to take the least number of courses permissible, rather than the largest number, persuading myself that an extra year did not matter. I also decided never to tie myself so closely to any other person as I had to Luther. We could remain friends but room apart.

I began the fulfillment of my new life one day as I passed the most popular tailor for college men. His $75 tailor-made suits were being offered at $35 during summer vacations. I began the campaign to Jew him down still further until, after a long siege of bargaining, I got two suits, a blue one and a light gray one, for $28 each. With these suits snugly hung in the garment closet covered by an old sheet, I began to accumulate shirts, ties, two pair of shoes, a hat and cap, and I was ready to make the charge full-force ahead when the fall term opened.

After the semester closed, a few of the men remained at the Cardinal Club for the summer vacation. Luther had gone on a mountain climbing trip to Mt. Whitney. The men who remained were the older men including Sydney Hiliard and Hagen.

I visited the Club one Sunday, and Ray Tuttle, who was in charge, invited me to come in on a cost-of-food-only basis, and he also said he would intercede with the dean to get permission for me to work on the brick pile (a job at piece work for students only). I gladly accepted and soon was making $5 per day scraping the mortar of the brick from the wreckage after the quake.

With my new clothes, money in my jacket and in the bank, and a few very understanding, intelligent and agreeable associates, I seemed to enter a new world.

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One day while I was working, Hagen appeared on the scene with his scraper to join me in the job of cleaning brick. I was dumfounded. Hagen, an A.B., an LL.M[10], and a J.D., scraping brick. I asked him why. Wouldn't he rather work for nearly nothing in a high grade law office just for the experience rather than clean brick?

He said, "Yes, I would, if I could get a job. If I didn't have these degrees, as long as I was a bright law student I could get a job. But now that they know I have finished my schooling, they fear to hire lest I steal some of their best customers." He then went on to give me a very discouraging picture of the future of young lawyers.

10

Lat. *Legum Magister* (Master of Laws)

This was quite a shock to me. I had not shortened my program of A.B. at Stanford followed by my law degree at either Yale or Columbia. The only thing undecided was the choice between the two eastern colleges. I just then began to realize the cost in money, the sacrifice of time, and the dubious reward at the end of eight years● study. I made a mental survey of the 22 lawyers in my hometown, how they all scrambled to get the office of judge, then only paying $1,600 per year, and how Pat Parish had struggled through two defeats to be district attorney at $500 per year.

Two other graduates of the law school whom I did not know so well were working there, too. Their big joke was that they would open up an office in the Nevada desert to specialize in the practice of admiralty. Altogether, this in time caused me to give up the idea of becoming a lawyer.

For quite a while I was shaken in my plans. I was at a loss to know what to do. I thought of my father's idea of my going to Purdue in Indiana and taking a short course in animal husbandry and being his partner in the business of breeding and importing Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs which he had built up to a national importance. Two weeks before the opening of the fall term I was still undetermined, so I decided to make a quick trip home to see him and have him help me to decide.

I took all my possessions with me as something told me that I would not be coming back to Stanford.

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When I reached home, my father was the most unhappy man on earth. He was opposed to my going to Stanford, but after I started, he wanted me to see it through. He said he would help me financially even if it took 10 years. I reiterated the reasons for my change of heart and plans, whereupon he said, "Well, the best thing for you to do is to go down to Bloomington, where the cost is less and the school just as good or better, and get your degree. Then maybe you will have sense enough to know what you want to do."

How I wished I was back at Stanford. I had just gotten my waters calmed as the broad Pacific, and in a fortnight had allowed them to be aroused to the turbulency of the rough Atlantic.

En route home I had written Fanny for a date on the Saturday night which came a couple of days after my arrival. I found her as I had the night before I left, seated in the pheaton beside Irvin Case. I was much better prepared for the ordeal this time, and we had, to outward appearances, a rather good time. But I was burning up inside. Fanny was a Delta Gam. Irvin, who had gone to Swarthmore, was a Phi Delt and I was a Barb. The conversation for the most part ran in a vein that was foreign to me.

They exchanged experiences of the college social life via the Greek-letter fraternities, etc. All I had to offer was the fact that I had attended the musical festivities at Stanford which had presented the noted violinist Maud Powell and Jan

Kubelik[11], the pianist Paderewski[12], Walter Damrosch[13] and a Russian ballet. But most of the time I just listened to their chitchat about the fine people they had met. Fanny and Irwin had gone steady for two or three years before their breakup and although they were on good terms outwardly, they made sure to leave the impression with one another that they had always had their full quota of dates and had met many wonderful people from faraway places who were attending their respective universities.

As Fanny and Irwin were comfortably seated in the carriage made for only two and I was standing on the driveway with first one foot and then the other on the step of the carriage, I did not stay too long. I would look too ridiculous and my pent-up emotions might get too hard to conceal. So I bade them a gallant good night with the "Well, I'll be seeing you" salute.

This was the first of three or four of the most depressing experiences of my whole life. I had left home a little over a year before with the highest of hopes and expectations of launching a grand career. I had come back a miserable failure. What I met with at home was the grim determination for me to start all over again. I needed a little more than this. I wanted a word of consolation, a pat on the back from someone, and it was for this, as a friend rather than as a suitor, that I had gone to Fanny. But she was a complete stranger to me. Of course a girl of 18 does change a lot in a year and a half, but to have been away to college, made the sorority of her choice, become very popular, and with the prospects of a trip abroad, she had little time to think of patting on the back a farmer boy who had lost his best chance.

The fact that I fully realized that I had no right to expect anything from her or anyone else did not relieve my depressed feelings, and as the full weight of my situation pressed down on me I went out in a cold faint.

I have never been ably to clearly visualize all that happened. I was more or less dazed all evening, from the very beginning, the way things were shaping up. But I suppose after I left Fanny, I walked back toward the center of town to get my horse and buggy and go home. When I reached the street that led up to the McKeans ●

11

Jan Kubelik (1880-1940). Czeck violinist and composer. He performed in Prague at the age of eight, and became one of the world's greatest virtuosos; he also wrote six violin concertos.

12

Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1860-1941). Polish pianist, composer, and politician. After his debut in Vienna 1887 he became celebrated in Europe and the U.S. as an interpreter of the piano music of Chopin. During World War I he helped organize the Polish army in France; in 1919 he became prime minister of the newly independent Poland, which he represented at the Peace Conference, but continuing opposition forced him to resign the same year. He resumed a musical career 1922, was made president of the Polish National Council in Paris 1940, and died in New York.

13

Walter (Johannes) Damrosch (1862-1950). U.S. conductor and composer, born in Germany, known for his long tenure (1928-42) as conductor of the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra. From 1885 to 1927, he conducted the New York Symphony Society founded by his father. His compositions include five operas.

(Aunt Anise and her children ● s) apartment, I hesitated because I had so often turned at that point when I went to visit them. And then when I realized that they too were gone, it was like the last prop was taken out from under me. I put my hand against a telephone pole and sank to the grass between the sidewalk and the curb. I don't know how long I was there. I arrived at Fanny's before dark. I don't think I stayed more than an hour. It was past midnight when I got home and it only takes an hour for the drive home, so I must have been there for two or three hours. Then the question arose in my mind, did anyone see me? Did they recognize me if they did? Well, if they did, I never heard about it, and it took a long time for me to shake the shivers I had every time the incident came to my mind.

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I would have gone to my Aunt Anise, the mother of four children, two boys and two girls, all accomplished musicians and natural comedians. They were the only family in my circle of relatives that had had high-class-society family troubles. Their father had strayed away and left them to shift for themselves on two or three occasions, and they all and each individually took it upon themselves to keep the others in a cheerful mood. But the McKeans had had another reconciliation and moved to St. Louis.

As a last resort I decided to bare my bosom to my cousin Harry Clayton Andrews. I had not considered him in the first place, first as to my studies because he was a graduate Magna Cum Laude from Indiana University, distinguished student at Harvard, and an accomplished pianist with all but the most technically difficult pieces in his repertoire. And as to my mystic one-sided infatuation or whatever you want to call it, well, he just did not go for girls at all.

Harry was an orphan. His only beloved little sister died when he was 5 years old; his mother, whom he worshipped, died when he was 7; his father died when he was 10, and he came to live with our grandfather Andrews who died when Harry was about 15; and then he was adopted by our uncle Marion Andrews[14] who only lived a half mile from my home. Both Grandpa Andrews and Uncle Marion, a high school teacher in early life, were strong advocates of higher education and they saw to it that Harry, who had ample inheritance along with his natural precocious talents, had every advantage. While other children were busy with Anderson's fairy tales, Harry had read in English translation and memorized all the classical legends in Greek and Roman mythology. He knew all the constellations, and wherever he went on a hike in the woods, he was accompanied by Asa Gray's treatise on botany. To him it was Asa Gray in person. Harry read and studied everything he could find about the authors so that he felt he knew them intimately and how they would act under any given circumstance.

14

See abbreviated genealogy.

At first Harry and I did not get along too well. He had a bicycle; I did not. I wanted to ride his bicycle a little too often and this caused friction. After I got my violin at age 14, I went all out for music. A German mystic musician moved into the neighborhood. He did not teach officially but would play for anyone and loved to talk music. Harry and I both were accepted by him and we in turn started working on our music together, he with the piano and me with the violin, pounding and scraping together hour after hour for days on end.

Uncle Marion loved music, but how he and our tolerant Aunt Ida stood the long sieges is a miracle, for we kept it up intermittently until I left for college, about six years in all. We were so close together and yet so far apart. To what he had in learning, I aspired, and to some things I had, at least he felt wanting.

I got up early Sunday morning and visited Harry. I glossed over my experience at Stanford, and when I mentioned Kubelik, Paderewski, Damrosch, etc., he went into ecstacy for me.[15] To hear these great artists all in sequence was worth more than all the degrees of all the colleges in the world! He talked about Bach's journey of 200 miles by boat to hear the great organist Buxtehude[16], of Beethoven's journey to Vienna to hear Haydn for the first time. My college failure was completely forgotten. What I had feared would be of the most concern to him, my failure in my literary work, did not matter so long as I had the other. His enthusiasm buoyed me up to the surface of living again and I was in a much better condition to broach the more delicate subject of my experience at real or imaginary love and my experience of the night before.

I started out by trying to make light of the whole affair, but I did not fool him at all. He came back with a quick, "Well, you are lucky that you can take it so lightly as she is your cousin and you never could marry." I had never followed our family tree, but Harry and Uncle Marion had gone all the way back to Adam and didn't find a pirate or horse thief in the whole lot. I was dumfounded. Was I glad because this gave me a way out? Or was I dejected because it blasted a possible lingering last ray of hope?

Our meeting was in the late summer. We lay all day under the wide spreading branches of the big oak tree that still stands in the front yard at the old homestead. When evening came, we took our position on the hayrack in the

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Author's note in the margin: There were then no radios and poor records. Personal appearances were a once-in-a-lifetime experience for the average person.

16

Buxtehude, Dietrich (circa 1637-1707). Danish-born German organist and one of the principal Lutheran composers of the late 17th century, known for his joyful cantata-arias and lyrical treatment of the aria and other forms such as the spiritual concert and chorale. In 1668 he became organist of the Marienkirche in Lübeck, Germany, where he instituted his annual *Abendmusiken,* or pre-Christmas evening concerts (a custom that continued into the 19th century). His toccatas, preludes, and fugues had a profound impact on the music of later composers, including Johann Sebastian Bach, who in 1705 walked more than 198 miles to hear the *Abendmusik* concerts.

barnyard and lay on our backs looking at the stars. Uncle Marion appeared now and then when he had some idea on an irrelevant subject, and on one of these occasions I got from him the confirmation of the fact that John Frysinger's mother was an Archbold and a first cousin of my grandpa Andrews which made me and Fanny third cousins[17]. Well, so much for that, glad to know and thanks a lot!

Once on the subject of love, we never wandered too far away to make a hasty return. I wish I could reproduce the fanciful picture of true love that flowed so eloquently from Harry's lips on that night. But I can't, so I will just make a few prosaic remarks, thus a living example of the ideas he expressed.

Harry was deeply in love himself. But he would never make known his feelings to the object of his affections lest it destroy the purity and beauty of the ideal ecstatic state. And then he would go on and on about the loves of the gods in myth, history, in poetry, giving illustrations such as the hidden love of Tschaikovsky and the woman he never met and the great music it produced. Thus a living example of the ideas he expressed.

To mere everyday man, love made him appreciate to a fuller extent the beauties of nature. But to fall to animal passion often destroyed all this, made him a machine, tied to a woman he may find he could not love or had such different ideas from that he consumed all his energies, mental and physical, just to keep existing, like Samuel Pepys who could not live with her and could not live without her.

He brought up the question of the relationship of real love to the institution of marriage. Do not some men love a woman because she is beautiful? What about the blind?

Is a person in love necessarily in love with a particular person, or are they in love with an ideal, and because some person happens along and exposes some few dazzling traits that are only a small part of the ideal, a little hand-holding and presto! they're deeply in love and off for a happy marriage.

Would it not be better to keep love off by itself, and nourish it just for the sake of one's soul? And then if one wants to marry, just find someone who is congenial, agreeable, suitable in every conceivable way, and then when one is able, and only then, should marriage be considered.

Well, I did not subscribe to all these theories. Neither did Harry in later life. But the whole picture so completely smothered out my problems, which were not really problems at all, to such an extent that I could give some constructive thinking to the steps that lay immediately ahead. The first step was to do as I had done when I entered high school. Women were taboo, tolerate them if unavoidable, but beware of sentimental entanglements.

I would go to Indiana University for one year to please my Dad, but I would

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Walter Baltzell and Fanny Frysinger were third cousins on the Baltzell side. There is no evidence for a relation on the Archbold side as told by Uncle Marion Andrews. They shared common great great grandparents in Capt. John C. and Mary Ann (Stevens) Balsel. See abbreviated genealogy.

choose my studies to suit the requirements of Stanford, my first love in colleges. And I would want to win where I had met defeat. Now that I was free it didn't matter whether it took four years or six. Eventually I would return to Stanford for my degree.

I had a few days before time to leave for Indiana University. I had several more night sessions with Harry.

I visited Dr. Boyers, Luther's father. He brought up the subject of the money I loaned to Luther and gave me a check before any further visiting. Then, as usual, he gave me some good sound advice but just a little too puritanic for me to follow. But I listened anyway, and when I left, I had his blessing.

I visited Winifred Johnston, Luther's girl friend, who was teaching in a country school. She had started in college with Fanny, but financial reverses at her home forced her to give up college and start teaching. This put her in a receptive frame of mind to any suggestion Luther might make regarding marriage, and I inadvertently contributed quite a bit to their early elopement.

I plunged in and got good and sunburned and blistered helping to prepare the cane to be taken to the mill to be pressed for sorghum molasses. The wise men say a job like this is very effective in putting a youngster in the proper frame of mind so that he will pursue his studies diligently when he enters school.

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I arrived at Bloomington in excellent frame of mind with ample funds that I had earned mostly at the brick pile at Stanford. My two tailored suits and accessories that I had gotten at bargain rates during vacation period at Stanford were equal to the best worn by fraternity men on campus.

I got a modest room with an elderly lady, a doctor's widow who had only two other roomers. She emphasized the fact that her roomers were always slightly at least a bit above par. Mr. Johnston, a middle aged high school principal back for his M.A., and another lady teacher, plump and 40, but nevertheless, every pound a lady.

What are people like? Are they funny or just queer? Mr. Johnston definitely did not want to be interrupted in his work. The spinster did. She was always sitting on the porch in fair weather and in the sitting room during foul weather when I returned to my room. For me this was nothing but a rather pleasant exchange of bits of conversation, but to our landlady, who was more and more prone to take a motherly interest in me, it was definitely a great deal more. "That woman is out to rope you in." Mr. Johnston finally got so scared of having demands made on his precious time that he started sneaking in the back way. And the cruelest blow of all to the spinster: She was from the country. She tried so hard to be one of the crowd. She saw some students with the big letter I. So she proceeded to get a big roll neck sweater and sew a big white letter I across the chest. When she appeared on the campus the next day, some of the rowdy element tore off the sweater and some of her other clothing with it. The poor soul was so embarrassed that she left the University never to return.

While Mrs. Landlady wanted to protect me from the spinster, she took the opposite view to a Miss Hazel, a beautiful grass widow[18] who lived with her parents just across the drive way. Miss Hazel was only 21, married at 18 and divorced a few months later. Mrs. L. had known her since she was an infant and she was just simply wonderful.

Mrs. L. saw to it that we were invited to the Hazels one evening. It was quite dark that night, and when I offered my arm to the old gal as we approached the porch steps, she flew back with a gasp and said, "Oh no no, that would never do. You must go on around the walk and I'll just slip across the driveway. We must not be seen together. I don't want them to think I am trying to rope you in."

I had no trouble keeping away from Miss Hazel. She was too wise to waste her time on anyone who was not next door to a degree and a career. And I was still

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A grass widow is a woman divorced or otherwise separated from her husband.

keeping my vow to beware of the enchantress.

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In 1908 only a very few of even the better homes had inside toilets. In some places where students were lodged, a pot was secluded under the wash stand. In other cases the little 2' x 4' house on the alley at the rear of the lot was to be used exclusively. Such was the case in our establishment. One dark stormy night after I had eaten something that did not agree with me, rather than get soaking wet, I rolled up a lot of paper and used it for a pot, intending to dispose of it in the morning. I had only one exit. That was through the living room. And although Mrs. L. was rarely there at other times, she sure hung around the room all morning. I missed my first class and still she stayed. Finally, I rolled the whole mess up in as much paper as I could find and put it in my suitcase and then deep in the clothes closet. At the first opportunity, when the old gal was away, I went after the bundle to dispose if it. But it was already gone. Neither of us ever mentioned this episode, but if I could paint the expression on her face the first time we met immediately after, I would become famous as an artist.

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Although I had ample funds for all fixed expenses for the first year, I was looking a little beyond and decided to find work to pay for my board by washing dishes. Either waiting on tables or washing dishes at a boarding house was the best job for a student, as the time element. I preferred washing dishes as I was then out of sight and not exposed to the glares of everyone and the demands of the snob element which exists even among non-fraternity men.

Would I ever be entirely free of the ghost of Fanny? Homer Dritter, a quarterback on the football team, waited on tables. Naturally we lunched together. One day out of a clear sky he said, "You come from Decatur. Did you know Fanny Frysinger?"

"Yes, we were in the same class in high school."

"Well tell me, how did she ever make it through math in high school?"

I said, "Why?"

"Well, she was in my class in math here, and she leaned on me all the way even through examinations."

I had registered in all my classes by this time. I did not forsake any of the standard courses for shop work. I took medieval and modern history under Samuel Bannister Harding, a world authority on the subject. I took philosophy (logic) under Dr. Fite and ethics under Dr. Lindley, head of the department. I tried Latin again under Miss Berry. Miss Berry gained renown later for coming to the fore in defense of Wendell Wilkie when the school held up his bachelor's degree because of a

socialistic essay he wrote for his thesis.

The teachers in Indiana were far superior as teachers to the professors at Stanford. They were paid less but gave more. Harding or Foley (physics) or Fite could have gotten $6,000 or $8,000 at Columbia or Stanford, but they stayed on at Indiana for $2,500 per year.

Harding's Essentials of Medieval and Modern History was in the Library as a Reference, but was not used as a text book. When I entered his course I bought a second-hand copy of his work and studied it assiduously all through the course. One time when he called on me to answer a question and after I had concluded my statement, he said, implying wide disagreement, "And will you please tell us, Mr. Baltzell, from what authority you got your information?"

I replied, "I may be wrong, Mr. Harding, but I think I got it from Harding's Essentials."

He flushed up but smiled and said, "I don't remember exactly myself, but if you say you got it from the Essentials, you must be right because that work was written and rewritten and proofed many times before it was published."

I checked immediately after leaving class and he did too. I was right. And thus began a close relationship which I did not abuse.

Early in the term we were each given a choice of three or four events or personages on which we were to write a thesis. We were supposed to begin collecting material and make notes from the various sources immediately, and distribute the work on the thesis throughout the term. I never liked this way of doing things. I preferred to get all my other work ahead and then give all my time for a few days at a time to writing my thesis. I put off starting this work for a few weeks, and when I tried to find reference work on my chosen subject, The Life and Work of Della Rocca, there was little to be found: about two inches in Britannica, date of birth, death and the fact that he was a patriot and important follower of Garibaldi.

There was a large work on his life in two large volumes, but the library contained only the first volume and the second was nowhere to be found. It was too late to ask Mr. Harding for another assignment. To admit that I had postponed this important task to such a late date would have been disastrous.

So I read and studied and re-read the volume I had, and then projected my story of his life to its conclusion from that. When the time came for turning in our manuscripts, I handed mine over with trepidation and then waited for the axe to fall. A few days later I met Mr. Harding on the campus. "Oh, Mr. Baltzell. I think I have your thesis with me. I corrected it myself. You did very well; I gave you B+. A little more care in your language and I could have given you an A-. The first part of the thesis was well written, skillfully boiled down to 20 or 30 pages from about 400." I concluded that because of our friendly relationship and the confidence he had in me, he never read the second half.

Miss Berry was very efficient but still a darling. One time when it came my

turn to translate at sight in class a passage from "Colloquia"[19] by Erasmus, I was doing OK until I came upon a passage that I could not master, but it seemed to me to mean "the strenuous life." So I just said, "the strenuous life." This was the title to one of Teddy Roosevelt's books, and he was at the height of his popularity at the time just then. The class roared and when the tumult died down, Miss Berry calmly said, "Will you proceed, Theodore?"

I enjoyed my work immensely throughout the entire school year and ended the term with grades that were quite commendable.

I had kept my resolve not to have any friendships with male or female that kept us bound too closely together. I attended all the athletic events, all the visiting lecturers at the General Assembly, joined a hiking club, and had enough activities outside my regular school work for relaxation.

The Barbs at Indiana were very poorly organized. The girls had a dormitory for about one quarter of their total number and made a feeble effort to organize so as to engage in mixed purely social functions.

But the men had no dormitory at all. They all lived in private homes except for a few who lived in boarding houses. They were for the most part farmers' sons with little money to spend outside the fixed college requirements. They were a serious lot as compared with the students of today. They went to college to get an education and cared little for the social side of university life.

On my way to the Library in the evening I passed along Fraternity Row which was between my rooming house and the Library. On nearly every Friday night there would be a dance at one or the other of the fraternity houses. As I passed by early in the evening, I would see the boys driving up to the steps in hansom cabs with their gaily dressed gals at their side. The gay laughter and then the music when the grand march started always slowed my pace, and many was the time that I retraced my steps to drink a little deeper of the bliss that was theirs.

I was not the only one. Occasionally I would meet another boy who was on the "outside" trying to steal a thrill by just "peeking in."

Besides myself and Fanny there were two other young people from Decatur High School attending the University, Frank Mann and Harry Dibble. I had never known either of them very well, but finally we got together for an evening. The conversation turned to Fanny. They had both called on her and were proud of the fact that a gal from old DHS was getting along so well socially, etc. They were surprised that I had not called on her. They thought I should, just to show my respect. I told them that I thought she would be too busy. They just laughed at the idea and said she would not be too busy. Well, I thought it over and decided perhaps

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The title of the book referred to is not legible, perhaps even intentionally as if the author doesn't quite remember the title himself, but he clearly begins the title with the letter "C". He could be referring to Erasmus's most famous work, "Colloquia", published in 1519, containing dialogues on contemporary subjects. Erasmus (1466-1536), was a Dutch scholar and leading humanist of the Renaissance era.

I should call. So I called Fanny for a date. She said, "Sure, come over Sunday afternoon." I did. It was open house at the Delta Gamma●s every Sunday afternoon for everybody to catch up on neglected dates and see everybody all at the same time. Well, I was greeted by Fanny all right, and within seconds I was also being greeted by a whole string of gals. And there was a whole string of guys being greeted the same as I was. Everybody talked to everybody else for a couple of hours until the chaperon rang the little bell and the men all left.

A very good system, especially for me. I had done my duty by paying my respects and was none the worse off by doing so.

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By the end of my first year at Indiana, I had done so well in my studies, and liked the teachers so well, that I decided to forget Stanford and make I.U. my alma mater.

And in order to pay my own way, I decided to tackle one of the many jobs for vacation for students that promised three or four times as much as I could earn by working on the farm at home. So I signed up with the representative of the New Century Book of Facts and started training on how to sell books.

First, we learned our story so we could start anywhere and follow through in case of interruption. Then the approach. The knock on the door, the step back as the door opened so as not to frighten the lady or seem too eager to gain admittance. At the same time we stepped back with the right foot, we were to set the left foot down tight against the middle of the bottom of the door as it opened so it could not be slammed in our face as we began our spiel.

When we landed on our territory, we were to proceed to our hotel or place of lodging. Talk to no one or tell any our business.

After being set in our lodging, we were to see in turn the banker, minister, school superintendent and doctor. We were to give each one a special introductory offer by throwing off all our commissions in order to get a recommendation from them for our book. Then we would move on to the leaders of any groups that might be in existence, and then to the most important people and so on down the line until we had sold the hired man in the farthest corner of the county.

The location that was assigned to me was the territory around West Port, Indiana, a town of a few hundred about 60 miles East of the University. I arrived late in the afternoon, went directly to the hotel and registered in the cheapest room, and then left immediately to remain away until after dark to escape any questions of the hotel keeper.

After he went to bed, I slipped in and went to bed myself. It was a hot summer night, and near the first of July, it can really get hot amid the cornfields of southern Indiana. I was tired and fell asleep immediately in spite of the poor ventilation and the heat. But I didn't sleep long. I was awakened by bites all over my body. I got up and used one of the two matches that the keeper left on the mantle by the coal oil lamp. The bed was literally covered with big, dark-brown bedbugs. I dressed, packed as quickly as I could and headed west on the main road out of town. It was midnight perhaps and everybody else was in bed. I went down a lane that led off the main road and when safely out of view, I took off all my clothes. After shaking each piece of clothing separately and thoroughly, I dressed one piece at a time. Then I emptied my suitcase and shook and replaced one piece at a time.

I went back to the main road and again headed west. This was in the direction

of the next town. After I had gone about three miles I came to a big red barn with the big doors wide open and a wagon load of new-mown hay sitting right in the middle of the barn. There was a fine bed of loose hay under the wagon, so I chose that location rather than the top as I might roll off. The barnyard was full of livestock. Horses, cattle and a big bunch of hogs. I just got nicely to sleep when something stampeded the hogs and they rushed through the barn under the wagon and over my body. My face was scratched and my shirt was torn, so I got out of there in a hurry before the noise aroused the farmer. And I did not want to have to do any explaining.

I resumed my trip down the road until I came to another barn. This time I chose a spot for a bed a little higher up on some bailed hay and, as it was nearing daybreak and beginning to get cool, I found a robe and curled up and went to sleep on the bailed hay. I slept like a log for several hours until I was awakened by a gentle shake and looked up into the gentlest face I had ever seen. He said, "You must be very tired. You have been sleeping for hours while I did all the chores, but now it is time to go up and have some breakfast."

He was a tenant on a farm owned by the old-time doctor in the next town, my destination. He had a wife, two daughters and a small son. The oldest daughter was a graduate from high school and beautiful and wanted to go to college but had to teach awhile first to earn the money.

Of course the questions on everyone's mind were who was I, where did I come from, and what was I doing there? Every time I looked up from my plate that was filled with fresh eggs, country bacon, hot biscuits, jams and jelly, I was greeted by that inquiring look and then they politely broke the spell by turning to some other subject. For a while I was completely stalled. I finally recovered my ingenuity, and then I told them the truth. I was a student from I.U. just looking for work. And then I told them of the bedbugs and the hogs and decided to rest awhile in their barn before proceeding to the next town. Of course, I just said I was looking for work. I did not betray the fact that I was expecting to sell books.

"Oh, you're from the university!" (And did her beautiful face ever light up.) "Do tell me all about it." A rather stern look from mother and dad somewhat muffled her enthusiasm, but we managed to overcome all obstacles for quite a while. When the father did get a chance to speak, he said, "I don't know what kind of work you are looking for, but the Doctor is looking for a man to help out here. He pays good wages and I'll recommend you."

This certainly was playing right into my hands so far as meeting my first prospect was concerned, but how would I handle him after such an introduction?

All I would say was "Well, I sure would like to meet the Doctor."

"Well, we will be driving into town this afternoon, so you just stay and have dinner with us and we will all ride in together."

When we met the Doctor, the tenant did all the talking. I said nothing until ready to leave and then I said, "Well, I guess I better go up to the hotel, get a room and clean up a bit, and I'll see you in the morning."

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"OK," the Doctor said, "Yes, yes, that will be fine, just fine."

Although he never betrayed the fact to the tenant, he was not fooled a bit, and when I met him the next morning in his office, after a bit of meaningless confab, he said, "OK young fellow, what is it? Let's have it."

"Well, Doctor, this is rather embarrassing to meet you this way, and I would not want to be presumed to take advantage of our meeting to serve my own purpose, but the fact of the matter is that I was on my way to see you first," and I produced a list (with his name at the head of it) that I had gotten from the daughter of the banker, the preacher, etc.

I then went into the merits of the New Century Book of Facts. He didn't appear to be the least interested, but I wanted his recommendation. So I told him I only meant to give him a book and then told him that I would help dig his ditch. (The tenant had told me this was his most pressing task to be performed). I wanted the job as security in case everything else failed and it would pay the company for the book that I was giving him free. And thus I made my first sale.

My next prospect was a real full-commission sale. The leading merchant in the town had a daughter who was a sophomore at I.U., although we had never met in college. What could keep two college students apart in a small burg like Arcadia, Indiana?

We met, I mentioned the book, she said, "I'll take it, how much?"

"$8.75 cloth covered, $11.75 quarter leather, $14.75 full leather."

"Daddy, can you give me $8.75, that's good enough for here. You know, if you have things too fancy around here, people think you are trying to show off. Now, as I was saying, I just love Miss Berry in Latin. She is so efficient, yet so kind and understanding. It is on account of her that I majored in Latin. I intend to teach when I graduate," and so on back and forth ad infinitum.

My next prospect was the minister, but he was not a very good prospect for me. Yes, he would like to have the book but he usually got his books from the publisher free. Naturally he said, "in my position I can be of great help if I believed in the book and I do." So I said, "Well, I'll take it up with the publisher but it will take some time, several weeks perhaps. But I'll be here all summer."

My next prospect was the school principal. He was a middle-aged man who had a very young wife. I called at the home and, unfortunately, a little too early. He was delayed that day for a few minutes in getting away from the school. We were supposed to get, in advance, the office hours of our prospects, when they left and returned, etc.

The innocent young wife received me in a friendly manner. When I told her I wanted to see her husband and I thought he would be home, she said, "He should be, but he is a little late. But, I'm sure he will be here in a few minutes. Won't you come in." I did, and she motioned to a chair that was just inside another room and I would not be readily seen when the husband arrived.

Being late, he had hurried and was all out of breath. Being an old bachelor for so many years and married to such a young wife, he wanted to atone for his

tardiness both by word and action in a rather awkward manner, which was exaggerated by his breathlessness.

The young wife said "shhh" and raised her hand. He looked at her in amazement, and in an attempt to make a step toward her, his foot caught in the rug and his step became a lunge. His wife stepped back and held up both her palms toward him. He was bewildered. "Am I being repulsed?" flashed through his mind. And when his wife pointed toward me, his look turned to what looked like violent rage. "Who is he, what is he doing here?"

I arose and said I expected that he would be home sooner, and that I only wanted to see him for a few minutes. But as he had been detained and it was getting late and time for their supper (which was smelling ready), I would call again. Well, he let me get away, and thus lost the last chance he would ever have of getting the New Century Book of Facts, as you will see later.

My next prospect was the dentist, but it was the dentist's wife who bought the book. The dentist was a neurotic in early middle age who spent very little time in his office because of his health and because he had inherited a goodly sum of money and did not have to work. They had a new house about two miles out of town. The wife liked to entertain in order to show off her big house and furnishings and to pose as a cultured lady, which she was not. When she got the chance to grab a full college education for just $14.75, the price of our full Morroco, she grabbed it without a moment's hesitation. I did not bother to mention the special offer I was to give dentists, and her recommendation was anything that I wished to dictate: "Now what shall I say?"

We were supposed to work the town first, and then the nearby surrounding territory on foot. After we had acquired a stake, we could then rent a horse and buggy to take us to the further-away places. I had not as yet arrived at the horse and buggy stage, so I walked out to see the dentist. On my way back to town I took across the country to escape the horrible dust on the dirt roads. I shied around some men who were working in the field to keep from exposing my business. In my trip around, I aroused a covey of quail that flew over to a small grove. I followed them and then loitered for a while in the shade. Without knowing it, I had become a game warden out to catch the farmer who was hunting his own birds.

On Sunday I took a trip along the creek near the town. I kept at a distance from some people who were picnicking but they soon left after my appearance, although I carefully kept at some distance. From that time on, I was not only the game warden, I was the fish warden as well. And as I learned later, several schemes were considered for inflicting on me a suitable punishment for intruding on their sacred territory.

As related to me by the Doctor, the plan they finally decided upon was to have one of their men stationed in a low loft repairing his fishing nets. The loft had a door in each end. Another supposedly upright citizen was to tell me about the culprit and offer to lead me to him. I, of course, would fall right into the net. As we approached one door, the violator was to rush out the other door, slam it shut and

lock it from the outside. My informant was to give me a hard shove into the loft and then slam the door on me and lock it from the outside. I was to be left there, without food and water in the stifling heat until I promised to leave the area and never come back.

Now if this seems incredible, let me tell you another one, a true incident. The small town had a well-to-do bachelor, a weak-chinned, sallow-complected specimen of degenerate humanity who decided to take to himself a wife. The object of his choice was a little girl of 6 years from a poor family. He played with her, held her on his knee, gave her candy, intended to educate her until she was 14 and then they would get married. At the time I was there, this episode had been going on for four years. It started when the child was 6; she was then 10 years old and in another four years of "tutoring" by this monster, she was to marry him.

I do not mean that there is any similarity between the above and what was going to happen to me, but this man had been carrying on for four years with supposedly intelligent citizens looking on. Both cases together show the deficient mentality of entire neighborhoods, one might say, in the hills of South Central Indiana just half a century ago.

The two above incidents will prepare you in a way for what is to follow.

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The sale to the dentist's wife was the last sale I made. When I started working on the farmers, I met a solid stone wall of resistance. My reputation had spread before me and I did not know it. They were all mum. Nobody spoke a word to me of the situation. I walked farther and farther into the country to make my calls, only to return to my room tired, dirty and hungry.

I ate at the farmer's table for lunch. The standard price, 15 cents. I had breakfast at the hotel. It was the time of year for "summer complaint": green apples, too many cherries, berries, garden truck, etc., and I was beginning to feel sick. The hotel was only an oblong one story frame building with a hall running from front to back and five or six rooms, exactly alike, on each side of the hall. Windows and doors were in the same place in every room, and the furniture was identical in content and placement in the room. This old lady really believed in uniformity. On the outside of each room was a small bush just below the window. The toilet was far to the rear end of the garden, back of the house.

All the time I had been there, about 10 days or two weeks, no one except myself had ever stayed overnight in the hotel. An occasional salesman would stop in for a meal, but never for lodging. Anyone living there as I was would never suspect another guest was staying at the place.

The heat at night was insufferably oppressive. I usually slept in the nude on top of the sheets. One night, after a terribly trying day, the apples and what not that I had been eating caught up with me. I got up, heard the old people snoring and made a bee-line for the outhouse in the nude. I made it out alright but when I returned,

when it came to walking around in front of the house to re-enter unclad as I was, my courage failed me. Someone might flash a light. So I decided to crawl in my window, a few scratches from the bush and the feel of the frame, and I was sure that was it. It was quite dark. I crawled in, felt my way around the foot of the bed, and as I sat down and moved the bed, somebody snored. I listened again and the old man snored out in the back room. I thought, I'm just hearing things, and moved a little farther in the bed. A moist hand (it was hot) touched my side, then moved up over my shoulder and down my arm.

Then I heard a scuffle in the bed and then another touch to my arm and then a scream. "John! John! Wake up! There's a man in here!" I made a bee-line for where I thought was the door, but I missed, and in my groping around in the dark, I stepped on one of the daughters, about 16 years old who with her younger sister was sleeping on the floor. Then there was the second scream, and the young one woke up. While the father was trying to quiet his wife and daughters, I made it to my room, but just a moment before the proprietor appeared in his baggy nightgown with his lamp.

While the woman was giving her version, I slipped into my pajamas and went to the door and told my side of it, which was, as I related it, even more favorable for me than the actual occurrence, but he accepted it. The family was quieted, and we all went to sleep. But not for long. The woman had a nightmare and gave out a shrieking scream and ran out of the room. One girl after the other raised her voice in turn.

The old proprietor bounded into my room and said, "See here, this has gone far enough!"

I assured him I had not left my room, but the lady could not be reconciled. "I won't stay here another minute with that man in the house," she yelled, and started packing up to leave.

This family had driven 20 miles the day before in a wagon with a mule team (mules are slow). The occasion of their visit was to attend a wake at the death of the child of an older daughter that lived in town. The family was so tired and worn out that they decided to take time out from the wake and rest for a while at the hotel. When they returned to the wake and told the story, the tongues started wagging. There were party line telephones all over the county and each person at the wake had called everyone they knew before morning.

The Doctor, the student from Indiana, and her father stood up for me, but the tide was fully 90 percent against me. So I decided to take a job with the Doctor after all, and left town immediately for the farm with the Doctor.

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The tenant had gone into town on a couple of occasions to see what had happened to me, as he had taken it for granted that it was all decided that I should return to the farm to work. Now that I was there, there was to be no time wasted in

climbing on the low-roofed shed by the well, and when I came to the well to get a drink or wash my hands, he would sprinkle me with water. I stood for it for quite a while. Then I warned him that if he did it again he would be sorry. He called my hand. I picked up the big five-gallon can that caught drippings from the pump. It was chuck full of water. I threw it up in the air so that it would come down on him in a deluge while he lay flat on the roof.

He rolled off and ran screaming to the house. It was meal time and everybody was there. Mother said, "Why, you are all wet?" and gave me the only real hard look I ever got from her. Dad said, "He may have been hurt." The eldest daughter gave me a rather tight-lipped smile, but it was definitely not approvingly. The only one who was happy was the younger daughter, who had been pushed around by brother ever since he was born. She was delighted. The cool atmosphere lasted throughout the day and eve, and then gradually wore off. The boy did not take it upon himself to see that I got my daily baptism, either.

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In a letter from home, my father, who was a breeder and importer of Shropshire sheep, suggested that I could fit up a show flock and make the fairs if I wanted to, that I could have all the money I won as prizes in the show and 10% commission on any of the breeding stock that I sold.

Father was head of the Fair Association in Adams County. He could set the date for the fair about as he liked. So he always set the date early, about a week or two before any of the other fair associations. I had my show flock ready when the fair opened. Mr. Lesh, a breeder of Ramboulets, noticed how I was handling my sheep at the fair and was favorably impressed. He was a friend of Dad. When he learned of the arrangement we had made, he suggested that I make the same deal with him and take a flock of Ramboulets along with my Shropshires. There would be little or no competition in the show ring for the Ramboulets and I could hardly lose if I wanted to do the work. Most men having two flocks, and breeding sheep to sell besides, would have two or three helpers to carry water, load, unload, make crates, clean and trim for the ring, and care for them when they got sick. But I did all the work myself. We made five county fairs and then the state fair at Indianapolis, which was last. After all expenses, I had several hundred dollars and was in an A-1 position to return to college.

One day while I was working, fixing up a fancy buck for the show ring at Indianapolis, I looked up. Standing there watching me work was the Doctor●s tenant with his wife. "I'll bet you never expected to see us."

"Well, I guess not."

"Well, the Doctor and I got to talking about the picture of that sheep on that letter you got from home. The Doctor said that he didn't believe there ever was a sheep that pretty, but if there was he wanted to buy one. You said you would be at the fair, and that is why we are here. How much you get for a sheep like that?"

"They are different prices. For average bucks, $40 to $75, some a little higher. I sold this one here to be delivered after the fair is over for $200."

"I'm afraid that's too rich for the Doctor's blood. He wouldn't want to pay that much."

"How much would he pay?"

"I'm almost ashamed to say. But maybe $8 or $10, maybe."

"I can't sell you any of these for that, but I can send you one for $20. Just not as pretty as these, only maybe a few pounds lighter, and not fixed up for the show ring."

"Well, I'd have to talk to the Doctor first."

"Well, when you go home, talk to Doctor and write me a letter right away as I won't be home long. I have to get back to school."

Shortly after I got home, his letter came with check for $20. So I trimmed up a buck like for show ring and sent it express prepaid.

At that time, the Shropshire Breeders Association were finicky regarding finest in type. Although all sheep had horns at one time, if a Shrop had just the slightest bony growth on its head (called "buttons") where the horns were supposed to be, they would be disqualified; and although the black sheep may be the best in the lot, if a sheep had just a few dark hairs in his fleece, that was grounds for disqualification. The sheep I sold the Doctor was just as good as its brother, but it did have buttons and a few dark hairs.

I did not have much time after finishing my fair deal before it was time to go to college. I had forsaken Stanford and could hardly wait until I could get back to I.U. to rearrange my class schedule to comply with the university requirements for graduation and to hear again the strains of "Indiana" as the crowd assembled in Jordan Field for the games.

My two tailored suits still had lots of everyday wear in them. I always closed my door and took off my clothes and hung them up whether I was lounging or studying in my room. But they did show lots of wear, and as I had plenty of money, I would buy a new suit. I went to Elzey, Lee and Vance in Decatur to get the best suit in the store. This firm did not cater to the exclusive set especially, but they could get anything the customer desired. But they did have a couple Stein Black suits, a blue and a gray, and if either of them fit me I would be all set, as Stein Black was the last word in fashion. I tried on the gray suit and it fit perfectly except for pants length.

So with my two old suits for everyday and my new Stein Black for fancy occasions, I was ready to meet any challenge.

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When I returned to Bloomington I got a better room closer in, a little better address. During the two years that I was away to college, a new family moved to Decatur, the Burk family. They had lots of money. Mr. Burk bought the elevator in Decatur and at four or five other towns. The oldest son, Avon[20], was a Phi Si at Indiana, although I had never met him or known about him. I was hardly settled in my new room until Avon called on me and invited me to have dinner with him at the fraternity house a day or so later.

I accepted and asked him what time I should arrive. He said, "Oh, I'll call for you."

Even a Barb was supposed to know that if he got an invitation to a Frat house, he was or would be considered a possible pledge.

On the appointed day, I was ready at four o'clock. I waited until after five. Then, a little before six, Avon appeared with no apology for being late. We just started for the Frat house in somewhat somber silence. When we arrived, the Phi Si were already seated at the dining table. Avon didn't offer to go in the front door, but swung around to the back door and seated me at the far end of the table. Then he sat down between me and the next person, who was about three seats away.

I was introduced to no one, spoke to no one, and no one spoke to me. When the members had finished eating, they left the table with Avon and me still sitting there. After we had finished he suggested, "Shall we take a walk?" We went out the back door again across the lawn to the street, walked to the corner without saying a word. There, I suddenly remembered that I had another appointment and let him "off the hook."

Explanation? Easy. Avon was the only male student from Decatur who was a fraternity man and he wanted to keep it that way. Also his father was interested in buying grain and selling cane, feed, seed, etc. and my father had lots of grain to sell every year and would be a good customer for what Mr. Burk had to sell. Avon was following (but half-heartedly) the instructions of his father.

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More things have happened perhaps for revenge than for love. I wanted to get in a fraternity by this time. I wanted to experience that life, for a while anyway. Being in my third year, I probably never would have made it if it had not been for this snub by Avon.

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Avon Burk later married Frances Merryman, the musician and 3rd cousin to Walter Baltzell.

I made a quick trip back to see Charley Elzey. I told him what happened, and that I wanted a wardrobe the best in the world. Charley called in his partners, Lee and Vance, and they all went into consultation with me. I wanted two suits and overcoat plus accessories. The best. They decided that the best thing to do would be to give me a letter to Henry C. Lytton and Company at "The Hub" in Chicago, as good as the best. They would get a concession in price to pay expenses of the trip. And then, after more consultation about style, etc., I was off to the Hub. Got a blue and a brown suit to fill out my gray.

I took my wardrobe (extravagant perhaps, as the baggage hardly matched) back with me to Bloomington. I discarded the old suits, and wore the brown or the blue or the gray Stein Black to the Library, to classes, everywhere.

I got in the way of a Mr. Howard and a Mr. Dorset, two ΣAEs whom I had often seen in the library, and in a short while, they begin to speak to me. Soon, a word or two of light conversation, and then the invitation to dinner.

Men are considered as pledges on four or five points:

Looks and dress - I had that.
Money - I could bluff.
Athletics - Out for me.
Studies - I would play this card.
Family - Nothing either way, but definitely not bad.

In the confab after dinner, I told of the incident with Miss Berry where I made the class roar with my "the strenuous life" translation. And then when I told them of my good-natured clash with Professor Harding, Bill Hackman might just as well of said, "You're in," for he jumped up and shook my hand and said, "Anyone can score on Professor Harding is OK." And then he left the room.

I was invited to dinner and given my pledge pin in a few more days. I moved into the fraternity house, and was assigned to room with Bill Hackman, which meant to serve as his valet during my "seasoning in."

While I was packing to leave my old room, my landlady, a widow and very fine person, came to the door and said, "I hate to see you go. But I'm glad you made it, even though it may be hard for me to rent the room now that all the students are located." I promised to help her, and was successful in getting a new tenant for her.

Although the great excitement and anxiety in connection with making the fraternity of my choice overshadowed everything for a long time, things began to happen almost immediately which, added to the other things that followed, eventually turned me against fraternity life. The men, Hackman and Hatfield, who patted me on the back at first, were the ones that I hated afterward. My esteem for Howard and Dorset, who left me alone, increased.

While I was a member of the hiking club the year before, I had met a very interesting and congenial young woman. Although we never dated, we seem to drift together quite frequently on the hiking trips, and occasionally on the campus or in the Library. One day I was walking on the campus with Hatfield and Hackman, and this lady met us. I had not seen her since some time before summer vacation. So I spoke

to her and stepped aside to chat for maybe one minute. When I rejoined the boys, Hatfield said, "Who was that?"

I told him, "Just a girl I met last year."

"Well, who is she? What is she? What about her? Does she mean anything to you?" in quick succession.

I said, "Not a thing."

In a few nights a special meeting was called to discuss the obligations new members owed to the fraternity. They should not, for instance, associate with anyone who was not a Greek. If they had any connections with the Barbarians they should be broken at once, etc. All the time, Hatfield and Hackman, both seniors, had their eyes riveted on me.

I was green as grass so far as fraternity life was concerned. But, in general, I was far more mature than most. I was older in years. I had been to a World's Fair at St. Louis. I had spent over a year in California. I had traveled for years, with my father sometimes, sometimes alone, to the fairs at Chicago and Springfield, Ill., Fort Wayne and Indianapolis, Ind., Columbus, Oh., and Louisville, Ky. Most of the fraternity brothers, except for the trip from home to the University, had never been 20 miles from the place they were born. Remember, I'm talking of the horse and buggy days.

So when Bill Hackman, a spoilt brewer's son, reckless spendthrift and generally no-good bum, except that he was a star athlete and had lots of money to spend, came home drunk and started pushing me around, I rebelled. And when he started to strap me with his belt, I picked up a baseball bat and told him I would brain him if he struck another blow. This meant another meeting on my account, the second in a little over a month after I had been initiated. I pleaded self-defense because Hackman was drunk, which everyone knew, and was let up with a reprimand and a reminder of the respect I owed to the older fraternity brothers.

By this time the ΣAEs had had a dance. They had one about every month. At the first dance my date was all arranged for me. Even the cab driver was given special instructions so there would be no slip-up. The girls selected in cases like this were chosen from the girls who never got a date themselves, and were thus about as much at sea as I was. Of course, I was not alone. All the new pledges were given the same treatment. But these other pledges were perhaps 18 and I was 22.

For our second dance, which was coming up, I was, with some supervision of course, supposed to get my own date. When I was asked by my sponsor, Mr. Dorset, as to whether I had arranged my date, I said, "No, not yet."

He inquired, "What about that little girl from your hometown, Miss Frysinger?"

I couldn't tell him the whole story. It was too long. So I simply said, "Well, we used to date a long time ago, but we had a fall-out and have never been on good terms since."

"I think you are all wrong," said he.

"Well, what makes you think so?"

"When we were investigating you, I talked to her myself about you, and she couldn't have said all the nice things about you if she did not mean it. I'm sure she expects you to ask her and will be delighted to come. Anyway she and the Delta Gammas are too important to us to be slighted, and you, being from her home town and just joining up with us, owe her the honor."

OK, so it was Fanny. And frankly, I was very glad to hear that she had helped me get into the fraternity.

I stewed around a day or so before calling her and then I called. Everything was just as Dorset said. She seemed delighted and politely thanked me for the invitation. The dance went off smoothly. We had a good time, and when I took her home after the dance, she invited me to come to the open-house parties anytime. I never went to their open-house parties, and it was many weeks before I talked to her again.

In the meantime, I was playing the field. There were five sororities and I spread my dates around. I jointed our frat quartet and we serenaded the sorority houses when we should have been studying. I was spending too much money and wasting my time, losing interest in my studies, and really beginning to enjoy the social activities less and less. As a group, I did not like my fraternity brothers at all. I never did get along too well with men in groups. I could have one chosen friend at a time and almost forsake the world for him, but to accept them all as they came in a crowd was beyond me. This may be due to my early childhood. I could get along with women better than men or at least like them or tolerate their faults.

I had an older sister and then three more sisters before I had a brother. At home, I was among women. Besides my sisters, my early playmates were Myrtle and Chloe Warner and Effie, Rebecca, and Ellen Good[21], our next nearest neighbors, all a little older or younger than I.

As individuals, I could like Dorset, Howard, Henry, Sam Ormsby. They were all men of character and purpose in life. The policy in the fraternity was not to single off in pairs but to move around among the whole group. Contrasted to the five or six men of character and likeable personalities in the senior group was Hackman and Hatfield, the two physical giants, athletic heroes without character, but they still had a following among the younger members. And as the better men were too easy, these two, by their domineering personalities, shaped the policies of the fraternity to an unsavory degree.

While there was a wide breach between the Frats and the Barbs, there was a vicious rivalry between the different fraternities. It was virtual treason for a junior Sigma Alpha to be seen hobnobbing with a Sigma Chi. Perhaps discipline of any kind is good for the individual to undergo for a while, and then after the training period is over, to be let go to seek his own level. The chances are he would be

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The Good children were Peggy and John Parrish's granddaughters and were Walter's third cousins.

elevated and not pushed down. But I was too old. At 18 I may have fallen in line, but at 22 I boiled inside with an occasional outburst until I finally just walked out.

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Although I did not fail in my school work, my grades were low. I got more good out of my reading in the library than in my classes. Of course, after giving up pre-law, I was going nowhere. I took general astronomy, but it was still too technical. I would not be any good as a scientist in astronomics, but I did get from the course a picture of the immensity of space, of the billions of stars in our galaxies, and the billions of galaxies beyond that. It made me feel a truer relation of the insignificance of the individual in relation to it all.

I got more from the frequent three- to five-minute talks, on mostly unrelated subjects, that I had with Professor Fite on the way to his classroom than I did from his course in philosophy. Particularly his views on religion. I had been raised a Methodist and had drifted toward agnosticism, so his view meant a lot to me just then. He had taken his A.B. and M.A. at the University of Pennsylvania, then three years at Theological Seminary for his D.D., then three years in Berlin and Geneva for his Ph.D. How could a D.D. be a professor in philosophy?

"In our family, the eldest son in each generation was to be a Presbyterian minister. I was the oldest son in my generation, so I set out to be a Presbyterian minister. I had an inquiring mind, and could not take everything on just faith, so I set out to find the answer. After my D.D., which I took because I was obligated to do so for my family's sake, I said, 'I am too young to start preaching. I think I should teach for a while until I become more mature.' After teaching two years, I had my own money and scholarship and felt less obligated to do my family's bidding. So I went to Europe for further research and study and finally took my Ph.D.

"I did not find the answer, but instead, I built up my own. Let us say a way back there in the dawn of history when man began to be civilized, a father was standing with his small children beside the grave of their mother and trying to console them. To comfort them, he put their mother in heaven. Later, perhaps thousands of years later, some other father when his child was bad said, 'You will have to be good if you want to see your mother in heaven.' And then, thousands of years later, when the bad boy became so bad he didn't care whether he saw mother or not, the old man said, 'You better be good or the devil will get you.'"

It's a pretty good story no matter how it came—whether from God or man. I believe that God is revealed to all of us through our conscience just as he was to the prophets of Old.

Professor Foley in physics believed it is better to know all about one thing than to know a little about a lot of things. As a scientist, he was right, of course. As for me, I only wanted the general idea, and while I went through the motions of doing my work in the course just to get a passing grade, I spent far more time in reading up on subjects that were suggested to me by my course in physics than I did

on the prescribed assignments.

The course in economic and political history under Professor Hershey was worthwhile because of the professor's eccentricities, if for no other reason. He became world-famous because of his book entitled The German Kaiser as the Greatest Threat to World Peace, written 10 years or more before World War I. Many anecdotes were connected with his name. One I know to be true: He went into the bank to cash his own check. The teller said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hershey, but your account is overdrawn."

"How careless of me," and started to write a check on the bank to the same bank where his account was overdrawn.

He would rush into the classroom in the coldest weather, perhaps a minute or two late. "Raise the windows! Raise the windows way up!" with quick jerky upward motions of his hands. Then he would start for the coat rack to hang up his overcoat with his roll of notes in his hand. He never carried a briefcase. He just rolled up the sheets of paper in a bundle and secured it with a rubber band. He would pull his coat off one arm, and when he noticed the roll of notes in the other hand, he would walk back to his desk and put the notes on the desk. Then he would start to pull the coat off the other arm. If he happened to look at the notes right then, he would forget all about his coat and start to unroll his notes. When his coat got in the way of the notes he would walk back to the rack again, muttering at every step.

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I had been taking rain checks on invitations from my Aunt Bell, my father's go-getting sister and the mother of my cousin Earl, to pay them a visit. So, for the Christmas holidays that came at the end of the term, I got an urgent invitation to come and spend some extra time with them. I welcomed this chance to have a little change from the university and it would shorten the time I would spend at home. I had a guilty conscience about my doings at school and a long visit might stimulate questions that I did not want to answer, while a short visit could easily be absorbed in the Christmas season festivities.

After the preliminary greetings were over, Aunt Bell asked me point blank how much more time I intended to waste on this school business. She believed in a little superficial education as polish for a boy or girl, but to waste time and money on education for anyone who could have a business career was nonsense.

"Look at me," she said. "I'm national secretary for the WCTU[22], and I never had any education much. If you have brains you can always get someone to do the bookkeeping. Look at your father. How well he has done, and he hardly ever went to school. And look at Frank (her husband). He is worth a quarter of a million dollars. If he had an education he would probably be a bookkeeper."

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Woman ● s Christian Temperance Union

She was talking right up my alley as I was beginning to think along the same lines, and if there had not been another impelling motive behind her thinking, I might have been persuaded to stop school then.

The Laselle sisters and their brother had inherited $100,000 cold cash that was being held in trust for them until the youngest sister, who was 19, became 21. Her son Earl had married the oldest sister. Then she told me that she was having a little party for Earl and his wife, and the younger sister and boyfriend, and of course, I was to be the single guest of honor who just happened to come. She said to me, "She is very pretty and will soon be getting over $30,000. Now you be smart, play up to her."

I said, "How about the boyfriend?"

"Leave that to me. He will easily be eliminated."

After the party, Uncle Frank asked me how I liked her. I said, "She is cute, all right."

"You bet she is, and you could come in right now and learn the business, and when she gets the $30,000, you could buy in as a partner in the business."

There was another meeting over at Earl's, and then Earl and the older sister went out and left me and the younger sister alone together.

I was really very busy after this visit to Aunt Bell's and did not see any of them for about three years. In the meantime, the little girl got married.

During my short visit home, no embarrassing questions were asked. My expenses had been too heavy for my bankroll, and it looked like I might need more money before the end of the next term. So I arranged with my brother-in-law to become my surety for a loan at the bank if I should need it.

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I was now set for another round at the university, somewhat refreshed by my absence, and with a determination to overcome some of the obstacles that had bothered me before.

On the way to Bloomington, I met Fanny on the train. I had not called her during vacation and did not know she was on the train. She got on one car and I got on the other. After a while I started strolling through the train. There she was sitting with an empty seat beside her. After the usual, I asked her if she was expecting anyone. She said, "Yes, Miss So and So. But she will not be getting on until we reach Richmond." That was almost another hour's ride, and during that time, I made a date with her for our next dance, which was to be held in January.

The registration was routine. Everyone at the fraternity house was in good spirits. I was ready to bury the past myself, and having a date with the queen of the Delta Gammas (although any Frat man could date any sorority girl just by asking) and was assured of ample funds—well, I was riding high. We used to announce our dates early so there would be no mix-up in plans. So when it became known that I had dated the girl from my hometown before, I got a lot of kidding. It seems that

Fanny got the same from the sorority. So instead of letting them get my goat, I dated her for our annual Full-Dress Ball, which came in February. So I had dates with Fanny for two dances in a row. That will give them something to talk about!

Mr. Gorham, a senior and a tall, spindly only-son of a rich man in a small town, had tried to go steady with Fanny the year before and was most inquisitive about her and any boyfriend she may have back home. I gave him no satisfaction. The men arranged all the dances for their dates as well as for themselves. I gave Gorham a dance with Fanny near the end of the evening.

During the dance, something happened, and they got into a verbal scrap and stopped the dance in that portion of the dance floor. Gorham was very abusive and I interceded, whereupon I was politely told by Fanny that she could take care of herself, and she could. The dance was resumed. I had one more dance with Fanny myself before "Home Sweet Home." We never spoke a word. At the strains of "Home Sweet Home," everybody joined their dates and there usually were three or four encores depending on the musicians and the grace of the chaperons. At the end of the first encore (which happened just as we reached the foot of the stairs), Fanny shot up the stairs like a breeze and left me standing all alone. I kept hid as best I could through two more encores. On the way home, not a word was said.

And at the Frat no action was taken. Better let it drop. I expected a lot of kidding, but none came. I was burning up inside and just could not take it. Within a few nights, I saw Fanny sitting at a table in the Library with a group of girls. Without thinking or any premeditation, I scribbled a note breaking our date for the Full-Dress Ball and handed it to her. She whispered something to the girl beside her and left immediately. She charged the policy committee of our Frat with causing me to break the date. They didn't even know I had a date. She said she knew better because she could have all my dates so far as I was concerned if she wanted them. But this time it didn't make any difference how important she was or how much the Delta Gammas meant to the ΣAEs. I did not reinstate the date.

Just as soon as the green lights were officially given to date for the Dress Ball, I called Lois Tracy, the most glamorous member of the Theta crowd. Three or four of the older men were matching coins to see who would get her. When I told them it was too late, they almost threw me out. And then to make sure I wasn't bluffing, they called her. And of course, she made quite a thing out of it. I had had a few dances with her before and we got along pretty well.

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Mr. McLaren came to the University with the one suit he was wearing, a little bag containing some underwear, an extra shirt, and a couple pair of socks and a few dollars in his pocket. After he registered for the pre-law course, he got a job. After he had built up a little surplus to buy a few hot dogs, buns and mustard, he rented a stand and started what was later to become the Dairy Lunch, the most popular, moderate-priced eating place for students in Bloomington. After the Dairy Lunch got

on a paying basis, he opened up the Astor Motion-Picture theater and later a bowling alley and pool rooms. He employed students only. Those who worked in the Dairy Lunch worked three hours per day for their meals. Those who worked in the bowling alley and theater also worked three hours daily, and then took coupons for meals at the Dairy Lunch. By the time he had earned his B.A. and LL.B. degrees, he was married, had these three going business and had already opened his law office. Then for a pastime, he started to work on his LL.M. degree.

McLaren (Mac) tried to spend a few hours at each establishment daily. Although I seldom frequented those places, one day I was talking to Mac in the pool hall. A student I knew came in and challenged me to bowl a game with him. I did and won with a creditable score. Mac pounced upon me immediately to work in the bowling alley. I told him I already had a job for my meals at the boarding house, and then he insisted that I work for cash as he just had to have someone who could bowl as the men he had were losing too many games.

I tried to convince him that I was not the man for him, that I was no bowler and that the good score I had made was just luck. He kept insisting until I finally agreed to give it three hours per day at 15 cents for a week. At the end of the week, my average was no better than that of the other boys, so he was glad to let me go. During the Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter holidays, when most of the students went home, he hired help for cash to run the Dairy Lunch. I agreed to take the job and was chief cook and bottle washer at the Dairy Lunch for a few days. I worked behind a partition and never thought I could be seen at work. This was several months before I joined the fraternity.

Along with my other troubles, my dear Mr. Hatfield got hold of the information that I had worked at the Dairy Lunch. A meeting was called urging all members to be present. The eminent archon solemnly told the members that it had been said that ΣAEs were getting their pledges from the Dairy Lunch kitchen. "Of course, the accusation is ridiculous, but it is rumored nevertheless. Now to clear this matter up, let me ask you Has any member of our organization ever worked at the kitchen of the Dairy Lunch?"

Silence. Then I arose and said, "Yes. I was a friend of Mr. McLaren. I did considerable work for him. I worked on some collections out of his office at one time. On another occasion I was assistant manager of his bowling alley, and during the Easter vacation last year when the students were mostly away and he wanted to make a trip himself, he asked me if I would look after the Dairy Lunch during his absence."

But Hatfield was not going to let me get away with this. He was on his feet in a minute. "You mean to say that you were the manager of the Dairy Lunch during this time?"

"Yes, in a way."

"And did you do your managing from the front end of the establishment or from the kitchen?"

I said, "From the rear."

"Did you actually wash the dishes?"

Well, I had had about enough of his arrogance, so I said heatedly, "Yes, I washed the dishes, I cooked the short orders and if any mess was made on the floor I cleaned it up myself."

As there was nothing the fraternity could do about anything that transpired months before I was pledged, all the old members except Hatfield, Hackman and Gorham would have rather let the matter drop without any meeting. And when Lawhead, a senior in law school who had worked his way through school mostly as a street-corner specialty salesman, saw that I was getting mad, he arose and said, "I think this torture has gone far enough. Mr. Baltzell has had the courage to come clean. What happened was before he was a member of our fraternity. Since he became a member, the way he has maintained his wardrobe, kept up with his appearances, and made satisfactory progress in his studies is highly commendable. I make a motion that the case be closed." This was the end. I had a feeling that they would never again have the opportunity to bring me before the bar of justice.

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The winter term is better for study than for outside activity. I had lost some enthusiasm for strutting around, and was beginning to think of making my money last without borrowing. My father had been wanting to make a trip to England to buy a cargo of sheep for a long time. And in a letter from home just then, said that if he could get Tom, a shepherd, to look after the home flock, he would make the trip. This was my chance. I wrote home and told them that not to bother with Tom as I was coming home and would not be coming back to school for the next term. I would explain when I got home.

There was three weeks to go before the end of the term. I had no more interest in my school work. When I saw on the bulletin board a notice for "student wanted for rough carpenter work," I investigated. They wanted a man to tear out the seats and partitions of a church right on Main Street, two blocks from the library. I took the job and never told anyone. I left the Frat house every morning as though I was going to class but slipped over to the old church. I returned in late evening in my good clothes. I took the job for $75 and was making good wages and could work as I choose. I ignored all my classes and the final examinations. I had a few days' work to do when the term ended. So I packed up as if I were going home and went over to my first landlady and took my old room back for the period. When the job was done I packed up again and went home.

While the immediate reason I had for cutting my exams was the fact that I was through with college, was getting short of cash, and had a job that paid good wages offered me, I was, in fact, only following the advice my father gave me before I entered college. He was not opposed to reasonable education according to his ideas. But when I told him I expected to spend $2,500 or $3,000 to get through college and law school, he said, "Why, Walter, for that much money you could buy a

farm and be independent for life." When he thought of $2,500 or $3,000, he thought of how long it took to save that much in cash. He thought of what I would have to show for it and eight of the best years of my life. He thought of the lawyers in Decatur, Ind., who were starving on half of what a good farmer could earn. I, on the other hand, was thinking of the oratorical contests and scholarships that I would win to pay my college expenses and of that lucrative position with a large law firm or corporation in a big city in the end.

Now that I had given up law and was 23 years old, I just simply decided that I was on the wrong track and would proceed no further. For the first few days on my new job, the going was pretty tough. I realized that if caught, there would be no possible excuse that I could give that would be acceptable. But fortunately none of my Fraternity brothers had any classes with me, and as they were all busy with their own exams, my defection passed by unnoticed. As to explaining to my folks at home, they would never know. I would not tell them myself and I would intercept the mail and destroy any report that was sent by the university to them. How would I square this action with myself? Well, I was 23 years old and should make my own decisions. I was taking practically nothing from home for my education, and if I ever did go back to any college again to please my father, I would just simply arrange for a special examination on the subjects in which I was defaulting. And I had full confidence that by cramming and with the considerable skill I had in writing exams and in impressing my professors by expounding to them orally, I would make a creditable showing.

With this line of thinking, I could temporarily soothe my guilty conscience. But I had failed at Stanford. I was well on my way toward redeeming myself at Indiana, then got bit by the fraternity bug, spent too much money for me, and in the end, was just walking out. And in a matter of a day or so, I would be searching my mind for new excuses and alibis not to the fraternity, not to my folks, but to myself.

I was always interested in the biographies of great men and of what their adversaries say about their personal life as well as what their praisers say about their great deeds of honor. As to my failure in studies at Stanford, there was, of course, my inadequate prep school work and then the fact that Stanford at that time was governed by a policy of limiting their enrollment to 1,500 students, 1,000 men and 500 women. So with a waiting list, anyone with inadequate preparation would have to be far above average in scholastic ability to make the grade. Then I remembered conversations that I had had with Professor Elmore, associate professor of Latin in Stanford, and Professor Lindsay, head of the Deptartment of Philosophy at Indiana. Professor Elmore told me that he absolutely failed in math in his undergraduate work at Cornell and had to change to a college where math was not required for the A.B. degree. After he got into graduate school where he could choose his own subjects he became a distinguished scholar. Professor Lindsay told me about a student he had who failed completely in his classroom work but showed such high intellectual promise and capacity for independent research that he told him to go home, spend the required time in study on any philosophical subject he chose and then submit a

written report. After six months the student submitted his report on the work he had done. It stands today as a masterpiece on the psychology of the cult.

So far as my losing my perspective by joining a fraternity, spending too much money and being satisfied with mere passing grades, I could look to Thomas Jefferson who did absolutely nothing in his studies during the first two years he spent in college. And as for my whole three years in college—call it a failure if you like—well, there was Patrick Henry, Lincoln, and Grant, all of whom failed in business before they found their calling.

I did not neglect the other side of the ledger. What had three years in college done for me? What part would I leave out? Well, of course, if I were to continue in the study of law, I would exchange all failures for straight A's. But, since I would not be pursuing my studies further and a degree of any kind had no practical value for me, I probably got more benefit from the weeks and months I spent on subjects in which I failed than I did in some other subjects where the A's and B's came easy for me. Actually there was no part of my college experience that I would want to strike out. I had been disillusioned about many of my own ideas.

I had proven to myself that I could make a go of the law if I wanted to. But I did not want to. I proved to myself that I could break any social barrier that was placed before me if I so desired, and I had found the other side of the barrier had its limitations too. I felt that I was as well-equipped as I ever would be to go back to the land and seek happiness and fortune there. And it was not until I began to think constructively about the future that I was able to put the past where it belonged, behind me.

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When I arrived home the latter part of March, I was asked no embarrassing questions. It was taken for granted that I was coming home to manage the farm during Father's absence and would return to school again in due time. I was quite willing to let the matter rest. The weather was too bad to start working in the field. So I spent the first few days repairing machinery, opening drainage ditches, cleaning seed, etc. during the daytime, and visiting with my cousin Harry Andrews in the evenings.[23]

Father was to leave for England early in April. I was glad that he would be away when I started spring work in full swing. I had lots of respect for my father's judgment. But he worked so hard that the work became drudgery. He was too conservative and exacting. He would use a 12-inch plow because it turned a neater furrow than a 14-inch or 16-inch plow. He would choose a yearling buck for quality weighing 200 pounds rather than one of slightly less quality with the same pedigree that weighed 225 pounds. I had some ideas about making some changes, and I did not want to have to argue with him about them.

After my father had left and the sun and wind had dried the fields, my work began. My first innovation was to clip the horses before starting to work them. The horses, especially the younger ones, spent most of the winter around the straw stack and in the corn fields after the corn had been gathered from the stalks that remained standing in the fields. Thus exposed to the weather, nature provided them with a heavy coat of hair that grew to six or eight inches in length. Grooming the horses after a day's work with this long hair beginning to shed was a most gruesome task for the first two or three weeks each year. While working in the fields, the hair would come loose in gobs and roll up under the collars and back bands of the harness and unless removed, would cause serious shoulder boils. So at each end of the field we would stop and clean out all the loose hair from under the harness and, on a windy day, get a good mouthful to pay us for our trouble. With all these stops during the day it was thought necessary to start very early in the morning and to work late in the evening in order to get a full day's work done.

After clipping the horses, I pulled out the old 16-inch riding plow. This plow had been bought several years before. But it had been discarded because a 12-inch plow turned a better furrow and furthermore, it took three horses and why waste three horses on a 16-inch plow when two horses could pull a 12-inch plow and do a better job? Manpower was cheap, and not considered at all. I rigged up a hitch and

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Author's marginal note: "Partial reproduction of conversations might go well here if filler needed."

first couple days of breaking, they started in the morning and they went the first four hours at a brisk clip without a stop. Then I removed the harness and turned them loose in the lot to roll and shake for a full hour, then another hour for feed inside the barn, and then to the field again for another brisk four hours' work. I saved two hours each day which could be more pleasantly employed at reading, or more profitably employed when time came to prepare the sheep for the fairs and market.

I could have gone down the line and replaced the old heavy McCormick 6-foot binder with the new light draft 8-foot Deering, the 4[illegible]-foot mower with the 5[24]-foot, and the old 8-foot old-fashioned drill with the new 18- or 20-foot double-disk drill. But all these implements, although old, had been kept under cover when not in use. For a smaller acreage they were just as good as new, and I did not want to assume the responsibility for the expense of converting the old implements to new ones, although the ultimate saving in manpower would have justified the expense.

My father had started with absolutely nothing. He bought his first 40-acre farm on credit, married my mother, and then set to work in a ditch to make money to pay for the farm. My mother, who had a high school education, taught him to read and write. By the time he was 45 years old, he had bought out four of his neighbors, had fenced and drained the land and had built a new nine-room house with slate roof and solid stone foundation and a new barn, the largest in the country. He had started in the business of raising thoroughbred Shropshire sheep and Berkshire hogs. He had taken more than his share of prizes at the county fairs, and to crown it all, had the grand champion sow and the champion boar at the international livestock show in Chicago.

Profiting by my father's example, I would go deeper in debt and buy more land before the price went up. I would use the most up-to-date machinery to conserve manpower. I would drop the thoroughbred hogs entirely, and concentrate on sheep. I would lay less stress on extra fine quality for the sake of more volume in production.

During the first few years, we always had a hired hand on the farm to do the field work while father spent his time in buying livestock and shipping to the eastern markets. But when it came to caring for the show sheep, we did that all ourselves. At first Dad managed, but from the time I was 16, I did it all myself. The fairground food was too much for his stomach, and after the first day or so at the fair he would get sick and have to go home. So eventually I assumed the entire responsibility for the sheep at the fairs.

I would take the show flock, which consisted of 22 sheep, two of each sex for each class, and in addition, 25 or 30 sheep that were to be sold. I did all the work of feeding, watering, trimming and preparing for the show ring and market. When I sold a sheep, I made the crate to ship it in myself, right on the ground. In order to protect the sheep from saboteurs, I made my bed above the pens and slept with the sheep right on the fair grounds.

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Or seven (?) foot[illegible] unable to decipher the writing.

While I would be doing this with my prize-winning flock, George McKerrow and Frank Harding from Wisconsin and the owner of Elmendorf Stock Farm in Kentucky would have a few show sheep for a front and three or four hundred in pens outside to sell just a little below the price asked for the prize-winners. With their increased volume, they were able to hire all the hard work done and they themselves devoted all their time to disposing of the large number of sheep they had for sale.

My original intention was to buy a small farm as a nucleus and then rent additional land to farm until I was able to buy it. But, while I was away at school, conditions had changed. The doctors and some business men in the town had begun to pick up the farm bargains, and when I looked into the prices of land, they had doubled in price. So it became evident that I would have to seek a location to start my flock where the land was still cheap.

The papers were full of land advertisements from Canada to the Gulf, and before long I had information regarding the wheat lands in Canada that could be homesteaded, the grass lands in Wisconsin that could be bought for a song, and the fertile land of the South's abandoned plantations was just waiting for someone to come and reclaim it.

I was getting regular wages for doing the regular farm work, but I was to have as a bonus all I made from the prizes taken at the fairs and my 10% commission on any sales that I made. By the end of the season, I was sure to have enough capital to secure the nucleus of what would be my land estate. The papers also contained many ads for agents wanted in every state in the Union whereby unheard of opportunities for making big earnings were to be found. With the feeling that I could start my own enterprise almost anywhere I wanted (except in the locality where I was best posted), I let my mind rest as to my future and give all of my time to the job at home and to have a little pleasure, as this would possibly be my last stay at home.

This was the year of Halley's Comet. One evening while we were sitting on the front porch watching it, I suggested that we hitch old Adam to the large family carriage.

Mother said, "There won't be room for all of us."

I said, "Sure there will. Three in each seat and the little ones can stand up or sit on our laps."

There were nine of us. A couple of hours was enough for mother and the younger children, and on the following night, they took a rain check. But I and my three next sisters and next oldest brother, who was 12, made the carriage-ride a nightly affair. The single horse just walked. Each night our trips grew longer. We traveled and sang, and watched the stars and Halley's Comet.

One day, my uncle Marion Andrews spoke to me about Harry and Ollie. Ollie was a healthy, attractive girl of 19. Harry and Ollie had been seen gathering flowers on two occasions in the field out in front of her home. Although Harry was 25, my uncle was afraid that he might be taken in by Ollie. As they were second cousins, that would be awful. Well, I told him that was a rather delicate subject for me to approach Harry about, that I did not think he need worry, that Ollie was pretty much tied down by her step-mother and was just lonesome.

"That's just it," said Uncle Marion. "She is a love-sick, lonesome girl and Harry has never been around women, and just a little touch of her hand can, well, start something, and no telling where it will end."

I said, "Well, I will invite Ollie to join us in our buggy rides and that will give her some diversion for a while."

The next night we drove over to Ollie's and invited her to go with us. She was delighted. She joined us every night, and she could sing like a lark. One evening as we were starting out on our trip, we passed Uncle Marion's place. My aunt Anise McKean was visiting them, and they were all out in the front yard. Ollie was sitting in the front seat with me, and two of my sisters and brothers were in the back. My older sister had her own date that night. As we approached, Aunt Anise stood up, stared at us, never saying a word. I thought she was going to charge but she didn't. Instead, she sent her son Thomas over with a message that she wanted to see me.

I responded to her request, but not without misgivings. I thought I knew what she wanted to see me for. I was not without guilt for I was beginning to look forward to picking up Ollie for our evening ride, and when our bodies occasionally came in contact, it was not an unpleasant sensation.

Aunt Anise did not mince any words when I arrived. She blurted right out in the presence of everybody, "How long has this nonsense been going on?"

I said, "What do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean, this riding around every night with Ollie Andrews. You knew she is your cousin, and she is a cousin to herself (her pa and ma were cousins), and if this keeps up, the first thing you know you will be father to a batch of monkeys. Go get yourself a girl and leave Ollie alone[25]."

I said, "I don't know about getting another girl but I will not see Ollie again." And I didn't, but I gave the excuse that I would have to cut out the evening rides and give all my time to preparing the sheep for the fairs.

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I was not, however, obliged to give all my evening to the sheep. All my life, circumstances seem to always put lovely, attractive, interesting specimens of the opposite sex directly in my path, and who was the next damsel to block my way but Joyce Keifer[26]. The Keifers had been well-to-do folks in Ohio. Mr. Keifer was able to give their oldest son, Emery, and Joyce a college education, and then reversals set

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Ollie Andrews was the great great granddaughter of Jonathan Andrews and Linney Cecil by both of her parents, and also the great great granddaughter of Thomas Archbold and Mary Kent by both of her parents. Ollie was her own third cousin, and twice her third cousin once removed. Both sets of her great great grandparents were also great great grandparents to Walter Baltzell, making Ollie a second cousin, a third cousin and a third cousin once removed. See abbreviated genealogy.

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Joyce Keifer later married Walter's third cousin, John Johnston, brother of Ada and Eliza.

in. He sold his farm in Ohio and moved to the cheaper and smaller farm in Indiana which adjoined my father's land.

I had met Joyce briefly when they first came to Indiana, but she soon returned to Ohio where she had a fine position.

The old house on the place that the Keifers bought was back from the road and they built a new house closer to the road. The barn was then separated from the house, and in going from the house to the barn, the Keifers followed a path that ran along our line fence. I was riding a corn cultivator behind Jack and Dan with my head down watching the corn row to keep from uprooting the corn and as we approached the fence. There was the usual, "Gee Haw" and maybe "Damn You" to get the horses to make the turn without stepping on the corn. Old Dan snorted. I looked up and there was Joyce, just on the other side of the fence. She was a flaxen-haired blond, 25, about two years older than I, but she didn't look it.

"Well, well," I said. "This is just great. Finders is keepers."

"What does that mean?" said Joyce

"Well," I said, "how long will you stay this time?"

She said, "About a month."

"And what will you be doing?" said I. "Any heart interest?"

"No," she said. "I'll just be visiting with my folks."

I said, "Well, in that case, I have time on my hands, too. I'm stuck here for the summer, and if you want to team up with me for any event that requires a man, I'm at your service."

"Well, that is just fine. Come over tonight and we will see what is on the schedule."

Unless there was a funeral, there was nothing for young people to go to in the whole neighborhood except preaching service, Sunday school, singing class, prayer meeting, and an occasional church picnic or box-social where the girls put up a lunch in a box which was auctioned off with the proceeds to go to charity, and an ice-cream-social with the proceeds to go to church. Our first venture together was to the singing class on Wednesday night. Our mere appearance there was enough to set the tongues to wagging. "Joyce is just too pretty to be moral," and "Did you see the clothes she wore?" they would say. There was nothing wrong with her clothes except what an ignorant old cat could find. They were better than any of the other girls or women ever had, but they were proper in both style and quality, and Joyce sure knew how to wear them.

It got around to us by the grapevine what this one had said and what that one had said, and this came close to including all the stalwarts in the church. We planned a stunt for which we were both ashamed of and sorry for afterward. Not for our own sakes, but because of her family who were trying so hard to make a good impression in the community. And what we did, did not help their prestige one little bit.

She dressed in her most daring gown (which would be ultra-conservative by today's standards), decorated with the most gaudy array of colors that she could contrive. I wore my full-dress coat with white shirt and blazing red tie, the loudest pair of peg-top pants I had with the bottoms rolled up to show my loud socks of

violently contrasting colors. Thus arrayed we arrived at the Sunday morning preaching services on the second Sunday following. We walked down the aisle together right up to the Amen corner and sat throughout the entire service, aping in our demeanor the other puritans in the congregation. After the service we strolled out together, and to make it real good, Joyce knew just how to lean on an escort's arm.

Joyce had one more chance to get even with the hypocrites. The Keifers always had strawberries, melons, etc., in season, and they got more than their share of visitors during strawberry time, and they would always be treated to strawberries and cream. There were three or four older couples of the younger set that were the worst offenders, or most frequent visitors. And it was this bunch that showed up on the Sunday just before Joyce's departure for Ohio.

As the gang was preparing to leave, Joyce so sweetly said, "Well, now that the strawberry season is over and the melon season is growing to a close, I hope you people will not forget the folks until strawberries are ripe next year."

We had an enjoyable month together. We went to one street fair celebration in Decatur, one trip to the Dunkard church for the novelty of it, a few rides in the evening to keep track of Halley's Comet and that was about it.

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Father had intended to time his return with his cargo of sheep so as to be able to turn them on the pasture at home for a few weeks so that they could get rested up before the Indianapolis State Fair. But he came on a freighter that was far behind schedule, and the time lost going through quarantine made them so late that they barely had time to reach Indianapolis in time if billed direct. So Dad directed his 200 sheep direct to the fairgrounds at the State Fair. He had only one helper, an English shepherd who worked his way over. I arrived at about the same time with my contingent of show sheep and some I had prepared for a private sale. My sheep were housed in the regular sheep barns at the fairgrounds, but Dad had to get a large tent and make pens for his sheep.

A green Englishman may know how to feed and handle sheep in England, but he was of little help here, especially for arranging the pens, etc. And at Indianapolis in mid-September, the sun gets insufferably hot, especially for an Englishman just arrived from moderate England. Before the end of the second day after their arrival, which was just one day before the fair opened, both Father and the Englishman were entirely incapacitated. Dad gave one last masterful command, "Put a woven wire fence around the tent, get out some handbills, hire an auctioneer and we will sell them all at auction next Thursday."

I did as I was told and not too reluctantly either. I hated to see my 10% if sold privately go glimmering, but after I saw the sickly looking bunch of sheep, tired and worn from the long trip, I was sure it was the best way out. In order to partly compensate me for my loss, I arranged with Dad to bid in a few of the best sheep if they sold too cheap and add them to my sales flock.

The sale came off on Thursday and the sheep did sell cheap barely enough to pay expenses. But he had made side trips to Belgium, Germany, France and Switzerland while abroad and he was a good loser. I bid in 20 of the best sheep at the sale, but I did not try to sell them until I had fed them and groomed them for the International Livestock Show to be held in Chicago in December.

When Dad finally realized what I was planning, he asked me if it was not about time for the fall term to open at the University. I said, "Yes, it opens next week. But I can't get away now. I might as well stay out another term. That will make it a full school year. It won't make any difference anyway for just three months. I can make that up by staying in school through a summer term if I want to." He just gave me a mystified look and walked away. After this little white implied lie, the question of my schooling did not come up again until January first the next year.

From Indianapolis, we took the sheep to Portland, Indiana, then from Portland to Fort Wayne, leaving off the English sheep at the farm. Then from Fort Wayne to Springfield, Illinois, which was to be our last place, where I would show in the prize ring. Then back home for a few weeks to prepare my breeding ewes for the big international show in Chicago.

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While in Springfield I had a very unusual experience. I was giving last touches to our aged ram just before entering the show ring when a rich Mr. Watson came by and reached down and grabbed a handful of wool right in the middle of the sheep's back. I let out a yell and grabbed his hand. He looked aghast, then I apologized and explained that I was grooming the sheep for the show ring which we would enter in a few minutes, and then started to straighten out the wool where he had innocently messed it up. But the bell rang almost immediately before I had finished my grooming. Mr. Watson tagged along and stayed right by my side during the judging.

My sheep took second prize and Mr. Watson followed me back to the pen and then said to me, "Young man, what was that first prize sheep? Your sheep is the best. She would have won if I hadn't spoiled her fleece. What was that first prize? I want to give you a check for it."

I assured him that my sheep was only second best, that I got a fair prize, that all the trimming and fussing we were doing was for the public's benefit, but that it did not affect a competent judge. He was most insistent, but I refused to take the check.

The next day he returned with his farm foreman. He asked permission to inspect my flock. I said, "Go right ahead." Both he and his foreman entered the pen as I held open the gate to the pen holding this old, over-stuffed ram and six fat old ewes. They had been to their last fair and the ewes would never see the pasture fields at home again. They probably would never breed, so on our way home they would be taken to the slaughter house and sold just like any fat old sheep.

"How much for this bunch?" said Mr. Watson.

"Why, these sheep are not for sale. They are our show sheep."

"Well, put a price on them."

I asked him what he wanted them for, and he told me to take out to his farm near Barrington, Illinois (among the millionaire checkbook farmers). I suggested that I had breeding ewes and bucks much younger and in good, healthy condition that would suit him much better.

"No," he said, "this is the best bunch of sheep on the fairgrounds. We have looked at all of them. I want these or nothing."

I started to tell him of some of the difficulties and even danger involved in returning show sheep to natural conditions. Mr. Watson made a move to the far side of the pen to get a closer look at one of the sheep. The foreman took advantage of this to tell me, "He is a multimillionaire checkbook farmer. He doesn't want them to breed. He just wants them to take out to his farm to show off to his millionaire friends once or twice. After that, he won't care what happens to the sheep."

"Well, that's different," thought I. "I should have known."

Next time he said, "Well, how much?" I said "Well, I don't want to seem to be holding you up, but I would have to ask you $200 for the ram and $100 each for the six ewes. That would be $800 all told."

"When can you ship them?"

"After 5 p.m. on Friday, the last day of the fair."

"OK. Draw on me at this bank for the $800 and ship the sheep at once if possible or as quickly as you can."

When Dad came around I was busy making the crates. I told him of the deal. Dad said, "Ah, he may just be a slicker. Nobody would give $800 for those old sheep."

I said, "Well Dad, you are wrong this time. He's no phony."

"Well, go ahead, but you may lose your $800 dollars."

I said, "No, Dad. If we lose, it won't be $800. It will be one old ram that may die on us before the winter is over and six fat old ewes that we were going to take to the slaughter house and sell at the very lowest price. For that is all that they are worth."

The next day the bank in Springfield advised us that the sight draft was good and to come in and pick up their draft for $800. I did. When I gave it to Dad, he looked at it, turned it over and signed it, and said, "Cash it. Take half of it, and the rest will be enough for me."

Mr. Watson looked me up at the International in Chicago. He had his wife with him. He was still happy about the deal although if any of the sheep died he may not have been told, and checkbook farmers do not spend much time on their farms in wintertime.

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From Springfield, it was to Portland and then Fort Wayne and then home for about six weeks before going to Chicago. With Dad at home, this six weeks was like

old times. We were a way behind in the work and under those conditions, no one living could drive as hard and effectively as my Dad.

If I had not been planning secretly all by myself that this was to be my last project at home, I could not have taken the guff. Without the show sheep along, the routine at the International was much easier to handle—not the exacting trimming, the breeding sheep were in a better condition to stand the strain, and the equipment for handling the stock was the last word.

But the weather was very cold, the coldest December on record, 22 below zero. The sheep were located on the second floor and the cold air was blowing above, below, and all around them. Several of the shepherds who were sleeping with their flocks died of pneumonia. When I felt my chest clogging up, I walked out of the place, took the elevated downtown, stopped at a haberdashery, got the heaviest suit of woolen underwear they had, stopped at a saloon, got a pint of whiskey, then to the Kaiserhoff Hotel (now the Atlanta), got a room with bath, filled the tub with water as hot as I could stand, set the whiskey within reach and got in the tub. I kept the water hot and the whiskey flowing until the sweat was coursing out of my pores like in a Turkish bath. When I felt my consciousness slipping too near the danger line, I got out, dried myself or tried to, put on the heavy woolen underwear, and went to bed. When I got up in the morning, my chest was clear—but, oh, my head.

The cold weather did not affect our sales of sheep too much. Most of our customers at the International were westerners, mostly from Montana and they were used to cold weather. We rarely sold a single sheep, usually several to each customer. And after the flock had been picked over and over again, we lumped the leftovers all in a bunch and put a special price on them. There was always some rancher who was looking for a bargain.

After the fair, which was to be my last, I would only have a few more days at home. I would be living a big white lie, and telling one to anyone who became inquisitive about my next move.

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PART TWO

THE SEARCH FOR LANDTHE SEARCH FOR LANDTHE SEARCH FOR LANDTHE SEARCH FOR LANDTHE SEARCH FOR LAND
1911-1912

If there ever had been any question in my mind as to whether I should first investigate the free homestead lands in Canada, the cheap grassland in Wisconsin, or the fertile lands of the balmy southland, this frigid weather in Chicago clearly pointed out to me the way that I should travel.

After trying to fix in my mind a ready answer for every possible question that may be put to me, I decided to beat them all to the draw by announcing that I would be leaving for Bloomington on the second of January. This announcement seemed to settle the question for all. Only to Harry Andrews did I give a hint so that he would not be surprised when the truth was known. I told him that I was going to Bloomington, but I did not know how long I would stay.

During the last few days, I packed all of my clothes in suitcases, no trunk. On January second, I went to the railroad station in Decatur and bought a ticket to Bloomington. When the train stopped at the station I got off the train. I had gone to Bloomington. Then I asked the conductor to hold the train until I got a ticket and rechecked baggage to Louisville, Kentucky. He said, "You have plenty of time. The train will be here for 10 more minutes."

I got my ticket and rechecked my baggage as quickly as I could and got back on the train. Although I did not care too much, it was easier to not be recognized by anyone I knew. As the train pulled out of the station, I felt as though the gates to freedom were being opened for me. I was in the clear. I had plenty of money for traveling expenses in my pocket and a nice, big, fat cashier●s check in an inside pocket of my undershirt. I could go to college if I wanted to, or I had enough money to pay down on a 200- or 300-acre farm and have something to buy enough equipment to get production started (that is, at the advertised prices of the land I would investigate).

I spent some time along the rat-infested wharves of Louisville. It was real cold as far south as Bloomington and not comfortable in Louisville, so I hired a man with a hansom cab to show me the town. I spent a couple of hours in Louisville and then boarded the train for Nashville, Tennessee. I was attracted there by the cheap, fertile land that was advertised near that city and by the fact that it was the seat of Vanderbilt University. It seems that the idea that I would go back to college somewhere, sometime, was impregnated on my subconscious mind.

I arrived in Nashville during the night. The weather was like a balmy night in springtime. The norther had not yet arrived.

In the morning, the first thing I did was to go out and look over the grounds of Vanderbilt University. Then I went to the registrar's office to inquire about entering the university as a special student. I told him that I was not particularly interested in credits, that I was interested in certain subjects, like philosophy, political economy

and economics, and if I located near Nashville, as I hoped to, I would like to attend certain lecture courses to help me in my private study if it could be arranged. I assured him that I expected to pay whatever tuition fees there were for the privilege of attending the lectures. He told me that if I did locate there, to see him again and then he would arrange with the professor who gave the lectures for me to attend.

I went back to the city and left my overcoat at the hotel. I felt like taking my coat off and going in my shirt sleeves, the weather was so mild. This was the golden age of musical comedy, George M. Cohan, Victor Herbert, light opera and vaudeville. I went to a matinee and again at night. Tomorrow I would start my search for land. Then I would write home and tell them what I had done and why I did it, and the fact that I was considering going to Vanderbilt University would soften the blow of my not going to Indiana. There was no sign of a change in the weather when I retired at midnight, but sometime before morning the storm came with a strong northwest wind that brought six inches of snow with it. It was barely freezing temperature, but that raw, damp wind penetrated right to the marrow of my bones.

I never suspected anything like that would happen as far south as Nashville, Tennessee, supposing I had 200 head of ewes lambing and that it was one of the advantages of the South to have the lambs in January or February. No, no, none of this for me. I checked out of the hotel, went down to the railroad station, bought a ticket for New Orleans, and sat right there in the station for over two hours until train time. I had no reason for going to New Orleans except that it was about as far south as I could get. When I got below the snow I would draw my plans from there. I was disappointed about Tennessee, but not devastated. I was not going to build myself up too much on any locality until I was certain that it was entirely satisfactory in all respects. There was such a place, and I intended to find it.

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I was now completely off the track. But I had lost none of my determination to get right back on the right track again. However, while I was in New Orleans, one of the most interesting cities in the continent, I intended to stay awhile and really see the city. I went to a moderate-priced hotel in the old French Quarter and dined at several of the famous restaurants. I spent hours along the wharves during the days, and took in the theater at night. Then I moved to the St. Charles Hotel just to have been in this hotel for a day or so to absorb the atmosphere. I went out to Tulane University campus and looked around. I did not bother to see the registrar for there was nothing about Tulane that interested me because there was no land around New Orleans that would be suitable for my purpose.

Having been temporarily sidetracked from my search for land, I began reading the Help Wanted column. The one that looked most appealing was one to sell Rogers Silverware. I should have known better after my experience with the New Century Book of Facts. I made the interview and left in due time with my samples enclosed in an appropriate fine leather case for which I had paid spot cash. Needless to say that I, a raw Northerner, never got past a single threshold. This only whetted

my ambition. One day as I was walking along Canal Street I saw a crowd assembled around a man who was selling butcher knife sharpeners. It was a little gadget as simple as a can opener. It had a sharp-edged place at an angle on one end of the metal bar.

He would give his pitch then take his knife, dull it by striking the edge on an old hammer, then he would draw the knife across the little flint, first on one side and then the other, then a finishing stroke lightly on both sides at the same time. Then he would take a leaf from an old magazine and shave it to shreds. When he was through, a shower of quarters came ringing into his receptacle, an old bucket.

He would stack his wares in a box under key in the alley, go into the saloon for a drink or two, and when the crowd began to thicken, he would make another pitch. I watched him for two days. It looked as though he would be making $25 or $50 every day. Then I approached him with the idea of buying in as a partner. He said, "Come back in an hour. I will be through for the day. We will go up to my apartment just around the corner and talk it over."

I was there Johnny-on-the-spot in exactly one hour. In fact, I never let him get out of my sight. We went up to his apartment. His wife, or mistress, dressed in a bathrobe, set up the drinks. I didn't drink habitually, but on an occasion like this, I would make an exception. We sparred around for a while and then I came right straight from the shoulder. "I think you have a good thing. I'm willing to pay to get in. How much do you want?"

"Well," he said, "I can't take you in as a partner. But I might sell you some supplies and you could set up your own stand, but it would have to be outside the city, at least 75 or 100 miles beyond the city limits."

"Well, which way, and to what city?"

"Well, out west to New Iberia or Lafayette."

"Well, how many could you sell me?"

"Well, you would have to take at least a gross to make it worth my while, and then I could arrange to send you more as you needed them."

"A gross," said I. "How much do you want for them?"

"Well, you sell them for a quarter, and I would charge you 15 cents. That would give you 40% profit."

"How about selling me 10 gross. Then we would not have to be sending supplies so often."

"Well, it will take me a couple of days as I don't have that many on hand."

"OK. Get the 10 gross and I will be around in two days with the $214 in cash." And thus we parted.

I thought to myself as I left, "$214 is a lot of money. I'll have to cash my big check, but then, what's the difference. I'll have it all back with $144.10 profit in a few days." I took my 10 gross of butcher knife sharpeners and my Rogers silver set, for I was going to work that as a sideline. I headed for New Iberia, Louisiana, where the French Acadians were settled. I went directly to a hotel, registered, went to my room, locked the door and opened up my wares. I dulled my butcher knife on my dime-store hatchet and proceeded to sharpen it. Oh! I see there is a trick to this, but

I'll learn. Well, I learned to not get the knife too dull and sometimes by taking three or four leaves from the magazine at a time I could manage to get a few slices pealed off. Well, all I could say was that practice makes perfect. I didn't feel like making a pitch on my first day in town. I was a little tired. I would rest awhile and then look the town over, get my box at the grocery story for my stand and be all set for the following day.

The next day I took my box, my wares, my butcher knife, my hammer and my old magazine to my selected corner and started my spiel in a squeaky voice. I just could not make my voice behave and the old magazine was as limber as a wet rag. A few people stopped and gazed at me for a few seconds, but none came near me.

I changed locations three times dragging my paraphernalia with me. It was getting quite heavy. I had taken too many samples along. Next time I would not take so many. Better make a trip back to the hotel. Finally at my last stop I did really attract a man's attention. He watched me for a few minutes and then he came closer. "You new in the South, ain't you?"

I said, "Yes, I haven't been here long."

Then he showed his badge under his coat, "You got a license?"

"No, I didn't know I needed a license for this. How much is a license?"

"$25 per day."

"Oo. Can I sell silverware door to door?"

"Yes, if you get a license."

"How much?"

"Same price. $25 per day. Well, you are new here. I won't take you in, but you will have to go somewhere else or get a license."

I went back to the hotel. I needed a rest. I really needed a rest this time, but I could not give up. I would go to the next large town which was Lafayette, Louisiana. I took the evening train for Lafayette, registered at a hotel, next day tried my luck again no sales. Nobody came close except another town marshal in plain clothes about the same story, "get a license for $25 per day, or else." There was a carnival in Lafayette and I spent most of the rest of the day until train time there.

When I headed for Lake Charles, Louisiana, I got in town late in the evening, put up at the hotel, and the next morning I decided to go to the city hall and find out about this license business before I got thrown in jail or had to pay a big fine. They laid it on the line. It was $25, and furthermore, no matter where I went, the license would still be $25 per day. The people of the South were fed up with having the bums come down from the North every winter and try to unload their junk on the people.

Well, this was a blow. I needed another rest. I didn't need to think about train time until I had some place to go. I went into a pool hall and played a game of pool all by myself. I bought a package of Bull Durham to further attract attention. I didn't smoke, but I could roll them. People just seemed to walk away from me. I went into a saloon, had a glass of beer. Some half-drunks were fighting the battles of the Civil War all over again. When they got too much mixed up about who won what, I started to correct them. Maybe it was because I was not used to drinking, maybe the

beer was spiked, or maybe it was the combination of the cigarette and the beer that gave me the courage to challenge the whole crowd.

Anyway, before I got thrown out, I met a real southern gentleman. He asked me if I would take a little walk with him. I did. He explained to me how ignorant the men in the saloon were. He would hate to see me get in trouble, and he took me over to another saloon and asked me to have a drink with him. I thanked him but told him that I probably could not handle another drink. Then I asked him if there was any kind of work around Lake Charles. I told him of my experience with my knife sharpener, etc. He said there was no work around Lake Charles for a white man but a few miles west at Vinton, Louisiana, there was a new oil field where they were paying as high as $6 per day for men.

"$6 per day! What's the rub?"

"Nothing, except they struck oil in a cypress swamp, and its hard to get white men to work there and the company won't employ colored."

I waited over until the next day. I took my knife sharpeners into a novelty store and tried to sell them for 10 cents each. Then 5 cents. Then, "What will you give me?"

"Nothing. I would not give them table room if you gave them to me for nothing. Those things are no good. After you sharpen one knife the edge is worn off that flint and you have to throw it away." I tried a couple other stores with no success. Then I took the whole lot of them away out on a pier and dumped them in the bay and headed for the oil fields after I had written my long letter home telling them I had a job at $180 per month ($6 per day x 30 days per month = $180. They worked Sunday). That was over $2,000 per year, more than Dad usually made in a whole year on the farm. I also sent all my good clothes home and got a new outfit that was appropriate for the kind of work I was about to undertake.

If there ever was an old town named Vinton, I never saw it. All I saw was a mushroom town of tar paper shacks and tents. The bank was housed in a little rough lumber shed about 12' x 20' that sat on a slight elevation above the swamp land. The pool hall with lunch counter and poker room in the back was also made of rough lumber, and it was of considerable size. There was a store that handled men's work clothes and a large old ranch-type house that was propped up high on cypress posts that had been converted into a boarding house.

I sought out the foreman and was pleased to find that he was from southern Indiana. Although I was from the northern part of the state, we had something in common right from the start. I asked about the work and he told me briefly that the wages were $3.00 per day for the men working in mud up to their ankles, $4.50 per day for men working in water up to their waists and $6.00 per day for men working in water up to their necks, that is, if they did not step into a hole.

I said, "OK, show me the deep water."

He said, "You will have to get your slicker, leather gauntlet gloves and net."

I said, "What do I need a slicker for? It isn't raining."

"You don't need it for the rain. You need it and the net for the mosquitos, and the gloves and slicker pants for the snakes. You may run across an alligator buried in

the mud but they won't bother you."

"Well, water, water, water! I better put my money in the bank before it gets soaked!" Then I got my slicker, net and gloves and went back to locate my boss again.

He said, "You are on the payroll for today. Just wait around here until I round up some more men." He fooled around most of the day, and I more or less tagged along after him until he had his crew of 20 men. Then we set out in a flat boat across a stretch of water to an island. He had made arrangements with the man who lived on this island for our board and lodging, but he had never seen the place.

The thin, long-necked, bronzed, freckled, sandy-haired guy was busy cleaning out the pig sty and filling in old musty rice straw for our beds. He had already fixed up the chicken house and the ox shed. "When it is fixed up it will make plenty of room for all of you."

After sizing up the situation, the boss called us together and told us that the Texas Company would never expect us to sleep there, told us to just wait around until he returned. He told the man that his accommodations would be inadequate, and offered to pay him for his trouble, made arrangements with him to pitch a tent on his land and for the women to prepare our supper, and then he went back to camp for our tent and bedding.

It was a rather pathetic scene. The man was sulking around, his hopes crushed. He would get something for the use of his land as a site for our tent, but nothing like the $20 or more per day he would have received for our board and lodging. He raised all the food and the women would do the work. The wife and oldest daughter were scurrying around in the small shack to prepare a meal for 20 men, for the first time in their lives, I suppose. They would have to feed us in relays as they could only serve four or five at a time. The two younger daughters, all dressed up in their finery made from bleached feed sacks and cheap ribbon, were assigned to entertain us. One of them played the old organ, which missed many notes, and they sang and told jokes such as, "I never saw the train but I saw those skids they slide on, ho, ha ha."

It was almost dark when the boss returned. The mosquitos had begun their work and we had all donned our nets and slickers and were sitting around like hooded knights, half-defeated in our crusade. Many classes were represented in this crowd. Some had seen better days and some were just bums.

One man (although I did not know it until later) was from Monroe, Indiana. He was a black sheep from a white trash family. His father never had a steady job, had worked for my father on several occasions, but spent most of his time sitting around his shabby home among his dirty-faced kids and shaggy dogs. This man, Ed Urick was his name when our identities became known to each other, said, "Well, well, imagine meeting you here." We did not fraternize much together. He would be going around looking at me with a smirk on his face. But he only stayed a few days and I was sure glad when he left camp. After he returned home, as I was later told, although my folks never mentioned him to me in their letters, he gloatingly related how he had met the great Walter Baltzell, the boy who went to college, working with

a lot of ordinary bums in a ditch. Naturally he gave a version that differed entirely from mine.

The boss brought back with him a large tent, the metal frames for our cots and mosquito netting. We used tightly drawn canvas in lieu of mattresses and the frame extended up over the cots so that the mosquito netting was made to fit pulled-down over the frame.

We built a large bonfire to give us light and then set to the work of pitching the tent and setting up our cots inside. No smoking was allowed because of the flimsy netting, and no candles or light of any kind was allowed as it would attract bugs and maybe other crawly things on the ground. However, some of the men were bums who only wanted to work a day or two and would sometimes do things to get fired. If they quit of their own accord, they would have to wait for their pay, whereas if they were fired, they had to pay them off immediately. One night one of these toughs started to smoke. His net caught on fire and there was real consternation in the camp before the fire was extinguished. Several nets were damaged, but I was near the front of the tent and pulled my net off the frame and got out without damage. After this incident the crew formed their own police force, and if anyone dared to try to smoke, he would be immediately evicted.

Our job was to clear the tree stumps, submerged logs, and trash along a lane where the pipeline was to be laid. Our equipment consisted of picks and shovels, saws and axes, a donkey engine, windlass and steel cables. Sometimes the engine was anchored on the dry land and sometimes it had to be placed on a flatboat which was also part of our equipment. We also had a small tugboat to use in pulling loose logs where the water was deep enough for it to operate. We also had two oxen to draw the logs in shallow water.

Fastening the cables to the submerged logs in deep water was not the most desirable job. But the men would quit rather than shirk if it fell to their lot to do the dirty work. In time, the men came to fit the job or the job the man. I, for one, developed the knack of making a quick hitch, and partly because I wanted to show off, I suppose, and partly because I would rather do the job than see some less dexterous man suffer. I became for a while the chief river rat on the project. Our boss did not stay on the island, but traveled back and forth to the main camp. In the morning, he came rather late in a small motorboat with our breakfast. Some of us were a little worried about being docked, but he put us at ease by telling us that two or three hours at a time was enough to be in that water. We got wet at about 9 a.m. He called us out at 11 a.m. to dry our clothes around a huge bonfire. At 12 noon, our dinner arrived by boat. We loafed until 2 p.m. and at 4 p.m. we were called out for the day. The work was easy, the hours were short. But from 4 p.m. until 9 a.m. the next morning on a mosquito, scorpion, and snake-infested island in a cypress swamp was no picnic for seven days a week.[27]

Eventually, I was transferred to the crew that laid the pipe. We started on dry

27

Author's marginal note: "Could fill in with conversation etc. of camp workers."

land but the water got gradually deeper until, where we crossed the Sabine River, the depth was 70 feet. My wages remained the same whether we were on dry land or in the water, for one never knew when he might fall in or have to get down under.

For the first few weeks, everything went fine with me on the job, after I got slowed down to the slow pace of the Southerner and after I got used to a steam bath by my own perspiration under the slicker in the mid-day sun. Even in January or February, it gets above 90 down along the Gulf. Then I began to develop water blisters around my ankles, around my legs just at the top of my boots, and around my waistline. They were not painful at first. But a scab would form when I was not at work, and then when the perspiration started to run or I had to get into the water, the scab would soften and come off. The blisters became sores that grew larger and larger, and every time a scab came off, the pit became deeper. I consulted with the company doctor, and he ordered me to quit immediately and keep away from stagnant water, and he advised me to keep clean and quiet until the sores were completely healed.

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The nearest big town was Beaumont, Texas, a city of several thousand which was only about 20 miles distance to the west of Vinton. I got a room in a moderate-priced hotel and after getting a brand new outfit of khaki pants, a shirt, a Stetson, and a couple suits of underwear, and discarding all the old swamp-soaked clothes, I settled down to nurse my wounds.

For the first few days, the pain was quite severe. Those big scabs would form and draw the flesh since they were not washed off every day by perspiration. I could not apply enough salve to keep them softened up.

The resident owner and manager of the hotel was a young widow, quite pretty and no children. Her husband had met his untimely death in an accident in his own sawmill. She was friendly with all the guests, but because of my affliction, I got a little special attention. She kept me well supplied with sterilized white rags with which to bandage my sores, and I was around the hotel all day long. We got to know one another quite well.

After a few days I made a trip to Port Arthur, only 20 miles or so from Beaumont. Port Arthur was the Gulf port and terminal of the Kansas City Southern Railroad and was having quite a boom and getting a lot of publicity. I looked the place over and returned the next day.

When things were going at their best on the job with the oil company, I thought very little about my mission to find land. But now that I had time on my hands, I was beginning to suspect that any job that offers wages too far above standard has something wrong with it.

I soon drifted right back to where I started from with my determination to get back on the land. The ads said that good land could be had in East Texas cheap, so using the hotel in Beaumont as a base, I decided to look into the possibilities there. First, I never told the people I was looking for land. I was always just looking for a

job, and my inquiry about land was just incidental.

I took the train from Beaumont about 75 miles north to Augustine. After looking around Augustine for a day I walked across country to Nacogdoches, a distance of 35 miles. Then I headed back by train from there to Beaumont.

I was not at all impressed with any land that I saw. It was a cut-over pine tree country. The high land was too thin and the low land too sour. The buildings were mere shacks, and whenever you saw any corn stalks from last year's crop, it looked like it would yield only 10 or 15 bushels per acre. But on this trip I did get a new idea. After I discarded my college clothes and put on khaki and had gotten down to earth and worked along the side of the southern people, I got to understand them better and could talk to them and they would talk to me.

While hiking across country, I stopped to talk to a man who was running a sawmill. Among many other things he told me that if he could just get a plot of timber that would make railroad ties, he would sell his mill, take his broad axe to the woods, and start hewing out ties. "The cleanest work and best paying job in the country. Make two or three times as much as at any other job."

Since the widow's late husband was a timber man, I asked her if to her knowledge he ever handled railroad ties. "He certainly did," she said. "That's the way he got his start. He would buy a piece of land with good tie timber on it, work up the ties and sell them to the railroad company himself. He would get enough from the ties to pay for the land and have a good profit besides." Then I learned (and it took me several days) that the trouble with the tie idea was that there wasn't any good tie timber left. It was all gone. There just wasn't any more. I would add another requisite to land before it would qualify -- it had to have tie timber on it.

There was a distinguished-looking, well-educated, well-dressed Cherokee corn doctor stopping at the hotel. We got quite well acquainted and spent many hours together. One day he said to me, "Young man, this young widow at the hotel has more than just a friendly interest in you. You seem to get along well together and if there is anything that is holding you back, I just want to tell you that you can't make a mistake. She is pure gold all the way through. I have been stopping here from time to time since before her husband died, and I know. He left her well-provided for, too. Money, several rental properties besides this hotel. I'm sure you could move right in if you wanted to and you could do a whole lot worse."

I merely said, "Well, I'm not ready to settle down." And that was the end of that.

~ 1 ~

My water sores seemed to be healing without any complications. There was evidently nothing around Beaumont or East Texas to interest me, so I would soon be on the move again. If Wisconsin was too far north, the Gulf Coast country was too far south. That meant that I would have to find a happy medium somewhere. But while I was so near, I wanted to see Houston and Galveston before I headed back north again.

I spent the first night in Houston, took the train to Galveston early the next morning. The first thing was to walk along the famous sea wall that was built after the hurricane disaster of a few years before. I took a plunge in the Gulf of Mexico in my BVD's[28] and stood on the beach until they dried. Then, after taking in the ships in the harbor and one more look at downtown Galveston, I headed back for Houston.

In my rambling around Houston, I stumbled onto a farm boy of German descent who, with his father and brother, had been spending a few days in the city. They lived about 35 miles northwest, and had driven in with a fine team and wagon with some produce to sell, and they were buying supplies to take back to the farm. When I showed much interest in their farm and he learned that I was looking for work, he invited me to go home with them. They would be leaving before daylight the next morning.

They had been camping out in Houston, making their wagon box their hotel on a vacant lot. The boy introduced me to his father in his own way and said that he had asked me to visit the farm. "Shore, shore," said the rolly-polly bewhiskered old man. And then I was to spend the night with them and have supper of crackers, cheese, bologna and beer with them also. Well, who was I to turn down a deal like this?

I and the boy who had discovered me sat on a spring seat behind the father and other boy, who did the driving. The horses never trotted but pushed ahead at a brisk walking gate of about four miles per hour. We stopped every two hours or so to water the horses, and the beer, etc. was opened for anyone to help themselves if they so desired. On a couple of occasions, we stopped long enough for the horses to have some grain. While traveling, every little while the old man would haul out his bottle of whiskey, take a snort himself, and then pass the bottle. "It's good for you," he said. "Takes the chill off."

We arrived at their farm just about sundown. And here comes the real interesting episode of the whole visit. The old man had been jolly and gay all the way until we drove right up to the doorstep. His wife and older daughter came running out. The old man began to shake and groan. They helped him down from the wagon and into the house where they set him in an easy chair for father. While the mother was tugging at his clothes to get them off, without the least bit of cooperation on his part, the daughter was filling the tub with warm water and laying out his sparkling white underwear. While all this was going on, the three sons paid absolutely no attention whatsoever. The mother and daughter took every stitch of his clothes off, washed him and rubbed him and put his clean clothes on, and then, when that fine steamy-hot German supper was placed on the table, he miraculously revived immediately. ?????[29]

28

i.e. underwear. Bradley Voorhis and Day were famous manufacturers.

29

The question marks are the author●s.

I stayed on the farm over the second night, and having learned all that I wanted to know about that part of Texas for miles around, I allowed them to drive me to the nearest railroad town that made connections with the main line running north.

~ 1 ~

I took the passenger train to the main line and from there I adopted a new mode of travel. My earnings in the oil field had just a little more than made up for my foolish butcher-knife venture. But the train fare and hotel bills were making a big hole in my purse. Now that spring was here, we will see in following paragraphs what I was to do about that.

The name of the town on the main line was Hempstead. I inquired at the station about train schedules and learned it would be several hours before the next train north. So I had plenty of time to go into consultation with myself. This was the first time since leaving home that I found myself in a place in which I was not the least bit interested and did not have any place to go. I had spent a quarter of my capital, spent two months time and had gotten nowhere. Not only that, I seemed to be heading back in the direction from whence I came. I had spent too much money and I had been swayed from my path. Right now, I start to correct both these faults.

The father-in-law of my uncle Marion Andrews had homesteaded near Oklahoma City. My uncle and Aunt Ida made a trip down to visit them every winter, and when they returned to the icy north, they would talk of the fine climate and fertile soil in Oklahoma.

So the Oklahoma City district was to be my destination. The railroad fare would be $50 local rates. I would beat my way and go for $10. And when I got there, if I liked the district generally, I would get a job immediately, even as a farm hand, and work and make a little money or, more important, to conserve my capital until I located my own place. Having made this important decision, I found myself a spot along the railroad track on the edge of town where I could stretch out in the balmy sun and wait until the freight came along. When the train finally came, as it was pulling out of town, I stood along the track holding a silver dollar in my hand. A brakeman motioned me to get on. If there had been no brakeman in sight I would have boarded the train anyway.

I was lucky to get an empty box car. I was also lucky in my brakeman. He was a good fellow and visited me enroute to get his $1, and he gave me many pointers that could be of help in my new mode of travel. He told me that the usual bribe was 75 cents per division, but since he had given me some good pointers, I told him to keep the extra 25 cents. I rode the train to Waco where we arrived the next day. I saw that I was to forget that there was such a thing as time. Just keep close to the track and when the train came along, get on. I learned that a train north would be leaving in the evening, so I walked across town and again took my place in the sun along the track. After the night before in a cool bumpy box car, the sunny bank seemed soft and warm.

No brakeman was in sight when the train came along, so I went aboard anyway. I would give them the 75 cents if they found me. But they would have to

find me this time. I made it all the way to Fort Worth without being detected. On arrival there, I went to a working man's hotel for the night and had my first square meal in over two days. I had been living on Fig Newtons and sardines. Fort Worth is quite a railroad center, and to avoid confusion, I bought a ticket to the first town north on the morning passenger train. When we arrived at the place, which was Roanoake, I did not get off. When the conductor came through again he said, "Where to?" I said, "Roanoake."

He said, "We just passed that place. I called the station. You should have got off."

"I didn't hear you."

"To the next stop will be 40 cents."

"I haven't any money." He pulled the cord and I got off. Well, it was a try but it didn't work. So I walked back toward Roanoake and waited for the next freight.

When the train came along, I held out my money for the brakeman to see but he did not motion me to board. But I did anyway. I didn't try to hide because I knew that he knew that I was there. When he looked me up I paid him. He was not too friendly. He asked me where I was going. I said Wichita Falls. He said there is a good place to eat there right in the yards where you can get a good meal for doing a little job. This was lucky for me because when we reached Wichita Falls it was windy and blowing a little snow and dark as pitch. I went right to the box car cafe. The man there said, "You came in on No. 5?"

I said "Yes."

"Want something to eat?"

I said, "Yep."

"Want to work?"

"I guess so. What is it?"

"Well, warm up a bit." And then he said, "Go with the boy and bring back some coal."

I said, "I'll do it now. I'm not too cold." So the little colored boy pointed to the car. I filled the sack and carried it back with me. He pointed to a box and said, "dump it there." Then I sat down to the lunch counter to ham and eggs and all the fried potatoes, bread and coffee that I could eat. And he would fix it up right there for me with the crew that would take the next train to Chickasaw, Oklahoma, if I wanted to bring in another bag of coal, which I did.

There was a point of law involved here, and I have often wondered about it. Of course, according to ethical practice, we were both guilty. But technically he thought he was in the clear because I was doing the stealing. And I thought that I was safe because I was doing only what I was told. He received the coal, not I, and I did not know but that the car-load of coal belonged to him. Otherwise, why did his colored boy point out the particular car to me?

While the trip to Chickasaw was free, it was miserably cold. I had a box car all to myself. I put on both suits of BVDs, two pair of socks, both my shirts and then

my Cravenette[30] raincoat, and still I was cold. There happened to be a few boards lying loose on the car floor. I placed one of the wide boards near the corner of the car, then I broke up another board into as small of pieces as I could and started a small fire on the board on the floor so as not to burn the car. This created too much smoke. I could not breathe. I had to open car door to clear smoke. Then I sat down on the board, spread my raincoat all around me and then whittled some shavings, just a little handful at a time. By keeping my raincoat around me and spread out over the little fire to confine the heat, I kept quite comfortable until the train pulled into the yards.

Another guy got off the train about the same time as I did. He came up to me, looked me over and asked if I had a fag (a cigarette).

I said, "No, I don't smoke." And then after the usual exchange of lingos as bum meets bum, he asked me if I could buy him a cup of coffee. I told him that I was flat and had to get a job right away.

"Well," he said, "don't get caught bumming here. This is a bad town. Better take the outskirts, keep away from downtown."

I thought I ditched him and went right downtown, went into a restaurant and had a meal. When I came out of the restaurant, there he was facing me. He had been shadowing me all the time. "So, you don't have the price of a cup of coffee, do you? Well, let me tell you there is a way to handle guys like you." He looked weak but tough enough to try to do it.

I said, "Listen, you tough guy. Do you think I would be traveling around like this if I was not loaded to take care of a guy like you if he got out of line?"

"Now which way are you going? Well, I'm going the other way, and don't you follow me because I'll be watching. I'll know what you are after, and I'll know what I'll have to do."

I bought a ticket to Oklahoma City to be sure and lose him. I had too much money on me, and I was scared. I expected to stay in town for a few days to see what I could learn about the surrounding country, so I selected a very economical workingman's hotel. It turned out to be a flophouse with an annex, or visa versa some small rooms partitioned off with wall board, some fenced off with woven wire, and then there was the bull pen.

One young man who was sleeping in the bull pen had a new pair of shoes. He took them off during the night to rest his feet, fell to sleep and in the morning he had no shoes. He was broke but clean-looking and gave no signs of being a regular bum. I felt sorry for him and took him over to a second hand shoe store and bought him a pair of shoes for 50 cents. After that I could not shake him.

I bought him a couple of stews and paid his room, 25 cents for two nights. He knew the country, was intelligent and I was getting, I thought, my money's worth in information. I contacted several real estate men to get a line on farmland prices in the surrounding country and all the information I could gather. Prices were higher

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Cravenette appears to be a brand name.

than I wanted to pay, of course, but not prohibitive.

After I had gathered all the info I wanted, I announced to my friend that now I was broke and would just have to take to the country and find a job.

"How will you go?"

"I'll walk."

"What will you eat?"

"I'll just walk up to a man and ask for a job, and if he has no work for me, I'll tell him I'm broke and hungry and will he give me something to eat?"

"I think I'll just go along with you, that is, if you don't mind."

"Well, we probably won't find work at the same place, but I guess it's all right."

"Which way are you going?"

I said, "East."

I had been informed that to the west, the country was open and became windy and drier. But to the East, as one approached the timber, the climate was better and the land more fertile, but hard to clear and work.

So we started out on foot about 12 p.m., counting ties going east from Oklahoma City. No use talking to farmers that close to a city, so we kept to the railroad until we reached a small town of a few hundred people. I said, "I'm hungry. I'm going to ask someone to give me something to eat. Now this is what I think we ought to do. You go this way and I will go that way. Keep away from the shacks. But go to the front door of a good looking home and ask for something to eat. There's 30 houses on your side of town. One of them will house someone who will feed you." I shook his hand and said, "Good luck."

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I honestly did not intend to do as I had advised him to do. I intended to start walking away from the railroad, right out into the country. Then I began to wonder how he would make out, and when I came to the front of a nice-looking home, I thought to myself, "I'll just try myself and see." I rang the door bell. A high school girl opened the door. I did not ask to see Mamma or Papa. I put the question right straight to her. "Could I get a little something to eat?"

She said, "Father, will you come to the door." A middle-aged, small-town businessman came to the door.

I said, "This is an embarrassing situation for me, but could I get a little something to eat? Just some plain bread?"

"Come in," and he motioned for me to have a chair. He sat down himself and then waited for my story if I had one. The dinner was cooking and sending out the most fragrant of fragrant odors. The wife, a neat little woman, would peep around the corner. The daughter would give a sly glance each time she made an addition to the table. And the boy, a sophomore in high school, made a couple of trips to the bookcase and then back to the kitchen.

I told my story[31], then we sat down to dinner. They were fine people. They took me at my word and I was almost one of the family. Then first the father and then the mother would become quiet and I would see them studying me. After dinner the father said, "You may stay awhile if you want to."

The girl, who was a senior in high school, and the boy got busy with their homework. The girl was having difficulty with her Virgil and the boy with his math. I had had trouble, too, with Virgil when I was in high school. But after having Horace and Terence and some of the advanced works of Cicero, Virgil was easy for me. Virgil was a cinch. I ran through the passages in question like a master. The father and mother looked on in amazement. I stayed for an hour or more, helping the boy a little more and then giving more attention to the girl when required. But most of the time I had the floor in the most refreshing discourse on learning I ever experienced.

About 8:30 p.m., I bade them goodbye and thanked them for their hospitality. And then, to them, I just disappeared in the night.

I took the road that lead southward from the town at right angles to the railroad on which I and my friend had entered the town. I would be looking for a barn full of nice soft hay and, as I soon found out, a farm without a dog. After walking past several farms that were guarded with barking dogs, I would settle for a barn without a dog whether it had hay in it or not. Finally, about midnight, after walking several miles, I came upon a farm that was quite a distance away from the house, a little beyond the guarded territory. There was no hay in the barn, but there was some freshly shredded corn fodder. I buried myself like an animal and slept soundly until I heard the farmer milking his cow in an adjoining shed.

When I approached him he was scared to death. He said, "Are you going to take the milk away from me?" They must have had so little to eat in the house; that is why he prized the milk so highly.

I said, "No, I will not take your milk or anything else. But I will pay you for my breakfast."

"We haven't got hardly anything in the house. Mister, you better try the next farm." It was the bleakest and most poverty-stricken place I ever saw.

I took the road again and walked for several miles. It was still quite early in the morning when I hit a ranch in the bottom land of the Canadian River. They had just finished breakfast. I sought out the farmer and asked for a job. He was all filled up, but he invited me to go into the cookhouse and have breakfast. There was bacon, eggs, potatoes, hot biscuits galore that the men had left. The woman cook offered to warm something up.

I said, "No, this will be fine" and ate enough to last me all day. I made inquiries about possibilities of a job among the neighbors. He owned so much land that he had no real near neighbors.

He said, "The widow across the Canadian was looking for a man to do some

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Author's parenthetical note: "Tell it in final draft if desirable."

clearing. Whether she got a man or not, I do not know, but you could go and see her." I asked directions and he gave me the long and safe way around, saying the Canadian was tricky with many deep spots, undercurrents, etc. and I better not try to cross nearby.

I thanked him and made a beeline for the widow's place, got two sticks and crossed the river in the forbidden zone. When I got across, it was still quite a distance to the widow's house. My last night●s sleep, although sound, was not complete. The weather was balmy so I lay down in the grass and had a good sleep. I arrived at the widow's in the evening again after the men had eaten and again I was invited to sit. The table was also piled up with enough leftovers for several men. But when I said this is good enough, the widow's daughter, a girl of 16 or 18, would have none of it. She grabbed all the stuff off the table and broke four fresh eggs in a skillet, warmed up some fresh potatoes, cut off a fresh slice of ham and treated me as any man looking for work should be treated.

After my supper, the widow and I got down to the business of clearing. It was 70 acres of bottom land. She had tried to get the men to do it without success. I told her I would look the place over in the morning and then either take the job by contract, or do it by the day. She had several hundred acres and about 10 men on her force. I slept in the bunkhouse. And all evening and morning, the men kept sulking around close to the house, never offering to go to work in the morning after breakfast. When it came time, so I thought, that I should be shown where the clearing was, I asked about it.

She embarrassingly said, "I've been trying to get them to do that job all winter and they wouldn't touch it. Now that somebody else wants to do the work, they all want the job.🛠

Then she got on the telephone and called everybody she knew who might want some work done. Then she gave up, and as it was Saturday, she suggested that I go into town, which was Tuttle, and that would be my best chance. And when I agreed that probably would be best, she directed one of the men to drive me into town.

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Up to now I was favorably impressed with the district. The land seemed to be fertile enough. The farming operations generally showed lack of efficient management, but that was something that efficiency in operation could rectify. We arrived in town a little before noon. The farmers were already gathering in little groups along the streets, and within a half hour I found a man who said "You are just the man I'm looking for."

"OK, what time will you be going home."

"Oh," he said, "just come in. Will be toward evening." Then he showed me where his horses were tied to his wagon and I told him that I would keep an eye on the team. He was about the last man to start home, and when he came up and saw me in the wagon, he said, "Ah, yes, well," he said, "that job I had in mind for

you. I ran into a man today who has been owing me a sum of money for a long time and he offered to work it out."

"Well," I said, "this is a hell of a time for you to be telling me after everybody had gone home. I need work, I'm broke. I've wasted all day depending on you."

He scratched his head, started hitching up his horses and then said, "Get in." I did, thinking perhaps he was just going to take me home with him for the night or weekend. We talked about farming in general, me proposing the questions and he supplying the answers. Finally after several miles and about one-and-a-half hours travel, he pulled up to a ranch-like establishment and said, "This fellow don't like to work himself. I'm sure he will give you a job."

He called the man out and then said, "Hank, your back has been hurting you a lot, and I ran into this man in town and I thought of you right away. Perhaps he can help you out until you get feeling better. I've talked to him a lot and I know he will make you a good man."

"Well, I guess I could use an extra man until I get the oats in."

I was soon out of the wagon and my sponsor said, "Well, I'll be seeing you," gave a crack of the whip, and he was off.

We went into the house. I hadn't had any supper, but I didn't even bring that up. We talked about the work and the wages. It would be $1 per day or $20 per month. I took the $1 per day, and then to test his financial responsibility, I told him that I would like to have the first week's pay on Saturday night, but after that I could wait until the job was done. That was agreeable.

As time went on, I got the lowdown on my new boss. He was a fine fellow and a gentleman. His father, deceased, was a wealthy Texas rancher. He came up to Oklahoma as a cowboy and married a part-Indian girl. He was renting the place where he lived from a well-to-do retired rancher who still lived on the place and fed some cattle each year. He was never sick. He never complained of being sick unless perhaps to his mother. He just did not like to do farm work and would not do it unless he had to. His mother was financing his operations. I never saw her. I got the impression that she still lived in Texas, but all my checks bore her signature.

His farming operations were about the last thing in simplicity. On Sunday morning he asked me if I objected to work on Sunday. I said, "No, not a bit." So he said it was getting a little late for seeding oats and if I didn't mind, I could help him clean some seed. The wagon with the broadcast seeder fastened onto the back end of the wagon box was placed alongside the windmill which was on the barn floor near the oat bin. The oats would be scooped from the bin to the hopper of the mill, then ran through by hand, falling on the barn floor from where they would be scooped into the wagon box. He got me started on the operation and then he had another errand to do. I paid no attention to him, but he must have been keeping tab on my progress because as soon as I had the wagon box full, he came around with the team to take the wagon down to the field.

When in the field, the operation was to start the team down the field astraddle of a corn row, have the lines within reach, and then stand up the in rear of the wagon and keep the hopper filled as the oats were scattered on the land. At the end of the

field the team was turned around and started back astride the row that was the proper distance over, just so the oats scattered by the seeder would meet those that had been sown before. We finished this load before noon.

When we returned to the house he said, "Well, I guess you got the idea."

I said, "Yes, I think so." So every morning I got up and cleaned oats and spread them on the ground for over two weeks.

One day he came out and looked up the field and said, "Well, I guess that will be enough oats. We better start disking them in." On this operation we hitched four mules to a disk and went up and down the field, the disk cutting up the corn stalks and covering up the seeded oats with dirt.

After the oats were seeded, we started planting the corn. Seeding the corn was also a very simple operation. They used a lister. A lister is a plow with two moldboards that are joined in the middle and throw a furrow each way. The hopper that holds the corn is placed so as to drop the seed corn through a spout in the middle of the furrow, and on either side of this spout is a little disk that throws loose dirt over the corn just after it is dropped. The lister is drawn by four mules and the driver has a seat up and a little back on the implement so that he can watch operations.

The seed corn was selected from the crib, shelled, and taken to the end of the field in a wagon, and the planter is filled as needed from this supply. I started planting and kept on planting for three weeks, every day the same shell the corn, drive the mules up and down the field these two operations absorbing my full time on the job, so far as work was concerned.

My entertainment consisted entirely of helping their third-year high school daughter with her homework. She had a boy friend who entertained her on weekends, but during the week she seemed to enjoy having me sit on the sofa beside her and chat when we were not doing her homework.

The most interesting part of my experience here was the part my boss played in trying to marry me off to a real Indian princess. He had a good stand with the Indians because of his own marriage.

The story briefly is as follows. The Indian chief was rich in money from oil, in land, and in cattle. He had a daughter of marriageable age who had a college education. He wanted her to marry a white man. Her dowry to start with would be 3,000 acres of land, completely equipped with buildings, working mules, riding horses and stocked with cattle.

The conditions were the man must be acceptable to the chief and then, although it was all pre-arranged, he would have to court the daughter long enough to win her and make it look like a real love match for the daughter's sake.

I never saw the princess, but she was very good looking I was told, except for a white lock of hair that showed in her forehead. Born too soon, I would say. My boss worked on me for weeks trying to get me to at least call on the princess.

I did not like the land in this part of Oklahoma that well. I had learned from observation and information I got mostly from the retired owner of the land on which I had been working that this section was submarginal. Thirty bushels per acre was considered a good crop of corn, only one third of Indiana yield. The land was

subject to serious drought every other year or so and the winters could be too severe to winter stock outside. The price of the best river bottom land was as high or higher than land in Indiana. The better land was to the east and the best land, to those who professed to know all, was clear across the Ozarks and Ouichitas to the Delta.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad had out literature that showed the land for 20 miles on each side of their track, running in general terms from the northeast to the southwest corner of the state, that could be bought on easy terms at attractive prices. I would look at other land along the way, but I would buy nothing until I saw the Missouri Pac. bargains in the delta.

The agricultural reports showed eastern Arkansas to be rich in fertility, and anyone looking at a physical map of the state could see how the mountains protected this section from the blistering hot winds that played such havoc with the crops in summer and the fierce "northers" that harassed the stock in winter.

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I went by train to Oklahoma City and there I put all my money in a draft payable to myself and sent it to myself in care of General Delivery, Little Rock, Arkansas, with "Please hold" marked on envelope. Living was cheap at my special hotel in Oklahoma City, so I stayed there two days reading everything I could find on the land of my objective and at certain points enroute.

While in Oklahoma City I came within seconds of being a witness to a murder. I was walking down the street in a tough section and, as I approached an alley, two men were dragging a third man back into the alley. I heard two shots and, as I crossed the alley, I saw a man laying on the ground and two men running to get out of sight. I got out of there in a hurry lest I be called as a witness, went to the railroad station, and bought a ticket for Shawnee. I just wanted to get out of Oklahoma City fast, and from Shawnee I would again return to my new mode of travel.

The next day I saw a headline, "Man Murdered in Alley Assailants Unknown." What a chilly feeling. It could have been me as No. 1 suspect.

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The fastest way to travel eastward on the Rock Island was on the Cannonball, a fast through freight. It was not an easy train to ride as the brakemen were supposed to be incorruptible and, as all the cars were locked under seal, there was no place to hide. One might get by at night, but not in the daytime. As the first freight train to pass through Shawnee was the Cannonball and as it came through after dark, I decided to make a try. The train slowed up enough for me to board. I rode on top of the cars, and when I saw a brakeman coming on his inspection trip to caboose and vice versa every hour or less, I would crawl over the side and hang on the steps, hugging as close to the bottom of the car as I could. I got by until we got about half way to Fort Smith, Arkansas, before I was discovered. The brakeman came down the steps and ordered me to drop off. I told him to slow down the train. He yelled, "Drop or I'll crush your hands."

I reached with my right hand as though I were going to draw. I told him if he made another step I will let him have it.

He drew back and said, "You get off at the next grade."

I said, "If she slows down I will, otherwise not." When we came to a long grade, I dropped off. It was beginning to rain, and in the mountains of eastern Oklahoma, a rain at night, even the first of May, can be mighty chilly.

I followed the tracks over the grade until we hit a stretch of comparatively level ground. I kept going until I saw a campfire off in the woods. I supposed it to be another traveler, so I started to go over. When I got to within about 50 feet, a voice called out "Stop where you are, turn around, now keep going and don't look back." I did as I was told and when I reached the track I still kept going for another couple miles. I decided having a campfire was not a bad idea. Maybe in spite of the rain, which was coming down pretty hard, I might find some leaves in a hollow log or in the side of a log that would be dry enough to burn.

I took to the woods and stumbled around in the dark until I found a large log that had enough dry leaves under one side of it to start a fire. After the fire got to burning I could see around to gather some wood, and not too far away was a pile of oak posts that had been split. A few of them made a big enough fire to dry out some of the other sticks and limbs that were scattered all around. I piled on enough to last two or three hours, because by that time it would be daylight, and then cleaned away a space along the log near the fire and went to sleep.

The barking of a dog and the snorting of a horse awakened me shortly after daylight. I looked around and saw a mountaineer trying to make his horses drink at the spring not 100 yards from where I stood. The horse had smelled the smoke and was trying to set the alarm. I slipped away, got over the bank along the railroad tracks and then ran back about a half mile. I waited for a little while and then hit the ties again and walked right by the place as though nothing had happened. The man

had taken his horses to a shed. I don't know whether he had noticed that I had burned some of his posts or not.

I was getting into that section of old Indian territory just west of Fort Smith that was inhabited by renegade Indians, negroes, half breeds, mulatos and criminals who had fled across the line from Arkansas to escape the hanging judge at Fort Smith. They have his scaffold in the museum there that was big enough to hang 16 men at one time. An idea of the character of the people can be gleaned by the wording of a sign at the edge of one of the shack towns which said, "White man do not let the setting sun find you here." I saw the sign myself. It was much worn and maybe several years old.

I did not see vicious people. I did see lots of weak degenerates who had lost any belligerency they ever had. And I did see one who was in a class by himself, both as an individual and as a businessman. He ran a restaurant where I stopped for a meal, a small leaning two-room shack with a much worn sign, "Restaurant", poorly painted by hand over the door.

I entered. A man dressed in a good unfinished worsted black suit appeared from the back room as though he had just been sleeping with his clothes on. He leaned over the counter toward me and said, "What will you have?"

I did not see any sign of anything edible around the place. I said "What have you?"

He said "Anything you want."

"Well," I said, "I'll have some steak, potatoes and coffee."

He said, "No potatoes, just steak."

"OK," I said. He said, "That will be 25 cents."

I gave him the 25 cents. He went back in the other room, started a fire and flew out the back door across the back end of the lot. I just waited. He soon hurried back with a loaf of bread and the steak wrapped up in a paper. I soon had my share of the steak and ample portion of bread and coffee. After I finished, I peeked around the corner to see if I was right in my assumption. I was. He was so busy eating his half of our steak that he didn't even notice me.

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Of course I would not be interested in buying land in a section like this at any price, but because of the historical background, I felt I wanted to see a little more of the country away from the railroad. So I took a road leading to the next town that veered close to and then away from the railroad on the way. I was overtaken by a frizzy-haired old darky driving a little mule hitched to a buckboard buggy. He asked me to ride with him. He was so heavy and bore his side down so much that I had a hard time to keep from sliding into him as we jolted along on the rough road.

If his song of the blues was symbolic of the rest of the people living there, there certainly was not a happy soul in the whole district. He had come from South Carolina some years before to pick cotton at $1.25 per bale. "Why lausa man, at $1.25 per bale, I thought I would get rich in no time. But when I got here, why there

would not be a bale of cotton in a whole field. I never will make enough to get back to South Carolina. My good wife, she just cries and prays to the Good Lord to help us find a way. I bought this little mule and tried to raise some corn, but the crows and squirrels, why they just dig the seed corn right out of the ground. It never did have a chance to grow. The hawks take my chickens and the wild cats and wolves steal every little calf and lamb as soon as it is born." He kept this up for miles and miles it seemed to me.

The road was so crooked up hill and down and there were no markers. I wondered if he was going out of his way to accommodate me or did he just want a shoulder to cry upon. So I asked him if he was going out of his way and he said, "No, mister. I will turn off when we come to this next road." And there, after receiving his many blessings, we parted.

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I got a lift on a way freight into Fort Smith. From there I took the blinds on a passenger train to the outskirts of Little Rock, and then for the last few miles I made it on foot. I had seen a few men riding the blinds on passenger trains. It is the best way or fastest way to travel through a sparsely settled territory, especially at night.

On arrival in Little Rock, I bought a medium-priced summer suit and the minimum of accessories, then went to a hotel and cleaned up. I felt that my long travels were over. I had lost some of my ambition for doing things on a grand scale all at once. If I could find even a very small place in a good district, I would take it and settle down, have an anchor somewhere, a rock on which to build.

I would consult with real estate men without buying, as long as they would talk to me, in order to be thoroughly posted, cross examine them on each other's listings. I spent three days in Little Rock going from one office to another. On Sunday I took an excursion down to Hot Springs. This was purely sightseeing, as nothing is open in Little Rock or Hot Springs on Sunday. While waiting at the station in Hot Springs for the train on the return trip, I laid my coat and faithful Cravenette raincoat on a seat and stepped out on the platform for a breath of air. Just for a moment. When I looked around, my clothes were gone. Someone made the snatch and complete getaway.

I went back to Little Rock and the next morning decided to take the train for Malvern, a town of 3,000 about 50 miles southwest of Little Rock. All the information I had gathered seemed to indicate that that was the best place for me. When I got off the train in Malvern, I noticed 4-inch and 6-inch pipe strewn all over the place. I inquired as to the meaning of all this and was told that the Arkansas Louisiana was piping the city for natural gas and men were wanted to work laying the pipe. I looked up the boss immediately. He asked me if I could run joints. I certainly could and reported for work next day.

Running joints meant the man who stands and holds the light end of the big tongs while the rest of the men put the pipe in place. Then the men lift the heavy end of the tongs into the pipe. The man tapping the collars yells "Up-down-up-down"

and gives the collar a blow with a hammer at the same time. There are four sets of tongs, two on each side of the pipe. It is the job of the man running joints to keep all the men working on his tong to pull together with the top of the hammer. For this he got 75 cents per day extra which gave him $3 per day.

It was fortunate that I got this job before I started looking for land. It was a fine cushion to land on when I found that the trouble with the rich fertile land was drainage. The small farmer could not afford the expense. On the upland, it was thin rocky soil. Having a job softened the blow, otherwise I would have sank to the bottom depths of despair.

I got board and lodging with a Mrs. Scott, and on the second day I met Miss Gertrude Melahorter, the daughter of the superintendent of the Wisconsin Arkansas Lumber Company who lived next door. I worked on the pipeline every day and within a week I was seeing Gertrude every evening, either in her back yard or ours. Then we started stepping out a little, which brought opposition from her parents because Gertrude was supposed to be engaged to the city engineer, supposed to be a prize job. He was a nice little fellow with a good job, but nothing else to attract a girl like Gertrude. She was 20, a little above average height, willowy body with adequate development where nature meant that there should be development, dark hair, light blue eyes, and a velvety dark complexion. She was a graduate of high school. She was one of the three or four most intelligent women I have ever known.

One night we had a date to go out. Her parents objected. I left. In about a half an hour her sister, age 16, came over and told me that Gertrude was over at the schoolhouse. I went over there and we were together for a while. I asked her how she got out. She said she climbed out the back window. "Well, you better go back alone. I'll go this way and you go that way." For a while after that our meetings were very casual, just happened to be in the back yards at the same time. I wrote home and asked my folks to send me my light suit and etc. It came in due time. When I appeared in respectable attire, her parents could not conceal their delight, but they never accepted me. Finally, I told Gertrude that I was tired of this sneaking around the back yard. I said, "Next time I'm coming in the front way." On Sunday evening I dressed up in my best and walked in the front gate. Mr. and Mrs. Melahorter were sitting on the porch with some of the children. I spoke to them. They ignored me entirely. I asked if Gertrude was home. Not a word. After a spell of silent embarrassment, our ally, the 16-year-old sister, said, "She is in the back yard." I walked around the house and spent the evening with a dream girl in the moonlight under the spreading wings of a giant magnolia tree.

Mrs. Melahorter was almost a religious fanatic. When the revival started we went to church a few times. She could hardly object to that.

Mrs. Scott had another young man lodging with her, a Mr. McDonald. He had gone with Gertrude a couple of years before, but he was now engaged to a girl in his hometown of Pine Bluff. He had been out of work. I loaned him a little money on one occasion to make the trip to Pine Bluff to see his fiancee and got him a job where I was working. As part payment for my favors to him, he tipped me off to the fact that the engineer and his buddies were planning a sort of Ku Klux Klan party for

me. I said, "Mack, you just tell your friends that they may get me, but I get three or four of them before they do. So let them beware as to who is to lead off in their attack." One night as I left the Melohorters' by the front gate, her boy friend and five or six others were standing near the alley. I walked right up and said, "Good evening, gentlemen." A weak squeak from a couple of them and that was the end of the Klan.

Things went well on the job for about two months until we finished laying pipe in Malvern and the company moved to pipe the town of Arkadelphia for gas. In this town, the company hired some colored men to work right along with us. The men walked off the job and I went with them. The company held out and won.

I saw an ad for a man to teach in a girl's school at Searcy, Ark., at $75 per month. I went up in person, the man gave me an oral test and hired me on the spot. I went back to Malvern, and in a few days a surveying outfit for the CRI&P Railroad came to town to survey a line from Malvern to Camden. Both Mack and I got a job with this outfit to last until the job was done, and then if we stayed that long, would get a free pass anywhere we wanted to go on the Road.

I had had several talks with Gertrude about our association. She insisted she was not engaged to the engineer. They had gone steady, but that was all. She did not love him, did not think she would ever marry him, and had thought of going away and getting a job to get away from it all. I was perfectly frank about my not thinking of marriage. I was unsettled and did not even know where I would go when the surveying job was done. I had reconsidered the teaching job at Searcy and notified the school that I could not accept. If I was going to teach, which I wasn't, I should surely get some training that would qualify me for the work so I could get a worthwhile position.

The line to be surveyed ran right down through the woods and swamp of southern Arkansas. The going was good for the first two weeks and then we hit the wet thickets. We slept in tents. Our cook worked in a tent, boiled swamp water and made the most he could out of an impossible situation. It rained almost every day. The mosquitos and ticks literally ate us up and the scorpions infested our tents. The water moccasins would be seen with their poisonous fangs swimming around us in the water and the rattlesnakes hissed when we were on dry land.

We were all sick. When I got the bloody dysentery, I quit and went back to Malvern to recuperate. Mrs. Scott and Rachel, her 17-year-old daughter, were poor cooks for a sick man, but I hung around for four weeks getting weaker all the time. Finally, my doctor asked me if I was going to stay in Arkansas. I said, "No." Then he said, "I advise you to go now to a dry climate. You will never get well here any more this summer. You have had two attacks and the next one might be really bad."

They were building the Elephant Butte Dam at Engle, New Mexico on the Rio Grande River north of El Paso. I decided to go there, get a job, and recuperate in the dry mountain climate.

I told Gertrude of my plans, but I did not rush off. I don't think any man could come closer to loving a girl and still not love her than I did. But I did not love her or I would not have left her. That was the test. She did not know for sure

whether she really loved me or whether I was just a means of escape from being forced into marriage with a man she knew she did not love.

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The Scott's were very fine people. I really hated to leave them. Mrs. Scott, like many southern women, dipped snuff. That is, they would take a little twig off of an apple tree, chew one end of it to make a brush which they would dip into the snuff box and then swab their teeth with it. If they happen to be surprised in this operation, the snuff stick would disappear into the handy pocket in their dress, or some of the wiser ones, to play a still safer role, would cut the stick short enough so that it could be concealed in their mouth. Mrs. Scott was against cigarette smoking, and I occasionally indulged at that time. She gave me many lectures on the foul habit. I knew she dipped snuff, so my aim was to catch her in the act in order to get even.

The door to my sleeping room was at the rear end of the porch and the door to the living room was from the side of the rear end of the porch. One day when I was coming home, I saw her sitting in the living room. I knew she would be dipping snuff. I pretended to be preoccupied and walking briskly. I headed straight for my room. When I got opposite the door of the living room, I whirled quickly and was before her in an instant. The snuff mat had been flipped just as quickly and was concealed behind her lips. I stood right in front of her with my eyes riveted on her lips. She withered and wriggled until she nearly choked. And then she confessed, and then gave me the worst tongue lashing that any man ever had.

"Mr. Baltzell, yes I do use snuff. I've used it since I was a little girl. That's why I can't quit. I have the habit. I've prayed to the Lord and if it were wrong for me to use he would have shown me the way out. But you, you are a strong young man. You do not have the habit. You just won't try to quit. Mr. Baltzell, I never thought it of you. I never thought you would take advantage of a poor old woman like me." (She was about 50, in perfect health.)

Mrs. Scott told me that I might as well stay in Arkansas because I bathed in the Ouichita River and, "there is a legend that anyone who bathes in that river will return to Arkansas to live. So you might as well stay 'cause you will be back."

I made arrangements for the Scotts to send my suitcase and good clothes whenever I got settled, then went over and had a last visit with Gertrude. Her mother acted like a respectable human being on this occasion. And then I took my position along the tracks below town to catch the next train west.

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While convalescing in Malvern during the past few weeks, one of my favorite pastimes was to meet all the trains that made stops there. I thus had a speaking acquaintance at least with all the train crews. All I had to do was flash my silver dollar to a brakeman on the first freight that rolled along, and he motioned me to an empty car, which was to be my private reservation all the way to Texarkana. The weather was excessively hot and the nervousness which accompanied my departure brought on an attack of my dysentery, which did not add anything to the pleasure of my trip. Thanks to a roll of newspapers which I had taken the precaution to carry with me, I was able to keep my private car sanitary, and by using the alum pills recommended by the country doctor in Malvern, I had my ailment well under control by the time I reached Texarkana in the middle of the night.

I was extremely weak, so I went directly to a hotel, had a refreshing bath, went to bed, and left no call and hung a "Do not disturb" sign on my door. I slept until almost noon and was refreshed and rested when I arose. I gave no thoughts as to my immediate departure. After a late breakfast I found an easy chair on the veranda of the hotel and sat down there to ponder. I had discarded my working clothes for this trip and wore a colored shirt, pair of dark slacks and dancing pumps, so I did not need to feel self-conscious about my appearance around the hotel. I carried a jacket and raincoat, a change of BVDs, socks, and an extra shirt and a minimum of toilet articles in a small canvas bag, which would come in handy as a pillow if necessity required.

I remained in Texarkana for three days, remaining extremely quiet and watching my diet to get relief from my indisposition and to gain a little strength. My enthusiasm was at a low ebb for the first time since I started on my search for land. I was traveling but going nowhere. Just traveling to get away from the feverish swamps of Arkansas and my objective. Elephant Butte Dam in the deserts of New Mexico offered little consolation. I had been on the go for about eight months. I had found no land. I was without a definite objective as to where to look for land. In spite of the fact that I had had two well-paying jobs, because of the expense and loss of so much time in between, I had only half of my original capital left, and I was a very sick man and not at all sure that I would be able to work for considerable time, even if a favorable opportunity presented itself. The old saying that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" was not only quite forcibly brought home to me, but I could add that a rolling stone also tends to roll downhill.

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This was the age of fierce competition between the railroads. On my third

day, I learned that the cut-rate round trip fare was only 1 cent per mile from any point in Texas to the Gulf Coast and return. I immediately checked out of the hotel and bought a round-trip ticket to Galveston, as riding on the cushions at this rate was cheaper than riding in a box car. I stopped off in Houston, forfeiting the trip to Galveston in order to have more time to trade my return ticket to Texarkana for one that would lead me in a westerly direction toward Elephant Butte. I was not the only one who had thought of this idea, and it was quite evident that the practice had become so prevalent that the station was swarming with plainclothes men. So the real job was to separate the prospects from the denizens of the law.

One of my first prospects was Harry Color, a well-dressed young man whose father owned a hotel in Fort Stockton, Texas. We readily approached one another, and although we each felt sure that the other was a prospect, we were cautious about making the first move. We had a beer together and exchanged bits of personal history. Then we went to lunch. I suggested a moderate-priced place, and he surprised me by suggesting a very busy, high-priced cafe because it would be cheaper. Thinking that he may turn out to be my prospect, I went along.

The place was very crowded, and when I spotted a place at the counter about half way down in the long dining room, he pulled me back and pointed to a table farther to the rear. I still could not see how this cafe would be cheaper as every move we made seemed to lead us to a higher-priced meal. We sat down at the table and picked up the menu and he quickly ordered a full course meal, $1.25 for each of us and asked for the check. I remonstrated but he just laughed at me. After we had eaten he said, "Now you follow me." He hesitated until there was a fresh in-rush of new customers, and then, after working our way along outside toward the front, he gradually worked into the crowd and over to the counter where we stood until there was an opening. Then we climbed on a stool and he ordered pie and coffee for the both of us. As our identity had been completely lost in the crowd, he picked up the checks for the pie and coffee, which he paid on our way out, then he handed me the other two checks totalling $2.50 to keep as souvenirs.

After we got out on the street he asked me where I was stopping, and I told him I had not registered at a hotel yet. He was stopping at the Belmont, at that time a high-grade hotel, and he suggested that we go up to his hotel and have a shower. This seemed highly irregular coming from a total stranger, but as he might be my prospect and it wasn't costing me anything, I went along. We easily convinced one another that we were not officers of the law when we were once in the privacy of his hotel room. The only trouble was we were both going the same way. I thought that his being from Fort Stockton, which is in the far western part of Texas, and as he was talking of going east, that he would be my ideal match for a trade. He was from Fort Stockton all right. He had already been East, and was looking for a chance to buy a return ticket westward from someone who would not be using it.

Having been refreshed by our cold showers and made positive identification of ourselves and found we were both traveling in the same direction, we went back to the environs of the railroad station to work as partners to find a couple from the West who would not be returning and who wanted to go East. We thought a man and wife

could be easily identified and would certainly be less liable to be officers of the law. In about two hours we spotted a couple who looked like likely prospects. We each in turn singly held a casual conversation with them, and then after comparing our notes we approached them with our real business. I traded my return stub for a return ticket to Spafford, a town west of San Antonio, and he bought a return ticket to the same place.

Being the son of a hotel proprietor and having lived in a hotel most of his life, Harry Color knew all the tricks of the trade. He said that the public had cheated his father out of thousands of dollars by unpaid bills for food and lodging, and he proposed to even the score, so far as he was concerned, by not paying for food and lodging while he was traveling. Except for rather liberal tips, he never paid a hotel bill or for a meal at a restaurant, although he always demanded the best in goods and services.

Now that we were relieved of the anxiety of getting cheap transportation westward and as we had time on our tickets, we decided to stay over another day. He invited me to share his room with him and I accepted. I had slept double most of my life. Even while in college in those days the students doubled up for economy of space, if not in money. During the night I had unmistakable evidence that I was sleeping with a homosexual. I got out of bed, started to dress. He apologized profusely, claimed he was only dreaming, offered to sleep in a chair and let me have the bed to myself, and then he rolled up the bedspread and divided the bed in the middle. We spent the rest of the night without incident.

We walked out of the hotel the next day without paying. I was not registered at all and he under an assumed name. Although I did not approve of his tactics in getting his meals and lodging, aside from the fact that I was getting by for free, I found the experience intriguing. There is something about a skillful crook and an intelligent, well-appearing person of low morals that is captivating. And one should always keep in mind Pope's[32] words: "Vice is a monster of such frightful mien/ that to be despised needs only to be seen/ but seen too often familiar with the face/ we first endure, then pity, and then embrace."

Before we boarded the train, he suggested that we should not occupy the same car and have only casual meetings in the smoker. The idea being that we should not leave the train at Spafford where our tickets expired, and traveling singly, we would each have a better chance to stay on the train longer. When the train stopped at Spafford we should either be in the diner or in the toilet and stay there as long as possible. After that, keep moving until we found an empty seat where the owner had left for the smoker, etc., and left his hat check. Color's idea would be to lift this check and get into the farthest coach. My idea was to just sit there and not lay myself open for more than riding without a ticket. When the owner arrived, get on the move again.

I saw very little of Color and was glad of it, and I managed to stay on the train

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Alexander Pope (1688-1744), from "An Essay on Man."

for about 100 miles beyond Spafford when the conductor caught up with me. There was no use lying. I told him where I boarded the train, where my ticket ran out and that I was going to El Paso. He asked if I was prepared to pay my fare from Spafford to El Paso. I told him that I was, but that my money was sewn to the inside of my undershirt and I would have to go to the restroom to get it out. He looked rather skeptical, but what could he lose? I collected my little bag and raincoat and went back to the rear of the train. And as we approached the Pecos River, the train slowed down at a water tank there and I dropped off into the semi-desert sand and ran out among the mesquite bushes and hid until the train pulled out.

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When I dropped off that train, all I knew was that it was the Sunset Limited, and whatever made that crack train stop would in all probability make most all other trains stop, also. And all I would have to do was wait until the next train came along to resume my journey.

After the Limited was out of sight I hit the ties toward the river. On a little rise above the river I spotted a tent that was pitched under some trees. The tent was occupied by a man and his wife. He was the attendant of the pumping station. It turned out they were all from Indiana. So they invited me to rest awhile as there would be no train for several hours. When supper time came along, the wife prepared a meal of Dutch-oven biscuits, bacon, canned corn, coffee, canned milk and some Fig Newtons for dessert. We had a jolly good time. The wife especially, as I was the first person she had talked to for months. They had come out there on what was to be a temporary assignment, but which was lasting much longer than expected. They briefed me on all the train schedules, both freight and passenger. Then, after cautioning me to be aware of any deserters from the army camp nearby as they would knock me over and change clothes with me in order to effect their escape across the line into old Mexico, the man took me to the exact spot where the train would stop, pointed out the shelter where I could hide until ready to board the next train, and bade me bon voyage.

After he left, I made a closer inspection of my hiding place and found it already occupied by two well-dressed young men from the University of Texas who were just out bumming for the fun of it. They were interesting and congenial company, and we decided to travel together as far as El Paso, which was 400 or 500 miles to the west. The best way to travel at night is to take the "blinds" of a fast passenger train. (The blinds are the spaces between the mail and baggage cars.) On those long western trains there were usually three or four such cars and thus three or four blinds on each side. The rider would put one foot on the frame of each car, hold on to the braces with each hand and then lean back against the rubber bumpers. When approaching a station, if it was on the rider's side, he would scamper over the top of the car to the blind on the opposite side. If it was already occupied, he would lie flat on the top of the car until the train pulled out again when he could resume his original position. It was agreed that I was to take the forward blind and that they

should take the second and third.

We made the first three stations without incident. But on the fourth, one of the boys was caught going over and the station agent ordered him to get off. He did, but when the train started out again he climbed back on the train. The agent just telegraphed the next station, which was Sanderson, the county seat and headquarters for the sheriff. As we approached the station, it came to an abrupt stop. Men with spotlight lanterns boarded the train in the front and rear and then closed in with pistols drawn. On each side of the train was a posse of several men armed with rifles and pistols. We were ordered to "Stick 'em up" and "Drop". "Keeping 'em up", we dropped right into a net. After a frisking we were hurried off to the sheriff's office for a fierce verbal going-over regarding a bank robbery at Del Rio the day before. The bank had been robbed by three young men in light clothes. My clothes were dark.

During the grilling, the sheriff called me into a separate room for a little talk. He extended his hand and offered me the Sigma Alpha Epsilon grip. When I responded, he asked me to briefly give an account of myself and what I knew about my associates. (He had found my ΣAE fraternity pin in my little bag and he was an ΣAE from Eastern College.) I answered all his questions truthfully, told him all I knew and that he could check on my family, but that I would rather go to jail than have him let them know of my predicament. When I assured him that I was not broke and not a vagrant, he gave me some fatherly advice. Then he told me he would have to hold me until the next train, which would be just 24 hours, as the sheriff from Del Rio wanted to look us over for a more positive identification.

We were then escorted to the square brick building with the iron bars in the middle of a sandy barren field about one mile from town. In the morning, the colored attendant brought in a large pan of corn with nine strips of bacon, and some corn bread, and a large jug of water. The clown of our outfit, the little runt, said, "If they feed us like this, I think I'll stay awhile." What we thought was for our breakfast was our allotment for all day and until midnight. When dinner time and then supper time came, we looked in vain for the jovial colored man with more food. Our water got warm, our cigarette makings all gone and no one came within sight or hearing distance of the jail until the sheriff's officer came to take us to his office for a second going-over by the sheriff from Del Rio.

The sheriff called me aside and told me that I was in the clear and that the other two were not the robbers, but that I would have to take my share of the grilling and that the sheriff from Del Rio might want to make a grandstand play. He guessed right. And when our little clown made one or two smart-aleck answers, he started in and didn't stop until his victim was on his knees. Finally, we were released and ordered to get out of town, with this little soothing admonition from the sheriff to me: He could give us 60 days on the chain gang building roads, and the foreman might forget just when our sentence ended.

We walked out of town in the middle of night along the railroad track. Because of my apparent stand-in with the sheriff, the boys wanted to stick close to me. Because of the loose tongue of our little clown, I already decided to ditch them

at the first opportunity. We walked for a few miles until we came to a gully which served as a wind break and then buried ourselves in the sand to get some sleep.

The first train was a long freight. We decided to take it, only I insisted that I would take the rear. After we were all aboard, I dropped off at the first grade and awaited the next train. I never saw my Texas college boys again.

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I was tired, sleepy and hungry. I knew it would be several hours before I would likely get another train, but I did not know how many miles it would be to the next town. So I decided to get the sleep and rest while waiting for a train and take a chance on grabbing a can of sardines or beans or a package of Fig Newtons along the way. I also decided to go by freight and make my deal for passage with the brakeman before boarding a train whenever possible.

That fine Texas sand makes a very comfortable bed when sheltered from the wind at night or the summer sun in the day-time. After several hours another freight came along. There was no brakeman in sight so I took a position in full view on top of a box car. It was not long until I had company. I made my deal with him, and as it was about 300 miles to El Paso and there would be another train crew to deal with, I asked him to have the brakeman on the next train to look me up as I wanted to pay my way. He also assured me that I would have time at the next stop to get some food.

Most brakemen are friendly if one can deal with them at all. This one was exceptional. In addition to visiting with me several times during the day, he invited me to a special party he was setting up for himself and some of the other train crew. There was a Mexican family aboard the train, consisting of father, mother, 16-year-old daughter and several smaller children. They were poverty-stricken, and the husband had offered to compromise his wife to the train crew to pay for their transportation. He said the wife was willing but that he was holding out for the 16-year-old daughter. He said there would be a showdown at the next stop, and after that when the train started up again they would have their sport.

But the party never took place. When the train stopped, the Mexican family got off. They had already ridden 100 miles free and would take a chance on the next train. These itinerate Mexican families carried all their worldly possessions with them: a very small tent rolled up with some blankets that would be the father's load; a small bundle of extra clothing carried by one of the larger children; the mother would be carrying one of two of the babies, and the other children would carry a small bag of beans, some flour and a tin slab that they placed over a couple of stones for a stove and an extra can for water would be their entire equipment.

After about 24 hours, I reached El Paso, Texas. I went directly to a hotel where I stayed for a few days, including a trip across the Rio Grande to Juarez, Mexico. I suppose I am the only American in history who walked across the Bridge over the Rio Grande, up to the gates of the arena where the bull fight was to take place and then not go in. The weather was extremely hot. I had recovered from my

dysentery, but I was still weak and I just simply did not have any enthusiasm to join in with the perspiring, rollicking Mexicans. The idea of a bull fight as a sporting event or as a form of entertainment was always repulsive to me, and I was going only for the experience of having seen a bull fight. I spent the day walking around the streets of this Mexican city, sitting in the plazas and eating the Mexican food in their restaurants. The spirit of the Mexican revolution was in the air and bands of would-be patriots shouting their "Viva La Madera" were in evidence everywhere.

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Engle, New Mexico, the site of Elephant Butte Dam, was just about 100 miles north of El Paso. I would have saved time and money by buying a ticket on a passenger train, for when I prepared to leave El Paso, I got in a freight car, went to sleep, and woke up in Deming, New Mexico, a large mining center about 50 miles west of the main line that ran north to Engle. I could either retrace my tracks to El Paso or try a short cut on a mining railroad. Just for the novelty of the experience, I chose the latter. I had to pay full fare, and it took 24 hours to get across the mountains to Rincon on the main line, which was about 30 miles from Engle.

Rincon was an important stop on the Harvey House system. Because of its proximity to the mining towns of Deming, Silver City, etc., it had one of the finest restaurants on the whole system. Fred Harvey, founder of the chain, left it in his will that no man should ever be denied a meal, but if he could not pay, he could work one hour. So I applied to the cook to work one hour for my breakfast. He pointed to a hill of mesquite wood and an axe.

The wood was as hard as bone and the axe was as dull as a hoe. But I had only struck a few bouncing blows when the jovial-natured rolly-polly European cook called "Come and get it." He had placed a sliced orange, a large bowl of oatmeal and a large pitcher of milk on a table in a back patio alongside the kitchen. He said, "Ham and eggs coming up." I had to apologize for not being able to finish the large bowl of oatmeal with ham and eggs and hot biscuits coming up, but he took it good-naturedly. After I had finished, he told me that it was dangerous to try to ride the Santa Fe in that section free. So he suggested that I sleep during the day and as I had cut enough wood to pay for two meals (I hadn't even cut off one stick), come back about six in the evening for another good meal and then make the night freight north. As I only had 30 miles more to go, I decided to ride the cushions.

I arrived in Engle a little before noon. I learned that the site of the dam was 11 miles west of Engle and the fare by stage was $5. I was not hungry enough to eat then, so I bought a can of sardines, a package of Fig Newtons and a bottle of soda water and started across the semi-desert to Elephant Butte Dam. At the first step my two-eyelet dancing pumps were filled with sand, and for every three inches forward, there was at least one inch back. There was no trail, just the marks of the stage coach in the sand. There was no vegetation except the low shrub of mesquite and cactus that dotted the sandy landscape. There were no animals except an occasional rattler curled up under a bush and I saw two large jack rabbits as large as a sheep. I ate my

lunch within the first hour to simplify my luggage situation and then rolled my canvas bag and jacket and raincoat all in one bundle, cut a limb from a mesquite bush, tied my bundle to one end and swung it across my shoulder and trudged on and on across the sweltering sand.

I arrived at the Dam site about 5 p.m. I went directly down to the "silvery" Rio Grand for a bath, but instead of "silvery" Rio Grande, it is a muddy stream. I plunged in, scrubbed off as well as I could and then stood on the bank to let the sand dry so I could brush it off. Then I went to the employment office where I learned that they only hired Mexicans for labor, and for any skilled job one had to have references, especially from one's congressman as politics played a part then as now in any government job.

After this sad news I went to the commissary to buy something to eat. "Sorry," they said, but to sell any provisions at all to outsiders was prohibited. It would soon be dark and it was 11 miles back to Engle and by this time I was starving. I went to the cook shack, offered to pay for something to eat. When he gave me the same story, I started to draw and ordered him to cut off a 1-inch steak slice of that roast beef and put it between two large thick slices of bread. He did as he was told, without too much reluctance, and then put it in a paper bag and asked me to get in the clear before I started to eat it.

I spent the entire night getting back to Engle. It gets quite cold in the desert country, especially in higher altitudes, and it was 4,000 or 5,000 feet elevation at this point. So I would sleep until the cold air woke me up, then I would walk for a while to get warm and then try sleeping again. The story about the rattlesnakes snuggling up to a warm body to keep warm did not frighten me and I was not disturbed. The whole desert was my bed all I have to do was be sure there were no fallen cactus spears in the sand.

Lying in the soft sand looking at the moon overhead was restful even though one could not sleep long at a time without chilling.

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Back at Engle I found on a more complete investigation of the place quite a few men who had tried to get work at the dam and failed. They invited me to join them at their real hobo camp, the kind you read about the campfire, can with mulligan stew and the large can for coffee. I learned from them that there was a possibility of getting work west of Albuquerque where they were double tracking the Sante Fe. I rolled in the sand all day, had several helpings from the mulligan stew and coffee pot and then when I left in the evening, I gave them $1 to help replenish the pot for what I had eaten.

There was a great land boom on in the Rio Grande Valley all the way down to the Gulf Coast, but as values had already sky-rocketed 100% to 1000% since the work on the dam had begun, I was not interested in land in this locality. At each disappointment regarding landing even a temporary job to build up my declining financial resources, I was less and less optimistic about there being anywhere a job

that was worth looking for. I was, without making any definite plans as yet, drifting back to the idea of going back to college and would find myself meditating on the possibilities of teaching or engineering. And as the railroad contracting job was on the way back to Stanford, I got a little added incentive to look into it.

I made my way to Albuquerque by paying the brakeman on the freight train and by working one hour for my meals in the Harvey House. The cooks at the Harvey Houses were not all alike. At San Marcial I scrubbed the kitchen floor and was asked what I would have. I said "bacon and eggs."

"Ah an aristocrat, eh? Well if you think you are going to get bacon and eggs, you better pitch in and wash up those dishes in the sink."

I got tough, cursed the cook and I guess made a move as though I would beat him up. The second cook gave me a quarter and asked me to leave as I would only get myself in trouble. I guess he would have had to scrub the floor if I hadn't. That is why he gave me the quarter.

I did not feel justified or want to spend the time to take the matter up with a higher authority to force the fulfillment of Mr. Harvey's will, so I accepted the quarter and went to the next bet for a restaurant out west in those days, a Chinese restaurant. I went to the kitchen door and offered to work for a meal. The large, long pigtailed Chinaman threw up his hands and let out an Indian war hoop that would have scared an Apache. I went around to the front, and either his wife or daughter was waiting on tables. I sat down, picked up the menu and ordered bacon and eggs (35 cents). When the big Chinaman saw me, he picked up the big butcher knife and started stropping in on his "steel", his eyes effusing anger to the nth degree. He put the bacon and eggs on the stove and then resumed his position with the big knife and started whetting again in a menacing manner. I paid no attention. When the lady served my bacon and I paid her the 35 cents immediately, the big Mongol's anger immediately turned to smiles and extravagant bows with his long pigtail whipping up and down with each bow.

Although the railroad work was west of Albuquerque, while in the vicinity, I went on up to Santa Fe to view some of the historic sites in the second oldest city in the western hemisphere and then returned to Isletta Junction, a point about 11 miles south of Albuquerque[33]. I had learned that the job was about 200 miles west through an uphill country, through an Indian reservation most of the way, and that the best way was to board the blinds of the Santa Fe "Chief" to save time. There were no straps and the chance of getting caught if once aboard were remote.

At Isletta Junction I met Old Mat Coffee. Coffee had worked for Lee Moore who had the Santa Fe contract on many jobs before. He had been a foreman and was just getting back on the job after being away on a drinking spree. He assured me of getting work if I could hold out until he arrived. But he advised me to take the Chief as it was dangerous to hang around the Junction too long lest I might be picked up for vagrancy. He was too old to try to ride the Chief and as the cops would be more

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Author's marginal note: "Give description of places, if desireable."

lenient with an old man, he would wait for a freight and take his chances with the railroad "bulls".

There was nothing at Isletta Junction but the water tank and Junction. While waiting for the Chief which would still be several hours, we got caught in one of those cold half-sleet mountain rains. We were under a freight car which was the only shelter we could find. I was getting wet so I opened the door of the car and crawled in. This was against the advice of Mat, who stood guard. From the higher elevation I saw a light a short distance away and think I might be able to buy or beg some food. I investigated. It was a Mexican family who was living in an old freight car. The entire floor had been chopped away for wood and the floor had now become the soft desert sand. They had just eaten their frijoles and tortillas. We could not understand one another, but they understood my signs. The wife got busy, made a batch of tortillas and the man offered me the can in which the frijoles had been cooked and motioned that I could mop up some of the juice that was left in the can with my tortillas. We laughed all through our sign conversation while I was eating. I offered to pay them but he had a job on the section gang, I suppose, and would accept nothing.

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As I approached our rendezvous under the railroad car I heard voices. It was evidently a cop arresting someone. I remained in the clear until they had left, thinking the big cop had caught poor Mat. Then I heard a faint whistle among the sage brush. It was Mat. While I was away, two young fellows from Kansas had come along and taken my place inside the car. The railroad cop had evidently been on their trail and immediately arrested them and then offered to let them go if they would accompany him back to the station and buy a ticket to California, which they had foolishly told him was their final destination. The Chief came along, which I boarded and was safely on my way before the cop returned.

The cop had accused the boys of breaking a seal on a car, which is a serious offense. The boys professed their innocence and said that there was another man at the car, so the cop would sure be back to investigate.

The Chief was the "crack" passenger train from Chicago to the coast. It ran in several sections of only six cars each, all Pullman. Each division was drawn by a locomotive with only two 8-foot drive wheels. The pickup on the getaway was like a powerful V8 engine. I shivered when the thing came to an abrupt stop at the junction, tanked up with water, and was away and at full speed in a few seconds, so it seemed. But this part of the track was in perfect condition and the Chief landed me at the Lee Moore camp in about four hours. This was not a scheduled stop. The train only slowed down because of the fact there were men working there.

I dropped off and went directly to the commissary, which was also the Superintendent's office. I told the clerk that Mat Coffee, an old employee of the firm, had sent me.

He said, "I never heard of him".

Then I asked for George Orr.

"He ● s not here."

"When will he be back?"

"Haven't any idea."

Then I said, I would like to buy a little something to eat.

"We don't sell to bums. Only have supplies for men who are working here," and then he retired behind a curtain to the rear.

I stepped outside, looked around and spotted the cook shack. I went over and asked the Chinese cook for a handout. He threw up his hands and gobbled something in Chinese. I made a step forward, started to reach for "my gun" (which wasn't there), and the Chinaman sliced off a hunk of beef, made a sandwich, and holding it in both hands, stretched forward and gave it to me. I set down at a table near the door and ate my sandwich.

When I stepped outside, I saw a tall, 6' 4", broad-shouldered Texan taking Paul Bunyan steps toward me. As we met, I said "I just held up your cook. I couldn't buy anything at the commissary. Now what can I do to square myself? I'm looking for work."

"We don't use anything but Mexican labor."

"Well you should," said I. I came along the grade and saw the way them mules were lined up the big mule with the little collar and the little mule with a big collar that slips too far back on his shoulders and it seemed that every other mule needed his shoes fitted."

"What do you know about handling mules?"

"Nothing much except that I was born and raised on a stock farm, and I know how I could get a lot more work out of your mules than those Mexicans out there."

He lifted his sombrero, scratched his head and said, "I'm just going to create a job for you. You do no work. Your pay will be $2 per day. We pay the drivers $1.25, but all you do is see that each driver gets up and feeds his mules at 5 a.m. and puts the right collars on them. Keep the drivers from loafing and smoking in the feed tent. Make a trip along the line a few times each day, and if you find a mule with shoes that are loose or don't fit, pull him out and send him to the blacksmith shop. Remember, don't let me catch you doing any work. Those yellow bellies won't respect you if you do." And then he was off.

There were no accommodations for the men working there. Everyone shifted for himself. There were about 5,000 or 6,000 men, women and children in the five or six camps and about 1,000 men working. Some of the men lived with their families and got their supplies at the commissary. Some of the families took in boarders. The company had a Chinese cook and cook tent that supplied meals at $4.50 per week for those who wanted to pay that exorbitant price.

I would not smoke, so I made a bed in the feed tent. This would simplify my keeping the others out. The first night my shoes were stolen. I rode a mule barefoot three miles to get a pair of shoes. Then I offered a reward of 50 cents for my stolen shoes. Within a few hours I was told where to find my shoes, but I did not get the name of the thief. The man I bribed evidently was either the thief or the thief who

stole my shoes from the thief who stole them from me and then hid them and told me where I could find them.

I had trouble right from the start gaining the respect of the peons. Trying to be nice to them or to reason with them was of no avail. The men would lie in bed until the last minute, then when the triangle sounded, they would rush out, throw the feed to the mules, rush in, gobble up their own food and then take the mules right out to work. The mules often would only have 15 or 20 minutes instead of the required one hour to eat their hay and oats. When I chased them out of the feed tent, they would wait until I was out of the way and then they would creep back in.

Before I came on the job there was only one bell that was rung at 6 a.m. by the cook to call men to breakfast. I started ringing three bells myself, one at 5 a.m. for the drivers to feed the mules, one at 6 a.m. for them to eat, themselves, and then one at 7 a.m. for them to start to work. I was supplied with a .45 and a hunting knife at the commissary, and five minutes after the 5 a.m. bell, I made the rounds. Any driver who was not up, I grabbed him by the shoulders, yanked him up and gave him a swift kick in the pants. I made some quick returns to the feed shack after chasing out the culprits, and anyone caught there would get the same treatment. It took a couple of weeks of this treatment, together with a threat of a fine of $1 for each time I caught a man in the feed tent, to bring them into line.

All the unfair practices of the company store and landlord versus southern tenant farmer were practiced here. The men were supposed to start to work at 7 a.m. and work until 6 p.m. The clock was automatically moved ahead every morning and moved back one hour every night. So naturally there was a big turnover in manpower, especially with the pick-and-shovel gang.

A new job that was added to my list was to meet the train once each week and receive two carloads of fresh peon recruits from old Mexico. The men would be herded into old passenger cars with windows barred and doors locked. When they arrived, the door would be unlocked and they would be recorded and counted as they passed out. They would be led to a large tent with no furnishing except the naked sand. In the morning they would all be given breakfast and then herded to the pick and shovel ground.

Many of the men had nothing except the clothes they wore, the native Mexican costume[illegible]long shoes, tight pants, sash, and flaming shirt. A large percentage of them also carried their native stringed instruments, and bands of serenaders would be heard all through the night. While the serenaders were filling the air with their melodious strains on one side of the camp, in another section there might be heard a shot or two or a scream. There were an average of two or three murders each week. The causes were cheating at poker or flirting with another man's wife. The corpses were secretly buried and no one ever came to trial while I was there.

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After I had been on the job about one month, I had another promotion by

default. The clerk at the commissary was caught in a compromising position by the husband of one of the camp's flirtatious women. While the husband went for his gun, the clerk skipped camp and never came back. I had obtained a commercial lexicon of the Mexican language and was rapidly getting a working knowledge.

When Mr. Orr complained about losing the camp clerk just at the time he needed him most, I offered my services.

"You can't talk to these people."

I said, "I can learn. I've had six years of Latin."

"Latin, what has that to do with talking Mexican?"

"Well, try me out."

He rattled off a few questions, I answered in broken Mexican. He said, "Well, maybe you could get by. The salary is $75 per month if you can do the job." So from then on I was corral boss, running assistant camp-superintendent, and now timekeeper, bookkeeper and opened the commissary one hour each morning for the camp wives and for about three hours each afternoon and evening for the men and children to buy cigarettes, soft drinks and candy. I was working 19 hours per day, never felt better in my life, and found the work of railroad construction so fascinating that I was considering buying a span (four) of mules and putting them on the job. Mr. Moore made provisions for this for any of his foremen, but Mr. Orr was the only one who had taken advantage of the opportunity and he had 10 teams working.

When I got charge of the books of the camp, I soon learned more about the unethical practices of the company toward the men. I expected to pay $4.50 per week for my board, and for a Stetson hat, a pair of shoes, and other working clothes, but when I got my check, no deductions were made. I had made cash sales in the commissary amounting to $20, but Mr. Orr brushed it aside and said, "We haven't time to bother with this stuff." Perhaps all this was just a bribe, for when I turned in my time sheet and charge account at the commissary, some of the men had $30 more or less coming for their month's work. When I showed this to Mr. Orr, he said, "No, none of these men should have more than $6 or $7 coming," and then arbitrarily added enough to their charge accounts to bring them in line.

One evening while I was waiting on four romeos who were in for some of the sweets we had for sale, they each kept demanding that I charge it to them. Mr. Orr was lying on my cot behind the counter. I turned to him and asked, "What should I do in a case like this?"

"Charge it to all of them, you fool."

On another occasion a car of melons was spotted on our siding. The crew started throwing them off like cordwood. Almost half of the melons were busted. I protested, but the crew just laughed at me and said, "You'll learn." After the car was unloaded, Orr instructed me to not be in too much of a hurry to get the melons in the commissary. Just let them lay there, and any Mexican woman or child who helps themselves to a piece of one of the busted melons was to be charged for a whole melon.

There were a few families of pure Castillian blood whose men were the straw bosses under the Irish foremen and were permanent employees who received

reasonably fair treatment. But, as for the rank and file, the 98 percent, they never had a chance to get ahead.

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This was the age of vigorous railroad construction. Harriman and Hill were racing across the Pacific Northwest up in Canada. The Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Railroad were racing across British Columbia to the Pacific. The Southern Pacific had extensive work to be done on their lines in old Mexico. The job on the Santa Fe was nearing completion, but the company was already behind time in getting started on a larger job on the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad between Douglas, Arizona, and Tucson.

We were on an Indian reservation where liquor selling was "taboo." But, in succession, as each of our five old Irish foremen neared the end of work on their section, they managed to get drunk. When the job was finally completed, Mr. Orr came to me and lamented the fact that it was time to move and he didn't have anyone to supervise the job but me. It was a lot of responsibility to ask of a kid, but he had no choice, and then he said, "I guess it's up to you."

My story had been all along that I was going to Stanford and take engineering. I wanted to conceal the fact of how pleased I was with my job in order to keep getting promotions. To let them know that I was too well pleased would have been tantamount to notifying them that they need offer no further inducements to retain my services. When I told Mr. Orr that I was already late for the fall term, he pointed out the fact that I was already making more money than the college graduate engineers employed by the Santa Fe. So I put it to him bluntly, "What will be my reward if I get the outfit safely located on the new job?"

He said, "Write your own ticket. Any job you want except mine."

There would be nine separate camps on the new job, the one in the center was the main camp and chief headquarters. Each of these camps had a white foreman in charge with the Spanish subforeman under him. In addition, the foreman in charge of the main camp was superintendent in charge of the commissary materials and was acting superintendent under Mr. Orr. This is the job I would select. But I did not intend to mention it until I had completed the task of transporting a long trainload of equipment a distance of over 800 miles and across a state line with rigid inspection for the mules.

Mr. Orr gave me some instructions and then left me in full charge. The long train of 50 or 60 cars [redacted] stock cars for the mules, box cars for the Mexican families, and flat cars for the larger equipment [redacted] was already on the side track. There were no Caterpillar tractors in those days. The big scrapers drawn by 40 to 60 mules took the place of the modern mechanized bulldozers. We had three of those to load, and for drawing them up the incline on to the flat car, we used a high-powered windlass, equipment no farther advanced than the Egyptians used in building the pyramids. The task of loading the huge scrapers completed, we set to work to load the Fresnos. Fresnos were smaller dump scrapers suspended between two wheels and drawn by

four mules.

While the above operations were going on, separate crews were rolling up the tents and loading them in box cars. The families each took the responsibility of loading their own effects. The last thing to be loaded was the 400 mules. They were culled, without the aid of a veterinarian, so as to be sure and pass the state line inspection. About 100 were loaded separately as rejects and shipped to auction barns in El Paso and the other 300 were to go to the new job in Arizona.

The old Spanish subforemen were to be given credit for the actual work of loading the equipment. They had done it before. My role was to keep harmony among the men and to see that their enthusiasm did not get the upper hand and be the cause of accidents.

For complete success for me, there should be no accidents among the men, no crippled mules, all mules among the 300 selected must pass inspection, and the defections among the crew must be held to a minimum. I felt that if I could accomplish this feat, my place with the company would be secure.

I had already planned my role in full by the time we reached the Arizona camp site. I would take charge of the main camp. I would give 20 hours per day to the company's interests, seven days per week when necessary. I would invest in four mules - cost about $1,000. They would earn $150 per month, net. In six months I would buy four more mules, and then in three months, four more and so on until I had enough equipment to take a subcontract on my own. I would be learning all angles of the railroad construction business through my work in charge of the main camp.

Luck was with me. No unfortunate accident happened to mar the record. When we reached the campsite, neither Moore or Orr had arrived. The engineers had staked out the site so I set the men to work to build camp, which consisted just in building a corral for the mules, setting up the cook tent, the feed tent, building a rough lumber commissary, digging a large hole in the ground to dump garbage, and setting up a tall telephone pole, over 32 feet high, which would be used in lieu of more efficient refrigeration for the meat. A quarter or more of beef would be hoisted to a height of over 32 feet by a pulley. This was supposed to be above the housefly's reach.

We finished Camp No. 5, the main camp, first. And to my delight, neither Moore or Orr had arrived, so I set one crew on Camp No. 4 and another one on Camp No. 6. The families in the meantime were setting up their own establishments, that is those who had equipment of their own. It only took a couple days to set up a camp, so we had both camps finished and were working on Nos. 3 and 7 before either of them arrived. I had never been so delightfully employed in my whole life. I had never dreamed that work of any kind could be so interesting and still have the opportunity to expand and grow with the company.

I felt that I could make myself secure if not almost indispensable, first because of the fact that the company only employed Mexican labor and even the straw bosses did not seem to have the ambition to widen the scope of their responsibility; secondly, the white foremen connected with the company were so addicted to liquor

that their reliability was always in question; and finally, by working hard and applying myself diligently to my work, I would always have the inside track on anyone from the outside who would seek employment with the firm in any of the higher positions.

And then Mr. Moore arrived on the scene accompanied by three young men. They were attired in wide straight-brimmed Stetson hats, belted jackets, military trousers and leather leggings. Mr. Moore did not introduce me at first and they kept aloof. They looked soft for their ages, perhaps in their late 20's or early 30's. We always kept several saddle horses for use of foremen, etc., as each foreman covered a section of three miles. Mr Moore asked me to have four of the horses saddled and brought up for him and his guests. They rode up and down the line and sometimes took off to the hills for two or three hours or more.

Three of the Irish foremen had not arrived yet. Mat Coffee and Bill Rose remained with the outfit during the trip. They did not care to go on a vacation, and by the time their sections were completed on the old job, they were so drunk they could not have gone anywhere even if they wanted to. Mat Coffee was up and around but still had a heavy hangover. Rose had several severe attacks of delirium tremens, and after his supply of liquor was exhausted, I procured at his direction a bottle of Mexican white mule and, by his own request, gave him a slug when he felt a spell coming on.

Rose was the oldest and most capable man on the job. He was a Canadian and had started his railroad construction career on the Canadian Pacific railroad in western Canada in the 1880s. He had worked all over the country, finally landed in Old Mexico while still a young man, and married the daughter of one of the wealthy families there. It was a real love match and all went well until Rose's employment brought him back to the States and he wanted to bring his wife and child with him. His wife's people forbade her to come. Later, when he unsuccessfully tried to kidnap his son to bring him to the states for his education, he was warned that he would be killed if he ever set foot in Mexico again. Rose had been with the construction before Moore took it over. He was worried about the three newcomers and although (perhaps to keep me in line to keep him supplied with liquor) he vowed his allegiance to me in any capacity I should serve the company, he said he would not step aside for any new upstarts that Moore brought in.

It was from Rose that I got the lowdown on Moore. He had been a very rich rancher and had supplied horses and mules and feed to the former management on credit. When they got in too deep, he took over. He had had excellent luck on two or three previous jobs and made a lot more money. It sort of went to his head and he moved to El Paso and joined some of the wealthy clubs. The three young men he brought with him were probably the sons of some of his rich friends in the clubs who had been pampered, and the fathers were taking advantage of Moore to get them out of the way.

Well, I and Rose did not need to be long in doubt. On the third or fourth day, Moore introduced me to one of the men and asked me to show him how to operate the main camp as far as we had gone. The next day he asked me to start the other

two on each of the next nearest camps on each side of the main camp. I did as I was told, but my crest had fallen. Orr had still not arrived, and I decided to let the work on the outlying camps drag until he arrived.

After a few more days, Orr arrived. He said that he had heard that I had things going in fine shape and he decided to extend his vacation a few days longer. I had had several days to size up the situation and to think the situation over thoroughly, so I lost no time in finding out just where I stood. I said, "I was promised first choice if I got the outfit over here. I have done my part and the first three choices are taken. What do you intend to do about it?"

Orr said, "I intend to do just as I promised, only give me a little time. You don't think those softies will stay on the job, do you?"

I said, "Then the deal is that any arrangement I made with you is void so long as the sons of any of Moore's rich friends covet any position that I might want with the company."

"Now don't be foolish."

"I am not being foolish. I'm being sensible and realistic and I think you should be a little realistic yourself, George."

"What do you mean? Moore could not run this outfit a month without me."

"That is just it. But if he keeps on trying to keep in with the Joneses in his clubs by hiring their spoilt no-good sons to run his contracting business, he will go broke in spite of you. No, I don't think I could ever have enough confidence in this outfit to be enthusiastic about my work, and without that, I would be no good to myself or you either. I just want you to arrange for a pass for me on the Santa Fe to Frisco. They can't deny me that."

"Walter, I want you to talk to Moore. Will you?"

I said, "Yes, but it won't do any good."

When I talked to Moore, I told him the same thing I had told Orr, only I made it stronger. Of course, I did not expect to gain anything by talking to Moore and he only thought that I was just a hot-headed guy who would be a troublemaker anyway.

Orr and Moore had a confab, and then Orr said it would be a lot of trouble and take time to get a pass. So he just added the cost of the fare to Frisco to my check and gave it to me. He then gave me his personal check for $50 as a bonus.

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There was no passenger station near the camp site so I took the first freight to Tucson, a distance of 50 miles or so, and then I bought a ticket to Los Angeles. From points in the eastern parts of the United States, the fare to Los Angeles or Frisco was the same. So I canvassed the train from one end to the other on the way from Tucson to Los Angeles to find a person from the east who had purchased a ticket to Frisco via Los Angeles but who would be stopping at Los Angeles and would sell the portion of the ticket from Los Angeles to Frisco at a bargain price. By the time we reached Yuma, Arizona, I had found my man and bought the coveted ticket for $2 and gained a very interesting traveling companion besides.

Of course, my destination was Stanford University. I was in a hurry to get there. The semester had opened weeks before but I would arrange with Professor Durand (whom I knew personally and favorably), head of the Civil Engineering Department, to take some special courses of some kind. I had plenty of money for one school year, and I would reside in Encina Hall for men (nicknamed Engineering Hall because of the preponderance of engineering students who lived there). When my money got low I would get a job with a railroad construction contractor and stay until I had enough for another school year. I did not have in mind to prepare myself to run a transit, but rather to prepare myself for a job as assistant to the superintendent, etc., as a stepping stone to a career with a reliable railroad construction contractor.

After having built myself to the highest pitch of enthusiasm for resuming my college career, for some unknown reason which I have never been able to explain, as I came closer to Palo Alto, my enthusiasm began to wane. It was midafternoon when I arrived. I got off the train, walked over to the seat under the wide spreading oak in the plaza in the center of the circle at the end of the main street of the town. Luther and I had spent many, many hours on the same seat on many occasions when I was in Stanford before. I knew that Luther was married to Winnifred Johnson, had a son, and was living in Palo Alto. I did not have his address, but I was in line with his route by bicycle from the University campus, so I would just sit and wait and think. As the students passed by, for some reason I did not envy them.

Eventually Luther came along. He did not expect me and when I yelled at him he almost passed out. I spent a day with Luther and his family. There was nothing in the semi-poverty, the drudgery of studying, and the confinement coincident with college work that appealed to me now. I never told them that, until a few hours before, I was all set to enter the engineering school at Stanford. The next day Luther and I made a trip to Frisco together for old time's sake, and then, when he said goodbye as he left me to return home in the evening, was the last time I ever saw him.

After Luther left, I remained in Frisco until I could get a boat to Portland, Oregon. I had no plans except that Portland was the nearest coast city to the great activity in railroad construction on the Hill and Harriman lines in the Pacific Northwest.

I was becoming hardened to disappointment. A change of plans, whether it was deliberate or due to circumstances beyond my control, was taken in stride. I could frame a perfect alibi for all my failures if I wanted to. But to stop having failures in my plans would mean for me to accept something less than what I was striving for and I was not ready to give in. I was more determined than ever to have something more than just the average, or nothing.

There was the usual first- and second-class cabins and the steerage accommodations on the steamer to Portland. I looked over the steerage section which had just been flushed out with hot water and then disinfected. There were no old mattresses or blankets. The cots were a piece of canvas stretched tightly between metal pipes. No blankets were needed as the temperature was constant at about 75 degrees. Steerage passengers were allowed a portion of the upper deck. As the price was only one fourth the regular first-class fare, I went steerage. I remained on the upper deck as we passed under the Golden Gate and made the wide bend northward into the great soft "swells" of the Pacific. We were not always in sight of land, but not too far out for the gulls, who were ever present, and the playful porpoises in great schools on either side of the boat that accompanied us all the way to the Columbia River.

When we landed in Portland, I took a room at a railroad man's hotel on Second Street. This was on the very edge of the toughest part of town the brothels, all-night saloons and dishonest employment agencies. First Street would be swarming with Polish, Lithuanians, Finlanders and Scandinavians.

Ericson's Saloon covered an entire city block with a bar (the longest in the world) that ran all the way around. In the center on the first floor was a low- grade burlesque theatre. A sextet of heavies (women weighing 200 pounds.) called The Beeftrust would appear on the stage in varying degrees of nakedness, stand there, and clumsily dance around the stage. They would be picked off, one by one, by some member of the filthy crowd and taken back stage for a few minutes and then they would return to the stage. This act would be followed by a sextet of "bean poles" and the same routine would be followed.

Standing by and looking on, one might see a lumberjack or station worker (one who takes a one-man contract for three or six months, usually cutting timber or clearing right-of-way for construction) come in the saloon, lay his check on the bar, sign it, the bar keeper would cash it, and then the worker would take $50, throw it on the bar and say, "Give 'em what they want as long as it lasts." A hoard of dirty bums and bar flies would suddenly appear from every corner and some from lying against the wall and get their drink of cheap 10-cent whiskey. Within a few days, the worker himself would be broke again, having pawned his watch and everything he had of value, even changing his good clothes, if he had any, for cheaper working clothes at

the second-hand pawn shop. He would take his place along the street in front of the rows of employment agencies to be shipped out to another job.

The story was that the employment agencies and the foremen were in cahoots. They kept three gangs in operation: One coming, one working, and one going. When a foreman got too many men on hand, he arbitrarily fired enough to make places for the incoming force. The streets and small city parks were swarming with unemployed men in the fall of 1911. International Workers of the World (IWW) labor leaders and socialists were delivering their harangues from their soap boxes against capitalism. The authorities had to turn the fire hose on the mob to clear the city parks.

I could not see where I could profit by dealing with an employment agency. I would be just one of the crowd if I joined up with them. The Harriman lines were building a branch from Salem, Oregon, to the coast. I decided to go to Salem and try to sell my services for something more in line with what they were worth. The camp was 15 miles west of Salem. I thought I could make it in one day on foot so I started on the march. I trudged all day over the soft muddy road. Near evening I came to a covered bridge over a rapid stream. I had been taking the Oregon mist all day. There were no markers on the road so I had no idea how far I had to go before reaching the camp. I had seen no trace of man or building so I climbed up under the eves of the bridge and stretched out on a two feet square piece of Oregon fir which was used as one of the girders of the bridge. I was going uphill and the next day, higher up in the coast range, I ran into a heavy wet snowstorm. When I reached the camp I received a cool reception. All their help was employed in Portland. No men were hired on the job under any circumstances. I finally persuaded them to let me have board and lodging at a price for the night and then in the morning, in seven inches of soft snow over the muddy road, I started back to Salem.

After inquiring around in Salem, I learned of a smaller outfit that was clearing out the large timber in a section near Eugene, Oregon. I followed it up and got a job as laborer at $1.75 per day, board and lodging for $4.50 per week, working seven 10-hour days per week. After a few days I felt itchy and found that I was literally covered with body lice. It rained every day. It was not cold but I got wet to the skin every day. The job itself was nothing anyone could be enthusiastic about. They were cutting those fine 150-foot tall Oregon pine, dragging them up in heaps by a powerful donkey engine and windlass and burning them, just to get the land cleared. At the end of the first week, I drew my full wages and walked back to Eugene.

In Eugene I found a desirable retired working-man's hotel. The price was 25 cents per day if taken by the month. The rooms were small but clean and they had a large shower room. I took the room for a month. Then I went out and bought a complete new outfit of clothes: Mackinaw coat to turn the mist and 16-inch waterproof boots for the Oregon mud and all accessories for a neat working man's outfit.

Then I burned all the clothes I had with me and started in a new field, deliberate loafing, clean from the skin out.

This hotel was built by a retired prospector, one who had been moderately

successful himself. He knew the minimum requirements of the man who worked in the summer (as the prosector did) but who needed a place for cheap lodging to keep him out of the slums of the city during the lean years. There were about 20 men living there who had had extraordinary, interesting experiences along the mining fields and shipping ports from Arizona to Alaska. I listened to their tales night after night.

I spent a lot of time during the days walking in the hills around Eugene with a Mr. McRea who had been born and raised near Emerson in the Red River Valley in Manitoba, Canada, just a few miles north of the U.S.-Canadian boundary.

He never said why he left the country as a very young man but he always seemed to regret it because of the wonderful country it turned out to be, according to his idea. For every question that I put to him, he had a favorable answer, and he was a man of character so his answers had some weight. When I mentioned the cold weather, he said, "You don't need to work in winter time. Most well-to-do people go south or to Victoria." And when I mentioned the short season he said, "Nature takes care of that. With the long day of daylight, wheat matures in three months instead of four or five.

I had gone south to get away from the cold of Indiana, and to think of ever going to Canada was far beyond me at this time. But Mr. McRea's daily favorable discourse made an impression on my subconscious mind that effected my whole life a little later on. The stories that incited my mind toward plans for action were the stories of the hunters and trappers and prospectors, the trips in the "dugouts" on the mountain streams, and the experiences in hunting bear and moose in the North Country. I had already began to formulate plans in my mind such as building a houseboat or raft and floating down the Missouri-Mississippi from the source to the mouth and of equipping myself as a big game hunter and killing a grizzly bear and sending the hide home.

There was one man at the hotel who was a good listener but he had little to say publicly. He had been listening to my inquiries as to the best gun to buy for the grizzly, etc., and one evening he invited me to his room. He had all the guns in the book -- the 30-30, the .303, the .256, pistols of different calibers and length of barrel. He let me handle them all. Then he told me who he was. He was a prospector for a large mining company. A graduate engineer, he was retained on a salary of $5,000 per year plus all expenses. He planned to spend the following year in the high Cascades and invited me to go with him for the entire summer. I was not ready to tie up for so long an assignment. Then he told me of the dangers that were incident to killing a grizzly bear.

A grizzly bear may continue to charge and kill a man although mortally wounded. He mentioned one case when the hunter had poured 22 shots in an old mother grizzly with cubs. Sixteen of the shots would have proven fatal but the bear killed the man before the mortal wounds killed her. He mentioned the fact that experienced hunters lose their aim when confronted with a wild animal. He said he was a crack shot, but one evening when he was returning to his cabin, he felt he heard soft steps behind him. He turned and not 50 yards away was a mountain lion.

He raised his gun and fired. Although the animal was standing perfectly still, he missed it completely. He was scared anyway and the fact that he had missed so easy a shot so completely unnerved him that he was too numb to fire again. He was near enough to his cabin that he backed into it with the beast closing in. He got in, chained the door, and then when he felt safe and secure, he took deadly aim through a crack and the animal dropped dead.

I made inquiries among the other old hunters about the dangers connected with hunting big game and came to the conclusion that anyone who went out alone with the expectation of killing a grizzly bear or a moose was just plain crazy.

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I spent two months in Eugene, which took me to the middle of January, well past the holidays, so I went back to Portland. One day while I was standing outside an employment office, I noticed a well-dressed man who seemed to be looking for a job. The next day I saw him again. We got to talking and decided we had enough in common to team up. We got a housekeeping room and stocked up with groceries. He was about 40 and strong enough to do any kind of work . We started in on light jobs, anything, cleaning house, fix-it-yourself, etc. We could charge more for this kind of work and it kept us in out of the rain. These jobs came from the state●s free employment office.

One day while we were standing in line, we were picked out of the bunch by a man from the Postal Telegraph Company. He wanted two men to bore holes and run pipe from basement to basement, sometimes under alleys and even streets for the telegraph wires on a messenger service they were installing. The job was a long one and we were set for the winter at $2.50 per day for eight hours' work. The force was gradually enlarged until we had six men working in the crew.

My partner●s name was Tom Harrison. He was the son of a resort hotel owner in Alpena, Michigan. He was well educated but a periodical drinker. He was just getting over a spree when I first met him. He had traveled extensively and was on a trip to the coast when he got started drinking and dissipated his funds. His father was dead but his mother kept the hotel going. In one letter from her, she told Tom that she had deposited $800, his share of the income for a period, to his credit. But Tom would rather work for a while than let her know of his foolishness of drawing against the money she had deposited for him.

When Tom learned that I had been looking for land, he told me that I was lucky I had not found it as the best land in the world was waiting for free for anyone to come and prove up a homestead on it. The land was in western Canada. He had visited there, he said, and knew what he was talking about. At his insistence I wrote to the Canadian government for all information. As I was on the West Coast, my inquiry was sent to Edmonton, Alberta.

I received a package of material containing statistics on average temperatures, top yields, etc. and testimonials galore from happy settlers. Some of the statements

were: "Because of the moderating effect of the Chinook winds, cattle could remain on the range all winter," and there would be pictures taken in January showing the cattle resting peacefully in the field. First prize for wheat at the International Wheat Show was won for several years by Seager Wheeler, an Alberta farmer. Professor Shaw said, "The land is second only to the Valley of the Nile in fertility."

I wrote to regional land offices for the local maps showing lands eligible for homesteading. In each district it seemed that a quarter to half of the land was available, so I naturally concluded that I would have no difficulty in finding suitable land in any district I should choose. The pamphlets accompanying the maps invariably were filled in glowing general terms with statements regarding the wonderful opportunities that were offered the new settler. But when I wrote and asked for definite information about any particular piece of land, I got the same reply, namely that I should take advantage of the low rates of 1 cent per mile for round trip and inspect the land myself. During the early spring of 1912, I had built my enthusiasm up to such a high pitch to look for land in the frozen north, that it made my state of mind of a year and a half before, when I was bent on looking to the balmy South for my landed estate, look mild indeed.

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Our job with the Postal Telegraph Company lasted until mid-March. And on my next job, I would use the railroad employment offices to ship out to a job near the Canadian border, work until the breakup in the spring, and then cross the land into Canada in search of my homestead.

I took my place along the street and watched billboards in front of the employment offices from morning until night. I had hoped to get any kind of a job that would take me north-eastward, and across the Rockies if possible. But one day a very unusual opportunity appeared for eight men to paint oil tanks in Bellingham, Washington, just a few miles from the Canadian Border at $3.50 per day. Bellingham was about 300 miles straight north of Portland. For the sake of getting a free ride to a point nearer the farmlands of Canada, I would have preferred to get a job that would have taken me a few hundred miles eastward as well, but the $3.50 per day was too good to ignore. The joker in this job was that it was supposed to be with an oil company, and to show our good faith, we had to pay half the fare in advance.

When we pressed the employment agent for details he said, "The company agent is at this hotel just across from the railroad station. You men just wait around here until I get the full quota of eight men, and then I will let you all go up to the hotel and you can talk directly to the man yourselves."

It was not long until he had the full quota for such a good job. We went up to the hotel and got a reasonable explanation of the job and conditions surrounding it, and all eight of us forked over $6 each, which was $48 (a good day's work for a crook), for soon after he got the money he said, "You men wait right here and I'll get the tickets. Then we will have a little lunch before train time." He went out and we never saw him again.

We all took out positions on the street at different spots along Employment and watched in vain for our fake employer to come along.

In a few days I signed up to ship out to Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, as rough carpenter at $2.50 per day where I worked for a few days until the first of April. Then I quit my job and crossed the line into Canada. I had no use for a return ticket. I did not plan to come back, so I bought a one way ticket to Unity, Saskatchewan, a place where the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk main lines converge just east of the Alberta, Saskatchewan, boundary line. From all the advertising material, this seemed to be the best spot, all other things being equal. This spot was, in addition, best for transportation on the two lines to look over individual pieces in both Saskachewan and Alberta.

I had a few hours' layover in Calgary, Alberta, where I changed trains. This spot in the sunny southern Alberta that I had been reading about, was several thousand feet in altitude. There was no Chinook blowing at this time and the snow

was several inches deep on the first of April. I nearly froze to death. The piercing cold penetrated to the very marrow of my bones. I got a heavy suit of 100% wool underwear and was still cold.

The cold in Calgary on the first of April did not dampen my enthusiasm, for I just reckoned that the altitude was too high. I consulted a railroad map that gave altitude of stations along the line as we went north toward Edmonton. The altitude gradually dropped to less than 1,000 feet and there was a further drop as I would turn eastward toward Unity.

When I reached Unity and found no snow, and with the help of my 100% woolen underwear, to which I had not been accustomed since I left the frozen north two years before, the weather seemed balmy indeed. Giving myself credit for having predicted that the lower altitude would have this salutary effect on the weather, my experience in encountering snow in Calgary only heightened my enthusiasm for pursuing my search for land in the lower altitudes of Unity, Saskatchewan.

There were two hotels in Unity, each of 22 room capacity, the minimum of rooms required to get a license to sell liquor. By doubling up, the maximum capacity for accommodations of both hotels would be far less than 100 people. There were several bachelor businessmen and professional men who were permanent guests at the hotels and there would be a few transients. So when the perhaps 100 other people got off the train with me and started racing for the hotels like they were mad, I looked on in amazement. In the crowded lobby, men were excitedly yelling to the clerk, "I made a reservation" and held up a copy of their telegram to prove it. When one reached the desk and was told that the clerk had received his telegram all right, but that the hotel was booked in full before his telegram arrived, he would go wild.

After the tumult died down, dejected people filled the chairs around the lobby of the hotel, and for every one sitting, there would be two standing in an even stronger state of gloom. In the bar, the commotion was beyond belief. Lined up four or five deep along the bar, yelling for service from the rear row, men would be waving a bill of $5 or $10 and yelling, "Give me a bottle and keep the change."

This was my introduction to the opportunities for settlers in western Canada. In contrast to the lands in the southland where the boom, except perhaps in Oklahoma, had been over for over 100 years, and which perhaps had had another set-back by the Civil War, I had arrived at a spot where, if all those people were in search of land, "It must be good."

Before trying to get a room in a hotel or a permit to sleep in the hay-mow of a livery stable, although the land office was closed for the day, I just had to look it up and at least look in the window. After paying my homage to the land office I returned to one of the hotels, and as it was rather late, I began a systematic search by tapping on every door to find a single man who would allow me to sleep on the floor of his room. I found a young man who looked me over and then said, "You may share my bed, not sleep on the floor."

The next day, with the aid of the land agent, I arranged for lodging with a private family and was all set to begin my search for that particular parcel of land that was to become the nucleus of my large land estate. To me I had already found it it

was just a matter of whether it was right here, or just over there. No prospector at the first site of a rich vein of gold after a long search was more thrilled than I.

When the land office opened in the morning, I was first in line. The agent gave me about one hour, supplied me with some more detailed local maps that gave road information, etc. He asked me more questions about myself than I asked him about the land. He only gave general information about the parcels of land that were open for homesteading. He said that everyone looked at land from a different angle. It would be necessary for me to see the land myself anyway and he would prefer that I look over several parcels of land, and if I found anything that came close to meeting my requirements, he would help me in any way he could. After about one hour, supplied with a full assortment of maps showing land in all directions from Unity, I went over to the livery stable and rented a team to start my land inspection tour.

The liveryman hitched up a team in a matter of fact manner, put a bag of oats and some hay in the back of the democrat[34], and said, "The team will keep going all day if you stop at noon and let them have time to eat and drink." Then he put in two horse blankets and asked me to cover the horses if they were warm when I stopped for any length of time. He said, "If you don't make it back here by night, put them in a barn and see that they are fed oats and hay. The cost is $5 per day."

I said, "Aren't you afraid I might go south with the horses?"

He replied, "I won't worry. All I have to do is notify the Mounties. They would throw a road block around you, and it would be only a few days before they brought you in."

Then I asked for a shovel to dig up the soil. He dutifully got me a shovel and as he handed it to me said, "I see you are new at looking at land here. Let me give you a tip. You can't afford to waste your time digging and have a $5 per day team standing idle. You will get a much better sample of the subsoil if you will examine the freshly dug up dirt along side of a gopher hole or by observing the soil exposed by the ditches made by a grader along the road. And at the corner of each section are four holes, two foot square and two foot deep, that were dug by the land surveyors as witnesses to the iron stake that is used in lieu of a corner stone."

I said, "I see your suggestion has merit," and handed him back the shovel and was on my way.

The pattern of the land in the better districts in the western provinces will be a strip of first-class gently rolling prairie, then a strip of rougher hills, occasionally a sandy ridge or a draw which may be a wide marsh of considerable extent. The first parcel marked for inspection was about three miles from town. A large portion of the quarter consisted of a part of a sandy ridge which pointed in the general direction of the next three or four pieces I had marked on my map. After looking at two more of the quarters, I decided to change my direction from the one originally laid out on the map, and took a prairie trail across to another block of quarters marked red on the map. As I approached the spot, the swishing of the tall swale grass and the weird

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A democrat is a buggy with an elongated rear for cargo.

yodeling calls and quavering laughter of the loons, as though meant especially for me, told me in no mistakable terms that I was approaching a slew.

In the timber country, the logging roads always lead to a dead end because the logger takes the road to the timber, gets his load, and then returns by the same route. In the prairies, the hay makers' roads often lead to the edge of a slew where the haymaker cuts his hay, eventually loads his rack, and returns by the same route. It was on the latter type of road that I seemed to be traveling. I was beginning to develop a very strong suspicion as to why the agent had insisted on my seeing the land in person. It was past noon and I would stop at the next homesteader●s shack to feed and rest my horses, get a snack, for which I would pay him whatever he asked, and then perhaps he might give me some information that would be of help to me.

To anyone who was not blinded by his own enthusiasm, the country would certainly have had a bleak uninviting appearance. Some of the homesteads were deserted and the shacks were in various stages of disintegration. A few oblong flat-roofed shacks made of rough lumber and a very few places that looked anything like a home that had a respectable house and outbuilding and some horses, cattle and chickens to make it look like a going proposition, would be seen. In my two days● travel, I crossed three large wheat farms that, judging by the amount of livestock and the number of tractors, must have consisted of several thousand acres of fine chocolate prairie land. This was my inspiration to keep on looking.

The first homesteader that I found at home was Archie McLeod. He was still farming with oxen and had only broken up an additional 10 or 15 acres beyond the 30 required for proving up his homestead. When I drove in he met me in the yard, and as he learned my business, he started to unhitch my horses, lead them to the water, and then to a crude shed where he gave them some hay. He allowed me to put the nose bags for the oats on the horses and to use my own oats, as he had none. His oxen got only hay in winter and grass in summer. The horses taken care of, he took me into the house, dished up a platter full of boiled beans and Canadian bacon and some of his homemade bread. I never had a meal that hit the spot any better in my life.

He was glad to talk to me. Did not want to mislead me, yet still did not want to discourage me completely. He knew all the land marked red in his district for miles around and didn't think I would find anything desirable in any of the land available. I asked about the deserted homesteads. He said the homesteaders had proven up, taken out a loan, got behind in their payments and the loan company had taken over the land. It was as simple as that. I asked him if he thought there were any desirable homesteads left. He referred to the map and said, "Not unless you may find something up here," and pointed to a point several miles northeast of Unity in the general direction of Swathmore.

His place was several miles almost due south of Unity. So I decided to make a circuit around to the east of Unity and reach the little town of Adanac by nightfall, then on the next day circle around through the district he had mentioned and thence back to Unity by nightfall on the second day out.

The land turned out to be moderately level, but had too much sand for agricultural purposes. I had stopped and talked to every homesteader who would take the time to talk to me. Well, they all did. Some cursed the cold, the drought, the frost, the rust. Some defended the country in every respect. There was a shade of difference in the degree of pessimism or optimism in the story of every man I listened to. The net result was nil.

I did encounter the foreman of Grainlands Limited while crossing their holdings of several thousand acres. He gave a satisfactory answer to all drawbacks so far as I was concerned. He took them step by step -- summer fallow to conserve moisture to lick the drought. Plant wheat early to lick the frost. Wheat could be frozen to the ground in the spring; there may be 10 to 25 percent loss if this happened, but it would not kill the plant. Early frost in fall was serious to wheat. Plant oats late after killing-frost time. Young oat plant was susceptible to damage by frost. Late frost did not hurt the oat seed because of the hull. Just common sense, I thought to myself. We spent a couple hours watching the large Big-4 tractor. They had 10 on this farm, pulling the 10-gang plows. It was a thrill that sustained me for the next eight years.

It was late in the evening when I returned to Unity. The land office was closed. I ate supper at the Chinese restaurant and went to my lodging place for a much needed good night's sleep.

The next morning I was again first in line at the land office. The agent appeared to be all set to give me all the time I required. He said, "I could have saved you that trip but I wanted you to see for yourself. I am sorry, however, that it took you the second day to convince yourself."

I told him that I had spent most of the time talking to the settlers and of my visit with the foreman at Grainlands Limited. He was very much pleased that I had had that interview with a man who was so well posted by actual experience in the actual conditions in the district.

Then he said, "Unfortunately you came here too late—several years too late—to get a desirable homestead. Not only are the homesteads all gone but there are men who return here every year to check and see if there is any chance to take up where the original homesteader had fallen down on his proving up requirements. I will tell you right now, they also are too late. You could not get a good homestead if you had a million dollars and spent it all in trying to find one.

"You are not, however, too late to participate in the great opportunities that our country has to offer. Some of the best of the land in our district can be bought at very reasonable prices on the half-crop payment plan. All you have to have is sufficient capital to buy the amount of equipment that is necessary to operate the amount of land you wish to buy. I am very much impressed with your interest and sincerity and I would strongly advise you to weigh the advantages you would have by buying the best land today at such favorable prices and on such easy terms against the conditions that prevailed when this district was opened up seven years ago. Then there was no railroad within 100 miles. Now we have two great trunk lines converging at this point. Then the land was not tried. Today we have many

successful farmers to testify to the productiveness of the soil. Then there were no markets for the products of your toil. Today we have three large grain elevators and a town that has everything to sell that you need to operate your land."

"What is the price of this land?" I inquired.

He replied, "It varies in price. Land of equal value may vary several dollars per acre in price, but on the average I would say that $20 per acre would be about right. But the price is not so important. Any of the good land is cheap enough. I have known of many instances where the first crop entirely paid for the land. I would consider that the location is more important than price because you will be living on it for a long, long time, and even a couple of miles' difference in the distance you have to haul grain to market counts up over the years. I would, if I may, suggest that you get employment in this district. You probably could secure employment at Grainlands Limited, and if you could operate one of their tractors, you would be exceptionally well paid for it. Be ever alert for any bargain in a good farm, and when you find it, buy it and go to work for yourself."

"Is there," I asked, "any first class land available for homestead anywhere in western Canada?"

"Yes sir. There are millions of acres of it in the Peace River Country, but it is 300 miles from the end of steel. There are two railroads proposed for the district, one from Fort George in central British Columbia and one from Edmonton, but they may not be completed for years."

"Is there much settlement there?"

"Only a sprinkle here and there. There is, as a further inducement, still the opportunity to take a pre-emption of an adjoining quarter to the one you homestead, so your homestead in the Peace River country would be for 320 acres instead of 160, only it would take six years instead of three years to prove up on it."

The teaching of my father that one should beware of getting into debt too deep was still an influential force in my mental makeup, and going in debt for $6,800 for 320 acres of land was too much of a chance to take for me to plunge into without a lot more consideration. At the same time, 320 acres of land free in the Peace River country was too alluring to be lightly cast aside. I said goodbye to the land agent and took the next train back to Edmonton to see what I could learn about the Peace River country and the time one might probably have to wait for the railroad to arrive.

I found Edmonton a beehive of real estate activity. A city "Greater Edmonton" was already plotted out for a distance of 200th Street, a territory larger than present-day Chicago. Agents for lots in Dunnigan on the Peace River and St. John and Spirit River townsites had offices in Edmonton. They had the railroads almost there right now and the same story: the farther north, the faster the growing season and the farther west, the closer to the moderating winds of the Pacific. Peace River district was 300 miles farther north and 500 farther west than the Edmonton District, and because of the northwesterly direction of the Rocky Mountains, which nearly ran into the Pacific in southern Alaska, the elevation was far below 1,000 feet. I was well impressed. Too well, for my enthusiasm for the Peace River cost me more than two years of my life.

I unwittingly had walked away from the only opportunity that I would ever have for the complete fulfillment of my dream in order to follow the cursed capricious star of my destiny. The glamour of the railroad construction offers for employment had drained the prairies of farm labor. I could have been employed at Grainlands Limited for the next two years at high wages and could have saved enough money to buy enough equipment to farm 1,000 acres of land, which I could have bought in 1914 at the lowest price on record. The land boom had collapsed by that time and 1914 was a crop failure year. But the year following was a bumper year, and with the outbreak of World War I, the price skyrocketed. This was the time when one year's crop more than paid for the land, for sure.

The above advantages were not all. I would have learned to operate a large tractor at their expense and saved myself the terrible expense, delays, and heartbreaks that I later had on my own. I would have learned that it was impractical, if not financial suicide, to try to farm stony land with heavy mechanized machinery. And finally, it would have kept me from getting involved in those circumstances which caused me to select the Wilkie District which was just 20 miles east of Unity. But the land was marginal, with stony ridges, swampy marshes and alkali beds predominant.

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While the real estate men in one section of Edmonton were pulling the men into their offices off the streets to buy their lots, down along Employment Row was another gang of employment agents trying just as hard to get men to sign up for the fabulous wages that could be made doing station work, cutting and hauling bridge timbers etc., etc. I had had too much experience to take all for granted so I decided to sign up as a rough carpenter at $4.50 per day for Resplendent, British Columbia. This point was the theoretical temporary end of steel, with large supply houses and was opposite the headwaters of a tributary of the Peace River. I would work there until early fall and then carry my supplies by pack mule over the portage to the Peace, a distance of 14 miles, then hew out from a large fir log my canoe and then glide gently down the Peace River to the point where I would locate my homestead.

For the first 100 miles west of Edmonton, our work train traveled at normal speed then we hit the new soft roadbed, and from there on, for the 300 or 400 miles, we crept along at a snail's pace of five to ten miles per hour. Finally we reached the actual end of steel which was 25 miles short of Resplendent. We were ordered to throw our baggage into the waiting wagons and then started out on foot to hike the 25 miles. The shortest route was to follow the railroad grade, but when we found that the bridges were not yet in and the rivers too deep to ford, we returned to the wagon trail. This road was uphill and down, crooked as a snake and so muddy it took six horses to haul a single wagon. At places it was narrow around the bends and many teams stampeded over the ledge or were pushed over by land slides.

Resplendent, at the foot of Mt. Robson (near Mt. Edith Cavel) in a beautiful valley along the upper Fraser River in the center of what is now Jasper National Park,

was a beehive of activity. Large log warehouses several hundred feet long reached along the river bank. The British Columbia Inn was a monstrous log hotel and tavern. Large general stores were already established with a wide range of merchandise for the workmen, prospectors, homesteaders and Indians. Vice was rampant. Gambling and prostitution ran wide open. The prostitute cabins were segregated to a scenic spot along the river bank, and on payday the men would line up 40 or 50 in a line to wait their turn. The pool halls had their dice games and roulette wheels and back-room poker tables. But the real poker room was in a side room in the B.C. Inn. The old big-time gamblers from the gold fields of Nevada and the Klondike would swagger in with their guns strapped to their sides, solemnly take their places at the big kidney-shaped table and make a motion with their first finger of their hand laying on the table for a stack of chips. The stakes at times ran into the thousands. There were some really good shots. The walls of the room were fir logs one foot or more thick. I have seen a man take his pistol, shoot a hole in a log while waiting for his hand to be dealt, and then put the five bullets in his gun in the same hole. He would then reload his gun and nonchalantly return it to the holster. Then he would pick up his cards and resume the game.

I had signed up as a bridge carpenter, and when the foreman of the gang notified us that the location of our job was 25 miles farther down the line, I refused to go farther away from the spot from which I would make my portage over to the Peace. I investigated the station work jobs and the contract jobs for hiring bridge timber. One station gang had been kept six weeks and charged high rates for their board while waiting for a settlement. Another gang of timber cutters had had their finished timber culled by 25 percent, so I decided to take a laborers job temporarily at $3.50 per day.

There were some interesting people on the job. The Englishmen took the cake. They were the most skillful loafers the world has yet produced. One large bewhiskered young Englishman, who was a squatter on government land that had not yet been opened for homestead, was out to reform the province. He pretended, by insinuation, that he was far more important than just Mr. Smith. He would say, "Just wait until things settle down a bit. The people will learn my real name, then they will pay attention to what I have to say."

Another Englishman would lean on his shovel, and look up at Mt. Robson, then take off his hat, close his eyes and say, "What a pity, what a pity, that I did not bring my brush."

One night, two English sports stepped into the pool hall. The phonograph was grinding out some of the beer hall music of the day. One of them said, "Don't they have any English music here." A bunch of rowdies grabbed the both of them and heaved them right out into the street. The English were hated generally by everybody. I have seen this sign, "Men wanted, no Englishmen need apply."

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I had only worked a few days when the call came out, "Volunteers wanted to

pilot scows down the river, wages $10 per day and board." I had no experience, but neither did Abe Lincoln before he made his first trip down the Mississippi. The Fraser at this point was a wide, peaceful stream and its current or general behavior gave no hint of the hazardous shoals, cataract canyons and eddies that were below. I applied immediately and was asked only one question, "Do you know the river?"

I said, "Yes."

"What is your name?" I told him and he wrote it down. He said "You are on the payroll as of this date. You eat wherever you find a table set. You boatmen are privileged around here. You see that man over there working on that scow? He is one of our boatmen. His name is St. John. You can go over and help him as we will not have a scow for you for a day or so."

I went over and introduced myself to Mr. St. John. He was a Hollander with long flaxen hair. He was a squatter first and had been a guide on the river before the railroad construction gang came in. We talked about one another to get real acquainted, and when he learned that I had never made a trip down the river, let alone try to pilot a boat, he told me that I was sure to lose my life.

Hundreds of men, squatters, prospectors and boatmen had lost their lives trying to navigate the river. That is why they ask for volunteers. Then he told me of the big eddy that whirled round and round and sucked any object that got into it closer and closer to the center and then with ever increasing speed, was finally sucked under; the Giscom Rapids where one had to fight to hold his boat off the rocks for several miles; and at the climax were two large rocks that one had to go between so close that you could touch each of them with an oar from the scow. A slip of a couple feet, to throw a corner of the scow against either of these rocks, and the scow would be turned broadside against the rocks and all contents lost in the stream. St. John himself lost his life at this spot a couple of years later.

He finally said, "I can't stand by and let you commit suicide. I will ask to take you with me down the river for two trips as my helper at $8 per day. After that you can go on your own if you want to." I was quite agreeable to follow his suggestion.

The capacity of the scows was 50 to 75 tons. They were made of 4-inch-thick fir timber and the seams were sealed with ocre and pitch. A typical load would be narrow gauge railroad rails on the bottom. On one end nails, crated stationary engines, miscellaneous tools and hardware. On the other end would be gasoline and engine oil in barrels or crated cans. In the middle would be the groceries, flour, meat and potatoes which would be covered by a huge canvas.

An idea of the value of a cargo can be guessed at by the price of $10 for a bushel of potatoes and the same price for a bag of flour. The high price was due to the cost of freighting by wagon train a distance of over 300 miles over the mountain roads. The average load per six-horse team wagon was only 1,500 pounds. There was no fresh meat. Pat Burns, the Swift of Canada, was reputed to be driving several hundred head of cattle in on foot to be slaughtered as needed. Canned goods, canned milk, porridge, beans, rice, potatoes and bread were the main ingredients in our diet.

The boat would be manned by the boat pilot and two helpers, all heavily armed with pistols and rifles. No other person was allowed aboard. When ready to

depart, the mooring line would be drawn in, the pilot would take his position at the rear of the boat to handle the large sweep that was used as a sweeping rudder, and each helper would take his position at each side of the boat near the front. The scow would be pushed and worked out in the stream by the rear sweep and the left hand pike pole, and we would be majestically on our way.

If there is anything that could be more alternately peaceful and thrilling than drifting down the upper Fraser River in a scow, I would like to experience it. One would see some deer here and there that came down to the water's edge to drink. A little farther down or perhaps on the opposite bank would be a bear or a moose. At sunrise or sunset such scenes were the most beautiful. The jagged remains of a log jam were terrifying to behold. To pass near the end one would shudder at the thoughts of what would happen if the jam would suddenly work loose. Near the big eddy, the river was so wide and we always kept so far aside that little was to be seen, so we had to take the story about being sucked under by faith. But the Giscom Rapids was a lively experience. Neither a pike pole nor a sweep could be of any effect on the course of a heavy scow in swift water except to keep it straight in the center of the current. It took 30 or 40 minutes to navigate the Giscom.

Looking ahead it seemed that the river was falling far below us, and looking back in the descent it looked like the water would overtake us. We stood rigidly alert lest the scow were to veer from the neutral middle of the stream, and when we shot from between the rocks like a shot out of hell, we were in heaven indeed! The passing round the box canyon was the most awesome thrill of all. The river here was much wider than apparent from upstream, otherwise the passage could not have been made at all. On the left bank was a gradual bend, but on the right bank there was a right angle wall of solid rock several hundred feet in height. The skill was to hug the left bank so as not to be dashed to pieces against the solid rock wall on the right bank. The feat was really not so difficult as the Giscom Rapids, but the heightening tension as one approached that menacing rock wall was what would defeat the faint of heart.

The length of road under construction covered a stretch of 150 miles by right of way or perhaps 300 miles by river. Each scow would usually have some supplies for each of two or three or more camps. Our first trip was for the full distance. We slept on the scow. We tied up at a camp over night where we took turns at having supper and breakfast, as there was always two men on the scow. When loaded we carried our lunch and ate in the scow except when we might be unloading at a camp at noon time. After our scow was cleared of all merchandise, it was dismantled and the lumber used in bridges.

On our return trip, we used gondola-type canoes with pike poles to push our way along the bank upstream. We tied up our canoes and portaged over the horseshoe bends and around the canyons and rapids and then took the canoes that were waiting for us on the other side, or else we just camped until the canoes arrived, if they were not already there. It took two weeks to make the trip down stream and one week to return, and there was always a few days wasting time at the starting place before one embarked on a new journey. I made two trips with St. John and

then the other helper and I as co-pilots with our two helpers made the third trip together. On the fourth trip I embarked alone as pilot with two raw recruits as helpers. I had an unusual cargo which consisted entirely of narrow gauge railroad rails, heavy machinery and barrels and crated cans of gasoline and oils, and 70 foreign laborers who could not speak one word of English. The human cargo would be disembarked above the rapids and canyons and picked up below. This trip was not without incident.

We were drifting downstream into what seemed to be a death trap of a forest fire. The men panicked and started first to throw the gasoline overboard. With our pistols drawn, I and the helpers stopped that. Then they wanted to pull to the bank despite the fire as we saw it and disembark. I pointed to the flaming pine cones that were being hurled in the air like bombs. Finally we came to where the fire was actually burning on both banks and the men gave up wanting to land. I let them take buckets that were available. Some used their hats to keep water poured over the gasoline receptacles and that seemed to pacify them.

After the human cargo was disposed of and we were near our journey's end, we went aground. I had followed the same course as we had always followed before, but the water level had changed and the river had cut a new channel on the far side of this wide place in the stream. Perhaps a skilled pilot would have detected this in time, but I did not. My two helpers and I worked in vain to push the boat off the sand. I got out in the water and pushed and strained but we could only swing the boat around and we would be stuck again. After several hours and a heavy shower of sleet and rain, another scow overtook us. They were in the correct channel, and by the time they were abreast of us, I had a tow line ready to hand them which they tied around a hitching post on their scow. When the scow took up the slack in the rope, it yanked our scow off the reef and we were again on our way.

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That night I had serious pains in the vicinity of my appendix. I sent out a call for a small motor boat and pilot which were kept available for such emergencies at each camp or so along the line. I went on a liquid diet and lay flat on the bottom of the boat for two days and one night until we reached the camp hospital at Resplendent (the men did rest for about two hours at midnight). When I arrived at the hospital, I had to be carried in.

Dr. Richardson, reeking in liquor, came in to examine me, "Looks like we got to cut you open, young man. Acute appendicitis, that is what it is. Acute appendicitis."

I said, "Doctor, I do not wish to cast any reflections on your skill as a surgeon but the facilities here seem to give you a poor chance of success. How about the old ice-cold water cure."

"I can't operate without your permission. You are taking a chance, but cold water it shall be."

Then he called the man nurse who was a Swedish laborer who was recovering

from a fractured leg injury and gave him instructions of how to administer the ice cure. Then he gave me a sedative.

I never saw Dr. Richardson again, but the next thing I remember I was talking to a young intern from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a fraternity man, but not an ΣAE, and when he noticed my fraternity pin, he reacted in a way that made me feel I would have the best of care available under prevailing limited circumstances. He had been treating suspicious foreigners, most of whom could not speak a word of English, and when he got a chance to be of help to a man who could really speak his language in every respect, he was delighted. After I was in the hospital for about five weeks he came to me one day and told me he was going to release me. I was not ready yet but the camp keeper was raging down the river. It was a choice between two evils. He prescribed a diet, asked me to walk around camp for a couple of days, report to him immediately if anything went wrong, and then I could begin my trek out to civilization, covering a few miles per day.

I walked for five minutes and then rested for 10 or 15 alternately for most of the next 48 hours. As there is about 22 hours of daylight in the early summer at this altitude and latitude I only could sleep for a couple of hours in the middle of the night. I felt strong enough at the end of the trial period and then officially checked out, drew my pay, and prepared to return home to Indiana.

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This time I really wanted to go home. I had only received one letter from my mother since she learned that I had taken the river job, and naturally the thought of a son who never learned to swim working on the river was anything but consoling. I had not told them of my illness lest I worry them, and there was nothing that they could do. So I wanted to tell them in person and let them see at the time that I was all right. I had lost my bravado and shuddered at the risks I had taken. Although I had not put the idea of settling in Canada from my mind, I did not want to think about it constructively. I just wanted to go home and visit and rest.

The camp's kind but early-rising cook gave me a breakfast of oatmeal and soft-boiled eggs long before the camp was awake, and I started with my baggage, reduced to my Hudson Bay blanket and a few light relics as souvenirs, on my trek out to civilization. The steel had not been extended on the right of way but the grade was much improved and dry. The bridges had been completed across the streams and the ties laid but not spiked down. So I chose to follow the grade instead of the long winding road. I intended only to make the next station back on the first day, but with my early start I had reached this place long before mid fore-noon. I had some prune juice and some rice pudding with canned milk, rested awhile and was on my way again. I tried to walk slower, rest oftener and longer, but I seemed to be getting along. The fact that my dream of reaching the Peace River might be fading did not bother me, but when the last glimpses of snow-capped Mt. Robson began to slip from view as I would wind around the bends, the pressure of my emotions almost overwhelmed me. I reached the next camp by noon which was about the half way mark in my journey. I was astounded by my lack of fatigue. Of course, I was traveling light of baggage and also in bodily weight which may have had a lot to do with it. I had more boiled eggs and soup for lunch at a restaurant and then lay down to sleep, leaving plans for resuming my journey to depend on how I felt when I awoke.

I slept for only about an hour and awoke fully refreshed and with no apparent ill affects from my exertions so far. This only confirmed the belief that I had held for some time, that I never did have appendicitis. All that was wrong was inflammation caused by strain and over exertion in the ice cold water. And that all I had had while in the hospital was a good internal cleaning out and a long rest. I resolved that I would resume my walking and resting program and continue it until I had some sign of physical fatigue. I made the next camp at about 4 p.m. I drank some fruit juice and ate some crackers and cheese and then resumed my journey. After I had gone about half way to Resplendent I came upon a long, high bridge across a tributary of the Fraser River. This was the same river that had turned us back to the muddy wagon road when we were coming in. I started to walk across on the loose ties, and

under this strain, for the first time, I felt fatigue. I turned back, rested awhile, studied the stream below, discerned that it was not nearly so high as in the spring and could easily be forded. I started to descend in a zigzag manner down the bank.

To look down the slopes of a mountain stream one does not see all the obstacles--drops that look like two feet become six or eight feet when one gets right upon them. I would slip over a ledge and then drop and usually tumble a few more steps downward. The shock along with this unusual exertion was beginning to sap my strength rapidly. I had intended to try to climb the other side, but by the time I had reached the river bed, I knew that I was too tired to even try. I could easily cross the river at almost any point. The current was swift and the water cold, but nowhere was it more than waist deep.

I took more and more time for rest. Hoping to reach my final destination, the end of steel, before dark. It could not be more than three or four miles as the crow flies, but by following this branch of the river to the Fraser and thence possibly up the Fraser, I did not know how far it would be.

It is strange how much more vivid one's imagination becomes upon approaching possible danger when fatigued. As I walked along the stream with the shadows of the mountain hovering over me and knowing that wild animals follow the streams and that bears especially hover closely to the camps to steal food from the garbage cans, my fright became almost panicky when I came upon the footprint of a bear in the sand. I unconsciously quickened my pace, and once out of my regular stride, I could feel my strength gradually ebbing away. I often wonder how fortunate I was that the Fraser was less than one mile away when I saw the bear track, and to my delight, the camp came into sight just a short distance around the bend.

There was so much rowdyism in the bunk house all during the night that I got little rest, which may have been a good thing as I could and did sleep most of the way on the slow train back to Edmonton. From Edmonton eastward I passed through Unity and I had no bitter pains of remorse that I had not taken the land agent's advice to get employment with Grainlands Limited for the season. It did occur to me while passing through the district that I could still stop off and try for a job, but the train kept moving on and I procrastinated and then dismissed the idea from my mind.

I had not shaven or had a haircut for several months except that the Swedish man nurse trimmed the edges of my hair a bit. I did not intend to shave or change from my western clothes until I reached home. At Winnipeg the people stopped and looked after me and even more so at St. Paul. I had a couple hours in Chicago and walked through the loop where I was accosted and questioned by a well-dressed man near the entrance of the Palmer House. He was just honestly and genuinely curious.

When I went back to the railroad station to wait for my train to my home town, Decatur, Indiana, I happened to spy Charley Elzey, my clothier for many years. I completely lost my nerve, went out and got a hair cut and shave and made a quick purchase of a summer suit, had my western outfit put in a bundle and got back to the station in a hurry. Of course, I only had to go a block and a half to Siegel Coopers' on State Street from the Dearborn Station.

My desire to reach home quickly never lessened from the time I left the

hospital until I reached Decatur. I phoned home immediately and asked them to come and get me. Both Mother and Dad arrived in a little over half an hour with old Adam, who plainly showed by the lather under his harness that he was not loafing along the way.

None of my family ever asked any embarrassing questions about my trip. Of course they did not approve of what to them was an awful waste of time, but the only thing that mattered to them was what was I going to do now? My friend Harry Clayton Andrews loudly voiced his approval of my travels and contended that every young man should make such a trip. I myself felt benumbed by the whole episode. I had spent two years, was not too sure that I had gained any experience of value, and had very little more money than when I left.

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PART THREE

CANADA!CANADA!CANADA!CANADA!CANADA!
1913-1922

Father was running for auditor of Adams County. When he asked me about my future plans, my out was to tell him that I would look after the farm for him until after the election in November if he wanted me to. No special attention was paid to the sheep during my absence, and therefore, there were none that could be fitted for the show ring at this late date. All sales were made by correspondence to old customers or to people who came to the farm. The 10% commission for sales was paid to any member of the family who made the sale, so I did not try to push the sheep sales but left it mostly to my sisters who were in high school and could use the money. As a matter of fact, I did not try to push or manage anything. My mind was in a semi-dormant state. I worked with the hired man just as another hired man. I worked harder and harder each day until I felt my true physical self again and stayed closely to home until after the election in November. Father was elected by a large majority as it was predicted he would. He and the family bought a house and moved to town immediately.

I lived alone for a while with the hired man, but spent most of the weekends in town with the family. One Saturday afternoon, as I was walking down the street in Decatur, I ran into Carl Moses. Carl had been in the Berkshire hog business with his father when he got ready to buy a farm for himself. Like me, he thought the price of the land was too high. After exchanging greetings I asked him how he was doing.

He said "Haven't you heard? Tony Hackman and I bought 1,000 acres of land in Saskatchewan on time, broke it up the first year and the next year put in flax and made enough in the first crop to pay for the land, tractor and gave us some spending besides. I'm home now, just arrived last week and will not go back until next spring. What are you doing, Walter? I heard you were away to school."

"Well, I was away to school, Carl, for a while, but I was in Canada myself last summer looking for land, got appendicitis, was laid up in a hospital for weeks, and I am home now 'til Dad gets thing working in the Auditors office, and then I expect to return to Canada and locate myself."

"Well, if I can be of any help in helping you to get located, just let me know."

You can imagine my inward reaction. Here I was stumbling around and dreaming about getting a big farm in Canada, and while I am dreaming, Carl goes out and does it.

Well anyway, Carl Moses was three or four years older than I, and Tony Hackman the same. They both were young men of esteem to everyone who knew them and they were well known to many of the important people around Decatur. If they had struck it rich in Canada, I would not have to hide my secret innermost plans any longer. I would not talk about it, not yet, unless pushed to the wall about my future. But I had my alibi for not being settled there already, and I would soon have

definite plans for returning there to locate permanently. I was already feeling good, I still had a future.

After dad's election, of course, everyone thought that the reason I had returned home was for the deputyship which would be considered a lucrative position at that time for any young man, and he could build up a following and be the next auditor. So the pattern usually went, especially where there was a father and son combination.

Dad offered me the deputyship and I declined, and when he hired a man outside the family relationship, everybody wondered. I merely said, "I have something better lined up for a year or so hence, and I wouldn't want to mess things up in the auditor's office by just going in for a year."

After learning of Carl's success, it was not hard for me to decide whether to homestead or buy land. If one could buy land on time, break it all up, and put it in crop and make enough to pay for it and have money left over, all within the space of two years, why should anyone spend three years to prove up on a homestead in a far away district, remote from all the advantages of civilization? One man could operate a large engine as easy as a small one. A large 30-60 horsepower engine was all that was necessary to handle 1,000 acres of land. One man could buy and pay for 1,000 acres of land with a large engine as quickly as he could pay for a small farm with a small engine. The die was cast and I would buy 1,000 acres of land near Unity, Saskatchewan, as soon as I had capital to buy equipment to operate it and to buy fuel oil and seed grain for the first crop.

Instead of trying to find a job to earn the money, I would farm Dad's farm for one year. My brother in-law had been farming that portion of my father's land that had always been leased to a tenant and lived in the tenant house which was inadequate. Perhaps we could form a partnership to operate all the land together and then my sister would have the better home to live in. It was not long until Father brought up the subject of my operating the farm. I took the matter up with my brother-in-law and the matter was all settled forthwith.

It was a great relief to have definite plans made for so far in advance. I could relax and enjoy living. I enjoyed the work on the farm, even the drudgery, because I could see an end to it. I went to town every weekend, and instead of just sitting around with the folks, I renewed old friendships and cultivated some new ones.

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I had not seen or heard from Fanny Frysinger for over three years. During my absence the Frysinger family had moved into a house only three doors from the house my father bought. One Sunday evening, Fanny's little brother came over to our house with a note from Fanny saying that Harry Dibble, now Dr. Dibble, our old classmate, was at their house and wanted to see me. I went out and we had a jolly good time. Fanny was teaching the high school, and Harry was practicing medicine in Detroit, and I, well, I just kept them guessing. I did not want to launch the secret of my plans on this occasion, and being fortified with a plan so much to my liking, I enjoyed the cat's play immensely.

It was several weeks before I saw Fanny again. We happened to be on the same car returning from Fort Wayne. She asked me what I was afraid of, as I had never called her.

I said, "I supposed you were engaged."

And she said, "So what? Can't we just be friends?"

The next time there was a small dance, I asked her to go and again we had a good time. I called on her at her home a few times. She let me know, without embarrassment, that she was dated for the next dance, which was a full-dress affair, and I dated Frances Dugan, another high school teacher, a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Frances was a junior when I was a senior in high school. I met Fanny's date, Roger Gipe[35]. He was six feet tall and very handsome, and his clothes fit perfectly. My dress suit had become just a little tight and I had not worn it for over three years. I felt awkward.

I called on Fanny a couple times before she left to go to Chicago University for the summertime, and after she returned in the fall, when it came time for the next full-dress suit ball, I said to her, "I suppose you have a date for the dress ball."

She said, "No one else has asked me."

I said, "I'm asking you right now." I went to Chicago and bought a new full-dress suit at the Hub that fit me. Fanny and I led the grand march, and of course everybody wondered, and so did I.

Father had bought a new Case automobile, and one day he said to me, "Anytime you want to use the car just go ahead and use it." So, to the dance dates and calls at her home, an occasional automobile ride was added.

I had renewed an old lukewarm friendship with Albert Sellemeyer and we became very good friends. He was a man of culture and a partner in the leading drug store in Decatur. In his words, we became the two most eligible bachelors among the old maids who could not get a man in college. And then he would point out the good points in Frances Dugan, whom he occasionally dated, and Edna Hoffman, whom he later married.

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A Henry Krueger in Fort Wayne had the agency for selling lands for the Canadian Pacific. I called on him when I was in Fort Wayne in the fall of 1913, and he asked me to work with him to develop some good prospects he had lined up. Henry knew nothing about Canada and really didn't try to learn. If any answered his ads, he would send them some pamphlets and expect that to do the trick. His deal with Canadian Pacific was to sell the land for $20 per acre, $1 per acre down and $1 per acre per year for 20 years with 6% interest. He was to get the dollar paid down as his commission. I suggested that we split the commission, that I would come to

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Fanny Frysinger and Roger Gipe eventually married, June 30, 1920.

Fort Wayne any evening he could assemble a worthwhile group and answer any questions they wanted to ask me, and I would also accompany the prospects who decided to go to Canada in the spring of 1914 and help them pick out the land.

The Wilkie District was the district allotted to Mr. Krueger. As Wilkie was only 20 miles east of Unity, and in addition to being served by two railroad trunk lines, also had three branch lines radiating from there, I was not dissatisfied with the place at all. I made many trips to Fort Wayne during the winter of 1913-14 in preparation to go to Canada in the spring. Mr. Krueger and I lined up 22 prospects, 16 of whom had had sales of businesses or farms. My share of the commissions alone would be a tidy sum. I had also agreed to do some contract plowing for some of the prospects. So the end of my financial problems seemed to be guaranteed from three angles: the profits from my own farming operations, my commissions, and the profits from plowing contracts with our prospects which were coming to me without solicitation. There seemed no probability of any of our prospects backing out. Their dependence on me was flattering.

I had not as yet done anything about buying a tractor. Carl had used a 30-60 Hart-Parr. He recommended it very highly. So I spent two weeks at the Rumley tractor plant in LaPorte, Indiana, the International plant in Chicago, and the Big-4 and Hart-Parr agencies in Peoria. I decided in favor of the Hart-Parr 30-60 "Old Reliable" and made arrangements to meet the Hart-Parr home office representative in Chicago immediately. They said their rep would be in Chicago on his regular trips in a few days, but I insisted on immediate action. I bought a $4,100 tractor and a $1,100 8-furrow gang plow in less time than it would usually take to buy a $100 wagon. As I had had no experience in repairing or operating a tractor of any sort, I insisted that I be given a letter which gave me permission to visit any part of the assembly plant or testing block and yard any time that I wanted to.

I returned home, had another round with the "miniature social 400", closed out all my business in connection with the home place, and was off to Charles City, Iowa, the home office and plant of the Hart-Parr Company, to learn all there was to know about operating and repairing a tractor.

The Hart-Parr was not made on an assembly line like a Ford. It was handmade from the ground up. I spent some time in every division starting from the ground up. I had been watching and helping in the plant for several days and had just began my vigilance in the testing room when I was taken ill. I had the clerk at the hotel call me a doctor. He gave me a superficial examination, said I had probably inhaled a little too much gas from the engine exhaust and gave me some pink pills for the day time and some white pills to be taken at night. I went on a liquid diet at my first sign of illness. After a couple days I felt much worse.

I asked the clerk to get me the best doctor in town and arrange for a room for me in the hospital. Doctor Snyder came at once, gave me a complete diagnosis and said, "Are you ready for a shock?"

I said, "Tell me the truth."

"You have typhoid in advanced stages. I can't take over until you discharge the other doctor."

I said, "He will be here any minute."

After that unpleasant task was over, Doctor Snyder arranged for a room in the hospital and an ambulance. I passed out as they took me through the doors of the hospital. When I regained consciousness four weeks later, my mother was at my bedside. I had been given up for dead. The news had been spread among our prospects for Canada land. By the time I went through a hurried convalescence and returned home, it was mid-April. We were to leave for Canada April 1st. All the prospects thought the deal would be off for the season, if not for good, and had made other arrangements for the year. I tried to revive at least some of them, but the best I could do was to get a promise from some that they would come up during summer. The Hart-Parr Company had offered to cancel my contract for the tractor, etc., but I elected to go it alone.

I would be short of money but I collared several different co-signers and borrowed small sums from each of four banks to build up a sum to finance the cultivation of 1,000 acres of land. I would buy the land on half-crop payments and do all the work myself with my new tractor.

If I had not been able to borrow the money to go ahead, my state would been deplorable. But now that I was able to go ahead alone, even though it would be on borrowed money, I was not too much disappointed in the default of our prospects. As a matter of fact, I soon had myself sold to the idea that I was better off without them. The Hart-Parr and plows were already across the line and in the company●s yard in Portage La Prairie, Canada, awaiting my instructions as to the exact location where they were to be shipped. I could have said Unity now as I was alone, but as all the prospects had Wilkie in mind, to change might be confusing to any that might keep their word and come up later in the summer. So I had the tractor and plows sent to Wilkie, Saskatchewan.

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I took the next train to Wilkie although I did not intend to buy land from the Canadian Pacific. I could take advantage of their standing offer to have their local agent show all the land they had. So the next day after my arrival, we started out to inspect all the land the company had within 20 miles of Wilkie. The company originally had every other section as a bonus for building the railroad, so in seeing all of the Canadian Pacific land, I would see most of the private land in passing by. We spent a whole week and I became a very well-posted man on land around Wilkie.

After the Canadian Pacific agent left, I made connections with Tommy Ellis, the top ranking real estate man of Wilkie. He was a bachelor and lived at the hotel, and I saw him two or three times each day for all the time I lived in Wilkie. With this connection I would have no trouble getting land at the best price and on my own terms. I was all set now and anxiously awaiting the arrival of "Old Reliable." Finally one morning I looked out, and there it was on the siding opposite the loading platform. It had arrived during the night.

I had not accepted the engine and plows and would not until it had been tested in the field, and during this first test, the company expert had to be present. I wired for the expert. After several days he arrived. It was the middle of May before the engine and plows reached the testing field, which was a 320 acre tract that I had optioned from Tommy Ellis just outside the town limits. There was some cultivated land and some virgin prairie sod on this land. So I could test the plow in both types of plowing.

I had paid $260 extra to get a plow with a patented power lift which obviated the necessity of having a man to operate the plows. We started our testing in the stubble field. We released the lever to lower the gangs to the soil. The old engine worked beautifully, but the plows, after going a few rods, were completely clogged by the loose stubble. We worked frantically to clear out the rubbish from the first gang and then while he adjusted the gauge wheel to give more clearance, I cleared out the rubbish from another gang. All the while he left the engine running to break it in. In a couple of hours we tried again with almost the same results. This time he said, "Pull the lever and let the power lift do the work."

I pulled the lever, and the wheel on the plow with the mud cleats just skidded, so we were bound up worse than ever. All we had done by night of the first day was to reach the back end of a field one mile long, where we left the outfit to rest for the night.

As I had no horses or car, I had rented a team of horses and democrat without driver at $3 per day to keep with us in case we needed them. So we took the team and drove back to town. He wired the company for a plow expert. He was only an engine expert. The plow had been taken for granted. A full day's delay before the plow expert came, we wasted another full day and he decided to send back to the

factory for a different type gauge wheel. He would have it sent by express to save time. In the mean time we would take off the stubble bottoms and put on the breaker bottoms and try the plow in the prairie sod.

Perhaps the breaker bottoms would have operated in light timothy[36] sod of Illinois or Iowa, but they were no match for the tough virgin sod of the Canadian prairies. When "Old Reliable" tightened the draw chains, the frame of the plow bent just a little, and as the plow shares cut through the tough sod, the moldboards gave just a little, and the long strips of prairie sod, instead of turning in even folds, just stood on edge, some falling back and some falling over, but all hanging together giving the appearance of eight gigantic ropes strung out behind the plow. The experts took time out to consult with the home office by long-distance telephone. There were conferences and call backs from the head office. All the time the season was flying past.

Wheat-seeding time was long past. Oat seeding was rapidly slipping by. It began to look as though I would have no crop at all for that year.

Finally, in desperation, I took the steering wheel of the engine myself, pulled the plows alongside of the railroad platform, notified the company that I would accept the engine but reject the plows. It was weeks before the company would release me on the plows, but they finally did and I felt free to buy another set of plows locally.

In the meantime, the International Harvester Company's man was delivering an engine near Wilkie. He got bogged down in a soft spot in the road. At his request, I used the Hart-Parr to pull his engine out of the mud. He offered to pay me. I would accept nothing. Whereupon he offered me the use of one of their plows until I got one of my own.

The plow I borrowed from the International worked perfectly, but it was only a six-gang plow instead of an eight, and as it had no powerlift, I had to employ a man to work the plows. There was a loss of 25 percent in the power load and there was the plowman's wages. The planting season was practically over, so I hired a man with a team of horses to plant the oats. With all this extra expense so late in the season, Tim Ellis advised me to spend no more money in planting after I had only half of the acreage seeded. We turned my optional agreement into a verbal half-crop purchase agreement to be decided by me at harvest time.

I parked my equipment back in the field away from the road to lessen the chance of pilferage. I put an ad in the weekly paper asking for contract work with the engine and put up a notice to the same effect on the bulletin board at the post office. Then there was nothing for me to do but wait. I bought a secondhand eight-gang plow for $200 cash, but the jobs for plowing did not show up. I began to realize what the people meant when they said, "the boom is over." Instead of waiting in line for a room at the hotel, the entire third floor of the Empire in Wilkie where I

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Timothy is a perennial European grass with dense cylindrical spikes of bristly spikelets, widely grown for hay, named after Timothy Hanson, who took the seed from New York to the Carolinas ca. 1720.

stayed was closed, and the hotel clerk also attended the bar. People referred to 1912 as the last good year." That was the year I first landed in Unity. Then the country went dry and half the hotels in the country closed their doors.

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Relatively speaking, my accomplishments were nil and there was absolutely nothing in prospect on which to base any hopes for the immediate future. This situation would be bad enough to endure alone, but to have to write home or to Fanny was the most depressing task of all. I would start a letter, then tear it up. Maybe something would turn up tomorrow. This kept up for three or four weeks and then James Costello asked me what I would charge him to do some summer fallow plowing for him.

I said, The regular price, $3 per acre.

"You mean that *was* the regular price. Them days are over, my boy, them days are over."

"Well, what would you pay?"

"Well, seeing your engine standing out there doing nothing, I thought $2.50 might be a fair price."

"How much land do you want plowed?"

"Oh, 100 acres or so on my quarter just a little west of you."

Rather than do nothing, I took the job, recalled my plowman and we started to work. I had no large fuel supply tank for either fuel or water, and a practical-sized tank for tending an engine as large as mine with the wagon to carry it would cost $250. So $250 for a water tank and $250 for a fuel tank would be $500. So I decided to rent a horse and democrat and take a barrel of oil out with me each day, and then would use the barrel to haul water to supply the engine on the second day after we had started plowing.

I had expected that it would be a cash deal. But Jim said he would try and dig up enough money to pay for the oil, but that it would be an accommodation to him if I did not have to have all the money right away. I asked him how much time he wanted.

"Oh," he said, "just make it so I can pay a little now and then as I get it, will be all right." I was so licked that I was far from capable of driving any kind of a hard business deal. We kept on working.

A couple of days later the front wheels of the tractor got too close to the edge of a slew and broke through the sod. This was my first experience with alkali soil. It acts like quicksand once the surface is broken. The engine just sinks down and down. Any movement of the engine and the descent is faster. When the front axle reached the sod, it checked the sinking. Mr. Smith, the owner of the hotel, operated a large mechanized farm and I sought advice from him. He said a lot of railroad ties and to borrow an engine jack from the Canadian Pacific Roundhouse was my only answer.

I had brought a camera with me to keep a photographic record of the progress

of my success, so I tried it out on this situation to see if it would work in reverse, and I still have the picture of "Old Reliable" virtually standing on its head in the mud. After taking the picture, we dug a trench under the axle deep enough to place some ties under it and then put the railroad engine jack on the ties and pushed up against the axle. As the engine was raised high enough, we put ties under each front wheel until it was on the ground level. As we could not back the engine because the plow was in the way, we virtually paved a road with ties so that we could go forward and around out of the slew. In time, I learned that the color of the grass and the nature of its growth tells one when there is alkali beneath the sod.

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It was evident that the drought was serious and that my crop would probably be a failure. To add to this bit of tragedy, I received notice that it was time to put out the gopher poison. The notice really came to Mr. Ellis and he jokingly handed it to me. Although it was anything but a joke with me, I went along with it and suggested we organize a gopher-shooting party. The other two men who usually sat at our table in the dining room, Mr. Grimes, manager of Imperial Oil Company and Mr. Hubbard of International Harvester Company, took up the idea, and we had a force of over 200 people who went out en masse to shoot gophers. Almost the entire membership of the Wilkie Gun Club showed up and each one took a station and waited and watched the mounds newly made by the invading gophers. When the gopher showed up he was shot. Over 5,000 gophers were shot in about two hours.

The invading gophers came from the adjacent prairie land. They make mounds and virtually ruin a newly-plowed field if not checked. The usual method of extermination is to take a bag of poisoned grain, get on a horse, and with a can tied to the end of a stick, go around from mound to mound and place the poisoned grain at the entrance of their den. Gophers breed like rats. The gophers and the trouble one can get into with an engine in alkali soil are not prominently mentioned in the literature sent out to prospective settlers.

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After finishing my job with Costello, I left my equipment at his place and took my place in Room 18 in the Empire Hotel to enter a new siege of waiting for the next job. I was frequently asked to go with the other men living in the hotel on their trips to surrounding towns or to a customer in the country, always alert for any chance to get a contract for custom work.

My relationship with the ladies during this time was limited to three girls. Letters to Fanny, who was on a tour of Europe with Frances Dugan. I went to all the local dances alone and danced with a Miss McCallum who was engaged to a junior bank clerk who would not be eligible for marriage for several years, and Miss McCallum was still sort of looking over the field of eligible young men. She was an

excellent dancer and we enjoyed dancing together. My sole reason for going to the dances was to dance with Miss McCallum. A Miss Baker, a friend of the wife of the hotel proprietor, occasionally attended openhouse parties on the hotel veranda. She was a very beautiful English girl. We went to the movies together and joined the crowd that always went out to the grounds of the gun club to watch the members, men and women, shoot.

One day when I went to my room, I found Miss Baker waiting for me. I was surprised and she was embarrassed. She said, "I have something that I must tell you. I had a baby. She is almost 2 years old. She is very pretty. I think you would like her. She is here," and she went to bring in the child.

At the first sight of me, the child screamed and here was an English woman with her high-pitched voice trying to quiet her screaming child in my room. But the child was on my side by not cooperating.

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I had come back to Canada to buy 1,000 acres of land to fit my big tractor. I was all set to buy a farm on the half-crop payment plan with nothing down. I did not have enough money to make a down payment and have enough money left to finance the plowing of the land for the next year's crop.

There were lots of poor quality farms that could be bought on any terms, but to find 1,000 acres of first class land in a block that was level, free from alkali and stone and in a desirable location, was just not to be found at a bargain price or at half-crop payments with nothing down. So you can imagine how I jumped at an opportunity to buy 320 acres of land including half of the crop that was planted on 200 acres if I would plow the remaining 120 acres for next year's crop, even though the land was 23 miles northwest of Wilkie. The situation was the owner was land poor. The 120 acres were infested with noxious weeds, and if not cultivated, the land would be condemned and the owner fined $1 per acre. I jumped at the chance, for with this 320 plus the 320 I had with Ellis, I would have 640 acres of land with half of it in crop. It was a face-saving deal for me. If the crop failed because of weather conditions, that was beyond my control.

I summoned my plowman, bought a 500-gallon fuel tank for $100 on time from my friend Mr. Schultze, the J. J. Case agent, filled it with oil and headed for the farm which was to be mine. I was correct in not expecting the crop to be good. Because of the drought it was so poor that it was problematical if it would be worth cutting, and the two crops of matted weeds would make plowing difficult, if not impossible, but we started in. Although I had a Cuckshutt plow, the old standby in western Canada, the weeds were just too thick. Mr. Cranson, the former owner, came up to see how we were doing. He offered to help the plowman keep the gangs clear of weeds. We got two iron hooks and Mr. Cranson and the plowman tried in vain to keep the gangs clear of the rubbish.

We worked for a week trying different adjustments and then Mr. Cranson said, "If you can get a mower and rake and burn the weeds, the deal still holds."

There was doubt in my mind a mower would work either. The ground would be too loose to afford traction. The only alternative to letting the weeds stand until dried by maturity and then burned was a disk plow, the cost of which was prohibitive for me. We cancelled our contract by mutual agreement and started back to Wilkie in Joe's buckboard drawn by his old sorrel mare.

When we reached Archie McClennon's place about half way to Wilkie, we stopped for the night. Archie had a comfortable two-room shack he had built himself to supplant his original sod house. He had a good shed for his oxen which he still used for his farming operations. He had all the farming implements necessary to grow a small crop of wheat or oats. He had his homestead divided into four unfenced fields. Forty acres of low land for hay and pasture, 40 acres for wheat, 40 acres for oats, and 40 acres for summer fallow. He would work all summer on his summer fallow for next year's wheat crop. After harvest and after seeding the wheat in the spring, he would work on the plowing for his oat crop. He never worked hard, read a lot, hunted and fished a lot, and could have supported a wife of similar tastes. In a good year, his profits might reach $2,500 or $3,000. Even in a bad year, his summer fallow would always give him enough for taxes, sugar, salt, canned milk, Canadian bacon, plain oatmeal, prunes, rice and beans. Such was his fare. Such was his way of life, without any semblance of worry. Often have I envied him when my greed led me into a snare of financial entanglements.

During the night, we had a 3- or 4-inch rain. A good rain this time of year in western Canada can make a bumper crop out of an apparent failure. Joe and Archie were beaming. I was the reverse. Joe did not offer to renew our contract now. He was too anxious to get back to Wilkie to tell his buddies of his lucky escape from a bad deal for him and a good deal for me.

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Tommy Ellis had a cushion to soften the blow from this disappointment waiting for me when I reached Wilkie. A Mr. Allen, a client of his who was an official of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, had 22 farms in the Wilkie district. They had talked over my situation, and Mr. Allen authorized Mr. Ellis to make a deal with me whereby I could pick out any farm I might like, plow as much as I wanted to at $2.50 per acre, or I could buy the land on a half-crop payment plan. When the plowing was done I could take the cash and buy the land.

None of Mr. Allen's farms were really first-class, but I picked out a section 640 acres which came nearest to what I really wanted. It was seven miles from Wilkie, a little too far and in the wrong direction, as the surrounding land was poor and would always be a low-priced competitor in case I wanted to sell. The land was level but light soil, and there might be too many stones for economical operation. As my time was worthless, I took a chance. I was really testing the land for stone and found there were too many. There was not a single day that I did not break a $5 plow share, and on some days two or three. Twenty acres per day was an average day's work with my engine. At $2.50 per day that would be $50 per day gross.

Deduct $25 (or $1.25 per acre) for fuel oil, $1 for plowman, and $15 for plowshares and for wear and tear on engine, and I would only have $9 or $10 for my work. In case of a serious breakdown, I would be in the red. Mr. Ellis came out on two or three occasions and we tried different locations, but the results were unsatisfactory.

It was getting late in August (1914), near harvest time. I met Costello in the Wilkie bar. He had been paying $15 to $25 off-and-on on his plowing debt to me. He had a Rumley separator but he had no engine. He suggested that we team up for the threshing season. We made a deal and then by mutual agreement with Mr. Ellis, I gave up the plowing job on Mr. Allen's land, took the cash for my work, and with Costello started to make preparations for the threshing season.

In a good year, with good weather and good crops, a large outfit like ours might net $2,000 or $3,000 by custom threshing, but this was a poor year, and at the end I had barely enough to make the payment of $640 on my tractor. I finished the season with a bit of good luck. While I was waiting at the hotel for final settlement on our threshing bills, the manager of Grainland Limited looked me up and offered me $25 per day, net all expenses and repairs paid by them, for me and the engine to pull his heavy disks until freeze up. I got in 10 days, and this windfall of $250 was my little stake to finance my trip back home and my social obligations during the winter social season.

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Our active social set in Decatur was getting smaller each year. A few had married and a couple of the girls who were teaching got positions out of town. There were some of the older single girls who retired because of broken romances or because their boyfriends moved away. These college girls were women 25 to 27 years old and still unmarried. The "Gay Nineties" for Decatur society was coming to a close. Fanny and I went to all the dances, but she dropped her leadership and gave up the search for excuses to get the gang together. I suppose we would have been thinking of getting married if I could have afforded it. We had some good times, but we quarreled quite a lot too.

This was a generation of young women who were in a class by themselves. There was a large enough group who were able to go to college, all within the space of three or four years, to dominate their set when they returned home. They tried to dominate the men in an open manner so it would be noticed. There seemed to be a contest on between them as to which could make their husbands or boyfriends do the most for them, especially in public. Big Guss Seltemeyer, an ex-star fullback on the football team said, "I don't mind giving a hand at the dishes after a big party, but I'll be darned if I'll learn to tat." They would have stag girl parties and then expect the men to call for them and take them home even though the men would be sure to get bawled out publicly for intruding. The instructions from their older sorority sisters while they were in college had just been taken too literally. I lived at home, had nothing else to do, and I was glad when the time came to return to Canada in the spring.

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Although I had made little progress so far as my own ambitious plans were concerned, I was more determined than ever. I made the acquaintance of two other men who had bought 1,000 acres of land and paid for it in one year with the first crop. Their timing was just better than mine. But if they could do it so could I.

The reasons that 1,000 acres was chosen so often was because it was the logical amount of land that could be operated with one 30-60 horsepower engine. 1,000 acres is also a section and a half, equalling 960 acres, plus a 40-acre road allowance which was also farmed, totalling 1,000 acres. I liked the land around Unity better than the land around Wilkie, but Wilkie was a much better town and at least one dozen of the professional and business men were on a friendly basis with me. I had established a respectable reputation and I wanted to make Wilkie my town.

After pondering on the question all winter, I decided to settle in a district 11 miles north of Wilkie where the land was better, free from alkali and stone, and I could use a siding station on the branch line as my shipping point.

Mr. Ellis had a listing of 160 acres that had been prepared for the next year's crop which he had listed at $15 per acre, but it required a cash down payment. I wanted this farm to use as a home place. It had a livable house of three rooms, a stable, good well. I would have a place to store accumulated machinery and live myself instead of in the hotel. The owner of the other three quarters of the section was having family trouble and it was only a matter of time until it would probably be for sale, and the half section across the road was being farmed by a tenant who would probably be called to war. World War I had started in August the year before and was beginning to look like a long struggle for Canada as an ally of England. These three pieces would make up my coveted 1,000 acres.

I met no difficulty or embarrassment in renewing my obligations at the banks, but my pride and conscience forbade me from asking for more credit. The day before I was ready to leave for Canada, I told father about the 160 acres and advised him to buy it as an investment and I would operate it for him.

Without one word of inquiry, he said, "When do you want to leave?"

I said, "Tomorrow on the 1 p.m. train." He was ready and we left for Canada without delay.

On our arrival in Wilkie the first of April, we found that seeding had already began. Mr. Ellis had a man hired to seed the crop on the 160 acres. We looked it over and then inspected several other farms for comparison, and Dad said, "How much will it cost to finish seeding that farm?"

Mr. Ellis gave him the figure.

Dad said, "Well, just add that to the price and make up the papers."

Dad made out a check for the full amount and prepared to leave for home with the parting word that I could use the land in any way that would help me with my plans.

The fact that I had come back and bought a farm after spending the whole

season during a crop-failure year in the district boosted my prestige with all the important citizens of the district who hold an abiding faith in the destiny of their country. Because of the early spring, confidence was restored and work during seeding time was plentiful. My own little crop cared for, I worked for the first month at Grainlands at $35 per day, an advance of $10 over the price of the fall before. And then I selected another half section of land as new prairie to break up for next year's crop. I bought a team of horses and wagon, an engine disc harrow, a water tank and a sleeping caboose to use for living quarters when working away from home. In fact, I kept adding tools and equipment of every description that could be of use in my operations.

The crop with the early start and timely rains was progressing favorably. All the old-timers were reading all the signs as pointing toward a bumper crop. I had one costly breakdown with the engine, but I had it repaired and otherwise the work of plowing and discing my new acquisition progressed without interruption until completed.

I was using my credit for groceries, fuel oil, and hardware, as was the custom. By fall, I would owe a tidy sum.

During the lull between my plowing on the new place and harvest time, I did work repairing the buildings on Dad's place, which to all practical purposes was to be mine.

At harvest time, I bought another two horses and a new binder to harvest the crop which was a bumper one. Next I bought a second-hand separator to thresh the crop. It had to be a cash deal as the company would not sell a second-hand machine on time. When the machine arrived, I did not have the money to pay for it. My friend Mr. Hubbard, salesman for the International Harvester Company, told me that the local agent was a little lax in following up on business, and he suggested that I wait until he had closed his office some evening, have my engine ready and just hitch onto the machine, drag it out to my place and start threshing. Before the day was over, I could have enough wheat threshed to pay the bill.

I followed the suggestion, and we got within three miles of my place when it started to rain. I had to pull off to the side of the road as the engine lost traction in the mud. Next morning the ground was covered with seven inches of snow. It was several days before we could resume out trip and start threshing. But the grain was a little tough and the machine had been sitting on a side hill and the insides got warped. So as soon as we started to thresh, the guts of the machine were torn to bits. The machine was guaranteed, but because of the way I had hijacked the machine away from the agent, I could not enforce it and had to stand all the expense myself. I had to either pay my crew or let them go. As it might take several days to get repairs and install them, I let all but our separator man, cook and one helper go.

After the machine was repaired, I lost more time in getting another crew together. I had plenty of time for my own threshing, but I had planned on doing custom threshing for my neighbors to pay for my machine and help with the general operating expenses. I had contracted for this work in writing, but after the second breakdown, my customers began to walk out on the contract. It took a solid month to

thresh my own grain which should have been completed in two or three days.

I did not try to get any more contracts for contract threshing, but as soon as the crop was off the field, I started to plow the land for next year's crop. The season was about to close. I made arrangements with my neighbors for my horses to run the free range and closed up the shop for the year. I had had a crop that paid for the land twice over in one year, but I only had 160 acres in crop. Next year I would have 480 acres in crop, and by the year after, I would have the full 1,000 acres of my goal. When I paid all my local bills around Wilkie in full, I had only $1,100 left from my $5,500 crop.

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I had not actually sold the grain as yet. I shipped the grain to Winnipeg as it was loaded, took warehouse receipts against which I got advance loans at the bank. I reached Winnipeg on Monday, and when I approached the broker to whom I had consigned the grain to sell it, he said that as the receipts were very heavy on Monday, I would probably do much better by waiting until about Thursday. I followed his advice and on Thursday got $100 more for my grain. After the sale was consummated, he told me that if I would just wait around until the next Monday the price would probably be down again because of the heavy weekend receipts, and I could buy my grain or any amount I wanted to on margin and make the same profit or more all over again. He was baiting a prospective new customer, and he had a willing prospect, for I followed his advice.

When I made even more on the second deal I thought to myself, "How long has this been going on?" I settled in my hotel for a fling at margin trading on the Winnipeg grain exchange. My suits were getting worn so I went to Duncan Cameron and bought two English woolen tailored suits and a Moissant beaver hat. I visited other broker offices around the exchange, including Logan and Bryan, the largest in the world, the "Grandpa" of Merrill Lynch. When I heard customers put in orders on the Chicago Market instead of Winnipeg in order to get a better and quicker execution, I decided to transfer my account to Chicago.

When I arrived at the Logan and Bryan office in Chicago and approached their floor manager Mr. Toby, he gave me the once over, and I guess he thought, With that suit and hat, this guy must be someone of importance, and took me into the private office of Stuart Logan and introduced me. It was lunchtime, and without any further inquiry into my financial standing, Mr. Logan asked me to have lunch with him. He told me as we passed out to lunch that if I wanted to make a commitment, just leave my order with Mr. Toby. We took a cab to the Hamilton Club. When he returned, he called Mr. Toby in and asked him to take me to the cashier's office as I wished to open an account.

It was Thanksgiving time. I made a quick trip home for the short holiday. I renewed my notes at the banks in person and with the Hart-Parr Company by mail, telling them that I would pay up when I sold my grain, not stipulating that the grain I held was not cash grain but grain held on margin. I returned to Chicago and my good

luck remained with me in my speculations as a small trader.

I spent the time during trading hours around the exchange and the afternoons at matinees in Carnegie Hall, the Auditorium Grand Opera, or in the Randolph Street theaters district, which was aglow with musical comedy.

At Christmas time I was still on the ascendence financially. I told my father. All he said was, "Be careful."

I asked Mr. Krueger about our prospects of the year before. He received me rather coldly and said that the group had sent a man up to investigate and that he reported the crop failure. In consequence, he was not dealing in Canada land and the prospects we had were not interested.

I thought the idea was a good one and wrote to the Canadian land agents in other central points like Indianapolis, Omaha, Peoria, etc. The one who showed the keenest interest in my idea was Mr. Bennett in Omaha. I arranged to come to Omaha and work with Mr. Bennett to round up prospects for the spring. As Logan and Bryan had a private wire to their office in Omaha, I could trade from there as well as Chicago (that is, if the wires were not down).

All through January my luck continued. My broker suggested that I could trade heavier if I wanted to with the amount of money I had, so I gradually upped the ante until I was trading in $50,000 instead of $5,000. By the middle of February, the market was near the peak, although it looked stronger than ever and all the news was bullish. I was long $50,000 at $1.35. The top had been $1.38. The market closed about unchanged, and the next day it was down until it hurt. The next day came the report that the Port of Boston closed, which might spread to other ports and shut off exports. The market collapsed. I was called for margin, could not put up, and was closed out without enough money left in my account to pay my hotel bill.

I left my fine suits with the hotel to secure my debt and then bought a ticket to Minneapolis and went to work in a war plant to earn enough money to save face and to get back to Wilkie in time to put in the crop. Nothing ever developed from my meeting with Mr. Bennett in Omaha.

I had seen Fanny over the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, and we kept up our correspondence. But there were lapses on both sides when we were slow in answering one another's mail.

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The season was backward in 1916. Seeding did not begin until after the first of May, fully one month late. There was lots of subsoil moisture, but the late start did not augur well in case of an early frost. I had only one team with which to seed 480 acres, and as the season was so late, I traded work with a neighbor who had some breaking to do. He used his horses to help seed my grain and I used my engine to help him with his plowing. After the crops were in I did some custom plowing, but I had no inclination to buy any more land until I was sure of a crop this time. As an old Scotchman for whom I plowed 320 acres, just half of his section, said, "If the crop comes through that will make me a tidy sum, and if it fails it is too much to

lose." The crop made rapid progress and was just in the tender filling stage when a severe frost on the 16th of August hit the entire country. My 320 acres of wheat was a total failure and after paying local bills, I only had $300 left out of my oat crop.

I went to Minneapolis thinking that if the wheat market, which had sky-rocketed on the crop damage, had a good break, I would buy, and being in Minneapolis, if I lost, I would be near my old war plant job. I sat around a brokers office but there were no big breaks, and as I had lost a lot of my reckless nerve, I did not trade at all in Minneapolis. I had heard of a place in Chicago, the Open Board of Trade, where a small trader could walk in the pit himself and give his order through his broker, and stand by and watch his order filled. The commission there also was only half as much as on the "Big" board, so I headed for Chicago.

I had not heard from Fanny for several weeks, so I wrote to her and asked her if she would be busy over the business holidays. She answered immediately and said that she would. Freed of all responsibility except to myself and my creditors, and as $300 (or what was left it) would not go far on my debts, I decided to take a plunge. If I lost I would go to work. I ran the $300 up to $800 and then lost it all in one big break caused by another submarine scare.

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I headed for Gary, Indiana, immediately after the market closed. It was dark when I got there, so I went to the city lockup where they let anyone sleep on the slab mattresses who did not have the price of a hotel. I was not completely broke, but I was determined to conserve every dime of what I had until I was securely employed. The next morning I took my place in line at the employment office of U.S. Steel. A man came along the line asking a man here and there what his specialty was. When he came to me I said, "I know all about gas engines."

He said, "Come with me," took me through the gates right up to the superintendent's office and had me give my name. They gave me a badge and number and told me to report at the noon hour to sign an application form, etc. Then we went out to where they were assembling the big gas engines for the blow furnaces. I thought, when he first approached me, I was asking for a job on a yard tractor or perhaps a stationary engine. But when he told me they were away behind schedule in lining up these big engines, I didn't bat an eye.

He said, "I'll send you over some helpers as soon as I can round them up. In the meantime, if you can grab one of those cranes (50-ton overhead), just have them start unloading the parts," and pointed to a string of flat cars.

The crankshaft weighed 50 tons. The flywheel came in segments and weighed about the same. The crank case and big cylinders were six feet in diameter, big bolts that it almost took two men to lift. Two men were working on a setup parallel to mine. They were far along, so I could not tell where to begin for sure. Soon the superintendent showed up with eight men and then left me. I had observed that they lined up the body of the engine in the cement base and they leveled it up by using wedges here and there, wherever needed.

The boss came around and said, "I see you haven't started yet."

I said, "Are you interested in the start or the finish of this job!"

He said, "OK, OK, I just thought maybe you needed some help," and then left me again and I did not see him all day.

After the boss left, the ringleader of the men he left with me began placing the wedges on the cement where the crank case should be. I pretended not to notice and in a little while went over to the cranemen and told him to bring the crank case in. The men set to work like a bunch of vultures on a carcass and it was evident that at least two or three of them knew what they were doing. I decided right then and there that I would just let them take the lead. All I would do would be some rough inspecting, and try to keep them on the job all the time. I learned that the average time required to complete assembly of one of these units was six weeks, 12 hours per day, seven days per week, so I wanted to beat this time by just a little bit.

We would be held up at times because of delay in delivering parts for two, three or more hours. Other foremen would borrow my men, and then there would be another delay in getting them back one or two at a time. I found a place down in the basement where my men could hide. Next time I saw a delay coming up, I took the men down to the hiding place and told them to sleep, play cards, or do anything, only stay put and don't make any noise, and I would stand guard to protect them from snoopers and would call them when our material came. This made a hit with my men as it would to any man who was working 14 or 15 hours counting time going to and from work every day, seven days per week, and I soon had the hardest working team in the plant.

When asked about my tools, micrometers, etc., I said, "They are on their way from Minneapolis or at least I sent for them." The Allis Chalmers man gave me a knowing look and said, "I'll lend you my tools whenever I'm not using them. Just time your work accordingly."

After about three weeks the men on the engine next to me came over and tipped me off that I was killing the game by rushing the work through too fast. I said, "I'm not interested with the job, I just want to get through to get back to Canada by middle of March." Just to get rid of me, they each gave me a hand whenever they could without being noticed. When my job was finished I turned in my resignation immediately. I had enough to get back to Canada again in good face and make what I had decided would be my last stand.

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My boss wanted me to set some more engines. With the war on they would never catch up. I declined any increase in wages he might get me and left for Chicago for a few days, and then left for Canada with my brother Jack.

Jack had graduated from high school, had tried college and didn't like it. My stories of Canada had stimulated him to the point where nothing but his own personal experience would satisfy him. The 160 acres needed to be summer fallowed. He would be my plowman. I would concentrate on contract work as I would not be able

to finance any other kind of operation. He would then take over the 160 acres when completed. I had had my chance. Now it was his turn. Dad and mother came up to live with us while we were preparing the 160 acres. He came prepared to finance the deal, but I had enough money from contracts so I could do it alone. Otherwise I think I would have hid in our 75-foot-deep stone-walled well. He thought that if the ground was plowed deeper it would help. We took off two gangs, pulled six instead of eight, set them one inch deeper, put the disc harrow behind and loaded it down with stone. We really did a magnificent job. (Next year, poor Jack did not get his seed back).

There was a Mr. Adams who first came to Wilkie the same year I did. He had tried to operate with horses as I had tried with an engine. We had never become friendly as he was rather non-communicative about his business affairs, being an Eastern Canadian. But in the spring of 1917 after two out of three years of failures and the prospect for 1917 looking bleak, we would all talk with anybody. He was more of a schemer of real talent than a farmer. He concluded that there would be more money in speculating in land than in farming it. As he said, "This is the greatest next-year country in the world. Give them an early spring and they will buy anything."

He was right. Land would double in price after a bust year if there was an early spring following. The Canadian west was being depleted of manpower by the war. Soon, companies were getting to be land poor by the ever increasing foreclosures. The taxes on this land and the Fennel Weed Act (which compelled land owners to either cut and burn or plow under all noxious fennel weeds) placed an additional burden on these companies. Anyone who would contract to plow the land or cut the weeds could have the land on half-crop basis. Adams and I decided to tie up as much of this land as we could. We would each buy as much as we could from as many different companies as we could, then we would buy up as much together as we could. Altogether we got 46 quarter sections under contract. He had several horse outfits plowing, each on a different piece of land, and I kept going from one to another with my engine. We kept this up until freeze-up in the late fall. We had had a sale and sold all the horses except two earlier in the fall.

The lack of subsoil moisture and the poor quality of our work all pointed to another crop failure for the next year. The United States had now entered the war and the likelihood of a land boom seemed to me to be remote. I did not want to waste another year of my life in western Canada. I had already decided to withdraw from the partnership some time before, but Mr. Adams kept counting the money we would make and I did not have the heart to desert him so long as we could plow a furrow. Finally the day came when the ground was frozen solid and we just had to quit plowing. Adams went over the field and tested it in several places to make sure the freeze-up was real. Then we went back in the shack and he began to add up the amount of acreage we had plowed, figured the amount we could crop ourselves and the profit on the inconveniently-located farms that we would sell, and the result was $50,000, $25,000 for each of us.

I said, "Bob, I never did anything much for anybody in my whole life. I'm

going to make up for it now. I'm just going to make you a present of $25,000 my share of the profit we would make for our season's work."

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Just before he started home after we had finished the plowing on the land for my brother, my father gave me a check for $500. I never cashed it but kept it for an emergency. A couple of years before when I was operating on the Winnipeg Market, I would be asked why I went away up in Saskatchewan when I could get good Red River Valley land close to Winnipeg cheaper. The long journey for 700 miles northwestward from Winnipeg was getting rather tedious, especially after a bad year.

I decided to look over the land near Winnipeg, locate on a half section, get me a double team of oxen and start life all over again a la Archie McClennon. When I came to Winnipeg, the real estate men would not sell me any land at all on half-crop payment plan. They had plenty of it for sale, but they would not sell it to me. They did not think I was a farmer, and as I had been classified 1A in the draft, I would soon be in the army.

There seemed to be more interest in land near Winnipeg by big buyers. I changed my plans completely, and decided to shoot the $500 dad gave me. Either strike it big on land, or go to work, or to the army. I would not volunteer, neither would I hide. I stopped in a public hotel and walked the streets around Portage and Main in Winnipeg and went to shows and dances while there. I went to Duncan Cameron, my tailor, bought the most conservative business suit and overcoat and hat of the best quality he had. I had learned the prestige that good clothes would command. I picked the four largest real estate operators who sold land around Winnipeg. They were James Irvine and Company for land south in Red River Valley, Scott Hill and Company for land southwest, Oliver Jackson for land straight west and Neeley Rogers Company for land northwest of Winnipeg. The land north and east of Winnipeg was not good farming land.

My opening questions to each of them, "Would it be possible to buy a few thousand acres of land partly improved and with some equipment, all in one block, not too far, say within 50 miles of Winnipeg?"

After they recovered, I let them know that I was from the States, and tried to get in something about Chicago, Omaha and Minneapolis. For this setting, I had registered at the Royal Alexandria Hotel, but I told them that I was just passing through but would be returning in about two weeks. After concluding interviews with all four firms, I got a job as vacuum cleaner salesman and took a territory in North Winnipeg. We were allowed to take two vacuum cleaners out each day as demonstrators. If we sold them we got two more the next day. If we could not sell them, we were to try at least to get the lady to keep it and demonstrate it to her husband. If he happened to be a rug-beating husband, we had a good second chance at a sale. I added a little larceny in this leaving the cleaner with them. I rented it to them for $1.50 and then picked up the cleaner the next day. Between the rentals and

a sale now and then, I did fairly well right from the start. The cleaners sold for $50, $5 down, $5 per month. We got the first $10 as our commission.

In two weeks I returned to the city, registered at the Fort Gary and called on my brokers to see what they could line up. They all had a hodge-podge of miscellaneous listings in close proximity to one another in their respective districts, but James Irvine had taken charge of my proposition personally and lined up over 5,000 acres of land near Dominion City, Manitoba, 50 miles south of Winnipeg and 10 miles or so north of the Minnesota border. This was the territory in which Mr. McRea (the man I met in Eugene, Oregon) had lived, and which he told me so much about. After each broker had told me all about his listings, I asked them questions about land in the other districts around Winnipeg. After I had all my data and the various stories (four opinions on each district around the city), I was a well-informed real estate man myself.

I either ate in the dining room or stayed in a room at night in one or the other of three of the best hotels in the city. I talked to the clerks and got to know them and saw to it that they got my name correctly and readily. Then I went to a young lawyer, but a good one, and told him that I was negotiating for a large tract of land south of the city. I would want him to draw up the papers and get the land tied up so I could hold the owner, and then start searching titles and make the job last until near spring if necessary. I would pay him some money as a retainer, and then double his regular fee if I was able to get my deal across.

I talked with the brokers from time to time, especially Mr. Irvine, and made the rounds of the hotels. After Christmas I got down to business. I made Mr. Irvine an offer, subject to inspection of the land. We went down to Dominion City the next day to look over his listings. About half of the land was his own personal holdings. 1,243 acres belonged to the Maynes Brothers, 2,120 belonged to the Christy Estate, and 1,640 belonged to Dan Lamont. The Maynes Farm had a fine set of buildings on the banks of the Roseau River. It was completely equipped with horses, tractor and machine shop. In fact, a complete unit in every respect. The land was level, black Red River valley soil, completely free of stone and situated on the high-bank side of the river. There was about 200 acres in all in woods along the river. All the remaining acreage was completely free of brush. For me it was the ideal setup.

My offer was $30 per acre. He was asking $35. Finally he accepted my offer and I had my lawyer, Mr. Keith, draw up the papers and start the search. The terms were to be $5,000 cash and the balance at $5,000 or more per year until paid with interest at 6%. By this time I knew the hotel clerks pretty well, and I propositioned each one that if they would tip me off to any Americans that might be looking for land, I would make it worth their while, and then I dropped in at each Hotel every few days. In the meantime I was selling vacuum cleaners to keep up with the expense, but I had a $4 per week room at Mrs. Cox's rooming house across from the St. Regis Hotel, just off the main street.

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Mrs. Cox had a few steady roomers, but she catered to out-of-town transients, especially women. So there was a lot of women coming and going most of the time. On her side entrance she had a red exit light, but the "Exit" did not show from the street. One night after midnight, I was sitting alone in the waiting room and two men came to the door. They were obviously misled by the red sign but they looked like Americans and I asked them in. We got together fast. I would put them in good hands for what they wanted. So I asked them to wait until I returned. I went to the driver of a private cab (a Bunton Six phaeton), told him what my men wanted, told him to show them a good time, charge them reasonably, and report to me any conversation he overheard. Then I tipped him with a $10 bill and told him to call for them in one hour. I reported to my men that the cabbie had to make a call but would pick them up in one hour, and then after assuring them that they would not only be driven, but protected as well, and taken to the best place in town and treated right, they told me of their mission. It was to inspect a piece of land in Saskatchewan 500 miles northwest of Winnipeg.

I told them that I had connections all through the west and that I would get them a full and accurate report on the land from a reputable source. That they would only find a parcel of land covered with two feet of snow, might get caught in a blizzard and could not see the land anyway.

I said, "Just stay in the city, have a good time, and give me two or three days until I can get you a report." I called Tommy Ellis, asked him to get in touch with anyone he knew who was familiar with this particular piece of land and then send me a night wire collect in three to five days, but not before three days. I saw my new friends Mr. Harmon and Ralph J. Pugsley every day or evening and had either dinner or lunch with them.

They liked the escort I had provided and his hot spot and wanted me to join them, but I told them I was well taken care of in that respect, but that they should go ahead and enjoy themselves while they could. I was posing as a large land owner and said, "I used to spend winters in the South or in California. But why go to a warm climate and lose his vigor, when he could enjoy the king of all sports so much better in this climate!" They laughed at this remark. Mr. Pugsley laughed especially, as he had a wife and three daughters. His wife was not very strong and this was perhaps a treat for him as his moral scruples did not bother him too much.

The men were brokers on the Omaha Line Stock Exchange and were well qualified for my purpose. Mr. Pugsley complained of his shut-up existence in his office and said he would like to have a place himself if he could find someone to look after it for him so he would just have a place to visit. I talked about the big moose-hunting just east of my place, the excellent fishing and last, but not least, it took less than six months to put in and harvest a crop.

I said, "I wish I could have met you a few years ago. Of course, now one would have to go too far from civilization to get enough good land in one block so that he would have enough for a respectable income," and then I hinted that $20,000 or $25,000 would be a respectable income.

One day he said, "I wish I were your partner."

I said, "Well, I would not want to sell anything that I have, but it would be nice if we could buy something together. But of course we are too late for that, oh, unless we had a panic and someone got caught short." Ha, Ha.

The wire from Ellis came in three days and they returned to Omaha. When Ralph bade me goodbye he said, "If you ever see a chance for anything that you think is good, send me a wire. I will drop everything and come immediately. I can raise $15,000 to $20,000."

"Well, I wish I could. Nothing would please me better. Well, have a good trip, you boys, and goodbye."

I saw my lawyer the next day and told him to make a quick search to see if sections 24, 25, 26, 31, and W⊟ 32 and the 560 acres of well-improved land across the river belonging to National Trust Company was clear of title. When this was reported to me in about one week, I wrote to Mr. Pugsley the following letter:

> After your departure, I got to thinking that with a war on, anything can happen. The drain on manpower might make some land owners, especially the old-fashioned ones who are prejudiced against mechanized farming and who still try to buck the trend by using horses, get caught short on labor. So my joke about being caught short may pay off after all.
>
> I have also instructed my lawyer to watch the records for any estates that have large holdings of land that might be liquidated.
>
> My slogan has always been, "If you want anything, go out and get it."
>
> Signed,
> Walter Baltzell

After my lawyer got the letter of opinion or title on the land I specified and found it to be OK, I wrote Mr. Pugsley another letter as follows:

> My lawyer tells me that there is a large tract of land comprising several thousand acres north of Winnipeg that will be liquidated this spring. I am looking into this matter personally and will wire you if the land is satisfactory. It can be divided.
>
> Signed,
> Walter Baltzell

To each letter I sent Pugsley, I always got an immediate reply which in substance always wished me luck.

In a few days I reported to Pugsley that the land north of Winnipeg was undesirable because of streaks of alkali which would make power-farming

impractical. In about two weeks, I sent him a night letter, "rumor states land owner Red River South being pressed by creditors, land satisfactory. If rumor correct will wire you come immediately."

Then I took Mr. Irvine into my confidence and told him that I would close on 3,453 acres of the land, but that I was selling a half interest in the land at $35 per acre.

He tried to muscle in on a cut, and I told him that I knew that he was being pressed, that he had already gotten extensions of credit on the strength of our deal, and that if I chose to stall I could cause him embarrassment. I said, "You see, Mr. Irvine, I don't have to tell you who my partner is." When he realized that I knew his position, he swung in line in a hurry.

I wired Mr. Pugsley to come, that it would take $15,000 for the land deal and more for the operations, but that could be arranged later. Part of it could be financed through banks if necessary.

He came immediately. With one draft for $15,000 and one for $2,000, he said he could send another $3,000 immediately and more later if we needed it. We inspected the land. He was rightly enthusiastic for land was now selling at $10 per acre above the price he paid. We closed the deal and my profit was $8,625.

We took title in joint tenancy and formed the Pugsley Land Company as a gesture to his vanity and to take out a little of the sting out for my being made sole manager to operate our holdings. With W. T. Baltzell as sole manager, all profits were to go first to pay bills, taxes, etc., profits divided equally and losses borne by each party in equal shares. In case of disagreement, each party would select an arbiter and the two arbiters would select a third to resolve the matter.

Mr. Pugsley returned to Omaha and I set to work to manage our estate. After working for eight years to get a piece of land and traveling over 10,000 miles, I got by accident, all in the space of 60 days, not 1,000 acres, but half interest in 3,453 acres, improved with two fine houses, two large red barns, all the granaries and outbuildings required, in a better location with a finer quality soil and a $8,625 checking account in the Bank of Montreal. Unbelievable, but true!

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I slept for 48 hours after the deal was closed. Mrs. Cox thought I had sleeping sickness and got a doctor. But I revived OK and was very much alive when I did.

By the time we had full possession of the land, seeding had already begun. I had no time to lose. I put an ad in the paper for a man and wife, the wife to do cooking for the hired men. I hired the Lewises, the first pair that answered the ad, a homesteader and his wife who had just gotten off the train. I set the wife to work shopping for a bedspring mattress and blanket for themselves. Then I placed orders with the government employment service for them to send me five men, two who could operate tractors and three for working with horses. I then bought a second-hand Ford car, strapped the bedding on the car and with the Lewises headed for Dominion City. Mrs. Lewis went to work fixing up one of the houses to make it

would not be put in crop until next year.

The Pugsleys had expected to live in the quite adequate Maynes home, but the Mayneses had not yet moved, so the Pugsleys were living in a tent, and for the first couple of weeks it was a lark. After Mrs. Pugsley showed her hand, I arranged for the Mayneses to remain in the house until October, hoping that Mrs. Pugsley would take her brood and leave when mosquitos and flies got really bad later in the summer. This was a dirty trick on my part, but the purpose of our partnership was to make money and not to afford a spoiled city woman a place to practice her eccentricities.

Among the new men I hired was a half-breed Indian boy named Fred. He had a lovable personality, was fine-looking, and knew all the birds and flowers like nobody's business. The Pugsleys had a daughter 14 years old. The two youngsters got to watching the birds and flowers along the river bank. Mrs. Pugsley decreed that this must stop, and the way to stop it was to fire Fred. I disagreed with her and Fred remained with us.

We had arranged for a line of credit at the Bank of Montreal. Like Henry Ford, we arranged for the credit before we needed it, as we surely would before the crop was harvested. Ralph liked to go to the Winnipeg stockyards and talk with the stockmen. Cattle were near the highest price on record. But there was a heavy run of stockers and feeders and a little drop in price. Ralph wanted to buy cattle. While in Winnipeg, he had registered the Bar X brand for the Pugsley Land Company and asked the banker to speak to me about using our credit to buy cattle next time I was in the bank. He did. When I told him we would need our credit during harvest time as I did not want to be put in the position of having to sell our first run of grain on a depressed market, if such should be the case. I also said we would not be ready for cattle for another year. We needed fences, etc. He made out a new note for $6,000 payable on demand (this is the custom of Canadian banks) and passed it over for me to sign. He told me to use it if I wanted to. I noticed the "On Demand" and told him it would be paid only when the cattle were sold, demand or no demand. He said, "That is understood." I signed the note, then Ralph came in and signed it. Ralph bought $6,000 worth of stock and feeders and had them shipped down to the farm. I left it entirely to him.

Although we had horses that were good saddle horses for ordinary purposes, Ralph bought a fancy riding mare and English saddle. He had found loafing hard to take and his idea was to take charge of herding the cattle himself. This was all right for a few days, but cattle need to eat from early morning until night, and when they are feeding in an unfenced field surrounded by grain, the herder has a busy time on his hands. Ralph threw in the sponge, and we hired a man who lived in the real cattle country to take the cattle to his place and keep them for the season.

Mrs. Maynes offered Mrs. Pugsley the use of the downstairs front bedroom and the front parlor during her stay. The Mayneses had an Irish maid who had been with them for years. They only paid her $2 per week. When the maid told Mrs. Pugsley how much she was paid, Mrs. Pugsley asked her to go back with her to Omaha and she would pay her $8 per week. The maid told Mrs. Maynes that Mrs. Pugsley was trying to get her to go to Omaha, and the Mayneses' front door was

locked so far as Mrs. Pugsley was concerned ever after. The Pugsley family had been there about six weeks, and after this setback for Mrs. Pugsley, they made a visit to Winnipeg and then back to Omaha.

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There is so much to be done on a new place, and as it was my intention to put every available acre under cultivation as soon as possible, I was busy all summer right up to harvest time. As to my social life, I dropped into the Ramseys with Billy Maynes a couple of times, once or twice by myself, and then I asked Gladys to go to a dance. She declined but asked me to call at her home. This was the first time I came to see Gladys and not the family. She was teaching in Emerson and some one of the family would drive her to Emerson on Sunday eve. One Sunday afternoon when I was there, one of her brothers was getting their car ready to drive her to Emerson. I picked up her suitcase, put it in my car, opened the car door for her, made a gesture and she got in the car. I never asked another woman for a date after that for the rest of my life.

Later I learned that she had had a steady boy friend who was in the army in England. My conscience took a little doctoring for stealing a soldier's girl while he was fighting for his country, but when I learned that he was a rich man's son and that he had it pretty soft in England as the chauffeur of a non-combatant officer, then my conscience was clear. From then on it was to be, Let the lady decide.

Toward the end of the season, Mr. Pugsley returned. The grain was off the fields and the cattle could run on our own land until time to sell them. We had a heavy snowfall early that fall. We still had some unthreshed, late-seeded barley. On top of all this, our entire crew got down with the flu. This was the great epidemic of 1918. Our cattle were running wild. I was the only one who did not get the flu. I could round up the cattle once in a while, but with 18 sick men on my hands, I could not keep a close watch on them all the time. After the epidemic was over for us, several of our cattle were missing. He loaded the cattle on the train and sent them to Winnipeg. The market was unfavorable. Then he sent them to south St. Paul and sold them at a total loss of around $1,600.

The early snow never lifted, and we did not get the last 300 acres of barley marketed until extremely cold weather dried out the snow enough so we could handle the wet grain.

The Pugsleys were expecting a big windfall at the conclusion of harvest, but with only half of the land under crop, even a good crop is still only half a crop for the entire acreage. We had extra expense for machinery and repairs on buildings that would not recur every year. With the loss of $1,600 on cattle and the delay in the 300 acres of barley, after paying all expenses there was no money left to be divided as profits according to our agreement.

Ralph then began to search for excuses for complaints. He said that he never was so humiliated in his life. "Thousands and thousands of dollars, all spent. Why. Where?"

I said, "Here are the records. I have not audited them myself, but all the cancelled checks and receipts for disbursements and all the receipts for grain sold or stored are right here. Look them over."

He took the complete records and went down to Winnipeg and had them audited. When he came back he was really humiliated. He had gotten into some deal in Omaha on the strength of expecting a big dividend from our farming operations. He was frantic. One night about 2 a.m., after pacing the floor like mad, he turned to me and said, "You promised me that any time I wanted my money back with 6% that I could have it. Well, I want it."

I said, "OK, Ralph. But first I would like for you to take some time at our expense and see if you can get more than 6% for your interests, or if you find a buyer for the whole package, I'll either sell or meet their offer to you."

We both went to Winnipeg Ralph to try to sell our entire holdings and I to see what arrangements I could make for financing the taking over of his holdings. I approached the Bank of Montreal. They said, "Your credit is better without him than it is with him. Go ahead. We will finance the deal."

I returned to Dominion City immediately. In a few days, Ralph returned, said he could get no offer, that he was sick of the whole business and that he wanted his money.

He was a good typist, etc., so I said, "Just make a short agreement on the typewriter there, whereby you will sell your half interest in our holdings for $18,000 plus 6% on following terms: $2,000 cash balance on or before March 1, 1919."

He hit the ceiling, demanded all cash immediately.

I said, "Since thinking it over, Ralph, I want all my money plus 6% and $2,500 for managing this whole mess. You forget that I have been working without pay." After some time, during which unpleasant remarks were hurled back and forth, he agreed to my terms.

We went to town the next day and had our lawyer write up an agreement that would be legal. I gave him the $2,000. He left for home and I set to work to sell some of the land. It is no easy task to sell land at a good price with a big cash payment in the winter time when the land is covered with one foot of snow. I made two trips to the States and finally sold Section 24 at a profit of $10 per acre and got the profit in cash. By this time, it was mid-February, only two weeks until Pugsley's contract came due. I went to the bank and deposited the $6,400 cash profit and said, "I will need $10,000 more to pay Pugsley."

The bank started to renege. They thought I should sell more land as I would need a large credit for farming operations.

I said, I only have two weeks.

When I saw they were still backing away, I went to Mr. Mortlock, a private banker in Dominion City. I laid my case before him, saying, Since you have first-hand knowledge of my holdings and manner of operations, . . .

Without waiting for me to finish my statement, he said, "That's all right, that's all right. You are better off without him. I don't have that much money here. We will go to Winnipeg. I will get the money and give it to you."

We left on the 6 a.m. train for Winnipeg. We went into the diner. He ordered ham and eggs and coffee.

I said, "Toast and coffee."

"Just a minute," said Mr. Mortlock. His eyes riveted on a table just back of me. The waiter stood patiently waiting.

I said, "Well, we will want some toast."

"Wait," said Mortlock, and then rising he said to the waiter, "No, we don't need any toast" and then stepped to the table across the aisle and picked up a plate of toast as the man who had been eating there was walking away. This was Mr. Mortlock the banker.

On arrival in Winnipeg, we stopped at his bank, the Royal Bank of Canada. It took him about three minutes. Then he said, "Do you have a lawyer to fix up the papers?"

I said, "Yes, but if you would prefer to use your lawyer I would . . . " (intending to say that I would pay the expense).

"No no, your lawyer is all right." So we went to my lawyer, gave him the particulars, which was a second mortgage on the 1,293 acres comprised by the Maynes' farm.

Mr. Mortlock said, "Well, you just fix up the papers, have them recorded and mail them to me," and then gave me his check on the Royal Bank of Canada for $10,000 without even waiting for the papers to be prepared, let alone waiting to have them checked.

When I presented this check to the Bank of Montreal within 24 hours after they had practically turned me down, and since the check came (even though indirectly) from their chief competitor the Royal Bank, the situation was extremely tense. The Bank of Montreal had opened a branch in Dominion City and I had not as yet transferred my account. But I was on friendly terms with Mr. Sanders the new manager. One day Mr. Sanders said that he had some important papers that he wanted delivered to Mr. Monroe, the western superintendent of all branches of the Bank of Montreal. He cautioned me to deliver them to Mr. Monroe in person, not to any secretary or to the manager there. Mr. Monroe dismissed his secretary. We had quite a long interview for a bank superintendent, and as I was to leave he said, "I'm sorry that you found it necessary to go to the Royal Bank. In the future, if you will just take your requirements up with our Mr. Sanders in Dominion City. We will try to meet your needs."

This was the high-water mark in my financial career. Almost 3,000 acres of the choicest of improved Red River Valley land fully equipped, properly financed, and with a working credit established with the Bank of Montreal.

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The extent of my expenditures for my own pleasure was limited to another second-hand Ford and a new suit of clothes. I set myself diligently to get in a bigger crop than the year before even though I had sold the 640 acres of land.

The season for seeding was backward and interrupted by heavy rain. Our 1,000 acre field of summer fallow was seeded in three different cycles, with a heavy rain in between, so the crop came along in three stages of development. When we got around to seeding our 480 acres of flax, it was too late but we seeded it anyway. Thanks to a plentiful supply of moisture, the crop grew remarkably fast when once seeded. The price for grain was still high. I had estimates of the crop ranging up to $200,000. 1,500 acres of wheat at 50 bushels per acre and over $2 per bushel would be over $150,000. With another 1,000 acres of flax, oats, and barley, $200,000 seemed reasonable.

Red River Valley land not so well improved as mine had sold as high as $90 per acre. I was told by agents who were trying to sell me everything from a beaver coat to a Rolls Royce, that I was worth a quarter of a million dollars. I was leery of the late seeding and kept my fingers crossed. I felt I should sell part of my land and lighten up.

I began to get invitations to the Mortlocks. They had a daughter Cicelly who was 23 years old, tall, clear skin and flaxen hair. She had what the English call a living (independent income) in her own right from her English grandparents. Mr. Mortlock had a fortune. Mrs. Mortlock had a fortune. They were cousins and married to keep the estate intact. On a couple of occasions, Mrs. Mortlock got tickets to the opera. When it came time to attend the opera, after we reached Winnipeg Mrs. Mortlock always got a headache. But she would say, "You young people just run along and have a good time."

While all this was going on I was still driving Gladys to Emerson every Sunday evening and calling for her every Friday after school. One Friday, the Mortlocks called me and said that they would pick up Gladys and that I should join them for supper at the Mortlock home. The maid had supper prepared when they arrived and Cicelly got in the bathroom and stayed there until we were called to supper, so Gladys didn't get a chance to pretty herself up before sitting down at the table.

The maid had served both toast and whole wheat bread. I was asked to have more toast. I said, "If you don't mind, I prefer the whole wheat bread."

Mr. Mortlock spoke up and said "Oh, please take the toast, please do. It needs eating."

Mrs. Mortlock and Cicelly spent considerable time in Cicelly's townhouse in the Assiniboine[37] section of Winnipeg.

During the duck season later in the fall, Mr. Lewis killed a half dozen ducks and hung them up in the garage just in front of my car. After a long time, I asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, "They are for your friend Mortlock, when they get ripe. But it will be a little while." I waited a few more days and then insisted that we get rid of them. Lewis packed them in a box and told me to give

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In the manuscript, the part of town was left blank, apparently to be filled in at a later date. Assiniboine was provided by a proof reader, presumably Gladys.

them to Mr. Mortlock personally. I did as I was told. Mr. Mortlock examined one of them and said, "They will be just fine in another couple of weeks."

I had forgotten all about the ducks and a couple of weeks later Mr. Mortlock stopped me on the street and asked me to have supper with him. He was all alone, he said. I arrived at the appointed time. He waddled down the stairs to bring up the bottle of brandy, and while I was drinking he said, "We are having some of those ducks you gave me."

I said, "Fine." Then, "Say, this is extra fine brandy, too." Mind, I already had the bottle in my hand to pour an extra heavy swig.

About the middle of August, black rust was reported in the wheat fields. Every farmer scurried into their fields to see if the report was really true. I examined mine and the heavier the stand the more damage by rust was found. From then on until harvest, I examined the fields every day trying to estimate the damage. It was not a total failure, but there was little profit in my $150,000 crop of wheat.

I was into the bank about $20,000 and harvest time was near. I would need cash to bring the first run of grain to market. I approached Sanders, who no doubt had heard about the damage, and asked him to look over my crop as I would need more credit, perhaps $2,000 or $3,000. We drove out in his car. He drove over the road alongside the fields, never got out of the car and said, " I'll let you know in a few days."

In a few days he said, "We will carry you in an overdraft up to $3,000 additional credit," which made $23,000 all told, and for me to just come in at the end of the month and give a note for the overdraft if I had not sold any grain.

There was a slogan in western Canada no doubt inspired by the banks themselves that anyone would last longer if he cleaned up his indebtedness to the bank first. As most of my bank credit was used for payment of wages, I had other current liabilities besides interest, taxes and payments on my mortgages. But I abided by the slogan and paid the bank in full. It was my intention to feel out my other creditors before paying any of them to see which ones would be easy and which ones would be tough. I would pay nothing unless I absolutely had to on the first round, and then if there was anything left, I could make a later distribution.

During this time I broke off my courtship of Gladys. Although John had never interfered with any dates I had with her, he would visit the family occasionally. We would sometimes be there at the same time. I had already two casualties to my discredit, Gertrude and Fanny, both of whom had broken their engagement and cast their lots with me, only to have to fall back on their original courtiers after I failed them. I thought too much of Gladys to let this happen to her. After I had made the rounds of all my creditors and found all of them willing to go along with me, I reentered the contest with a "let the best man win" spirit.

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1920 was a critical year. I knew it from the start. Even if it was a good year for crops otherwise, a larger percentage of my land was poorly prepared—that is, less summer fallow and more spring and fall plowing. The good sports who were willing to carry me over into the second year could not be expected to carry me over into the third under these circumstances, and then the war had been over for two years. A price collapse was not improbable. My only clue would be to sell lock, stock, and barrel at the very first setback that befell my crop.

The season was barely average. My crop was below average as a whole. I was putting out feelers for a chance to sell all in one block, or I would sell each farm unit separately—that is, each unit was financed by separate mortgage.

I spent more time at my hotel, the Corona, in the center of Winnipeg. One day while I was sitting there, a Mr. Simpson came up to me and introduced himself. He was with Mr. Emmert. He said that Mr. Emmert would like to talk to me. Mr. Emmert owned clear 65,000 acres of land, the Sterling Bank, and was reputed to be worth $17,000,000. He was in his office always at 7 a.m. I was there at 7:03 a.m. He dismissed his man secretary and said, "Don't distrust me."

We talked about everything regarding Canadian land and nothing in particular until lunch, at 11 a.m. Then he took me to lunch at Eatons (Sears of Canada), not in the famous Grill Room but to the lunch counter. After lunch he said, "We did not accomplish much today. Can you come back tomorrow?"

I did and the same performance for several days more. Finally, I said, "Well Mr. Emmert, I can see that neither you or I can make any money off of the other."

"That is just it. We don't want to. But if we work together, we can make plenty of it off the other fellow."

"OK. What did you have in mind?"

"It is just this: You have a fine piece of land down there. I would like to buy it if you can afford to sell it at a price that I can afford to pay. And then if you will work for or with me as you have worked for yourself, you will never need to worry about financial matters again. Now you go home, think it over, and we will go into more detail when you can see me again."

I did not want to appear to be too anxious so I punished myself by waiting two weeks. I gave him a price of $75 per acre expecting to get an offer of perhaps $60 all cash. But he only offered $40 and then tried to sell me on the idea of a land panic—how much better off I would be on an intimated (but not definite) salary of $25,000 per year. I thanked him but turned it down saying I had better offers. Then I sent to a Mr. Sanders in Mason City, Iowa, a night letter asking him to wire me an offer of $65 per acre with a down payment of $25,000, explaining that I wanted to use the offer to influence another prospect and that he would in no way be held

liable. The next day I got the offer from Sanders.

Then I registered at the Corona and every day took my position on the double seat in the hotel lobby with this telegram near the top of a bunch of other papers that were always placed on the seat beside me. I described Mr. Emmert's representatives to the hotel clerk and told him that I was waiting for him to call on me, and that when he did, at my signal, I was to be called to the desk. In a couple of days, my man arrived. I arose after a few minutes. Before I sat down again I was called to the desk. I motioned for him to sit down, I gave him plenty of time to slip out the telegram, read it and slip it back again before I returned. He said he was just passing by, but I noticed that he quickened his step in the direction of Emmert's office as soon as he got away from the hotel. The next morning I was called again to Mr. Emmert's. He wasted no time in offering me $55 per acre, all cash if his offer was accepted immediately.

I said, "On the usual conditions as to giving possession, etc."

"Oh, yes. Of course."

When we arrived at the lawyer's office, he had a joker in his memo which he handed to the lawyer to the effect that I was to summer fallow 800 acres (it had already been plowed) and keep it crow-black[38] all summer until frost. If I failed, I would be fined $10 per acre. As a matter of fact, his offer was only $45 per acre as the conditions he imposed would be impossible. I rejected the condition and walked out of the office.

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The crop was below par generally. But the flax crop was a bumper one if we could get it threshed before winter, as it was planted late. The prices were sensational. Instead of going down, they went up to over $3.00 per bushel on wheat and $7.50 for flax. Gladys and I had become engaged to be married in the fall. I had decided to clear up the Maynes' farm first, and if there was any question about making satisfactory settlement on any of my other indebtedness, I would put the home place in Gladys' name and they would just have to wait until I could work things out. At worst we would have 1,293 acres in her name.

There was a car shortage so we had to store the wheat and oats on the farm. An early snow caught my flax crop after it was cut and shucked (we cut it with a binder), but before it was threshed. I made the rounds to all my creditors, to Mr. Mortlock first. I had $5,000 to pay on account. He refused to take the money and said if I paid him, he would just have to lend the money to someone else. Then I went to other mortgage holders and renewed with an increase in interest from 6% to 8% as was the custom in certain instances. We could sell a car of grain once in a while to get a little money to spread around the little accounts.

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That is, totally weed-free in the black prairie soil.

When I got married[39], I had $4,000 in my pocket for a honeymoon. But we would stay in Winnipeg until the car blockade was released. When this came, the price of wheat started down. It broke 5 to 10 cents every day. Until the time we could get the grain on the market at the terminals, it was down to $1.50 per bushel. As usual, I filtered everything I could into the bank. But Sanders became quite cool even after I was down to a $4,000 debit balance as though I caused the collapse of everything. I reminded him that I suggested that the bank sell enough futures at $3 to protect their interests, and he bawled me out for suggesting that the bank "gamble" on the Board of Trade[40]. I think that was his real sore spot.

Gladys and I were living in Winnipeg on the third floor of a small apartment in a nice part of town near Broadway. One day I received a demand from the Royal Bank of Canada to pay my $10,000 note. I went over immediately, saw the manager, and told him that there was a mistake, that I had seen Mr. Mortlock and offered $5,000 on account and that he refused to take the money.

He looked at me sternly and said, "No, Mr. Baltzell, there has been no mistake. Mr. Mortlock does not have anything to do with it. We hold the note and we want the money. I'll give you 10 days." As this was impossible, when the 10 days were up, Mortlock (through his deputy, the Royal Bank) started foreclosure on what was to be our home within 30 days after our marriage. Thus began a financial struggle that strangled my efforts for the next 15 years or until I filed in bankruptcy in 1935 with claims for principal, compound interest, deficiency judgments, lawyers fees and penalties aggregating $200,000.

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First, I tried to refinance. I had one chance which would give Mr. Mortlock $8,500, leaving a balance of only $1,500. When I presented my offer to him, he looked dazed for a while and then shook his head and said, "That is too much to lose. I would rather take over the farm," even though he would have had the same security on the $1,500 as he had on the $10,000. My only chance now seemed to trade, as refinancing or selling for cash was out of the question. The Great Land Panic of the 1920s had begun.

I finally, after bribing bailiffs with service papers and after lawyers of the opposition were good enough to ask me how long it would take me to get my deal signed up, lined up a deal with Mr. Lestico, son of a multimillionaire who had inherited an 800 acre farm that his father had used as a model when colonizing land in the Nechacko River Valley along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, a couple

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Walter Thomas Baltzell and Gladys Mary Crown Ramsey were married in Dominion City, Manitoba, on October 27, 1920.

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This became known as a "hedge". Walter Baltzell was ahead of his time!

hundred miles west of where I had worked on the railroad eight years before. The government had at one time offered $32,000 cash for the farm as a government demonstration farm for the settlers. I got this land, which I immediately put in Gladys' name, and $20,800 cash for my equity in the Maynes' farm.

This farm was exceptionally well improved with woven fencing, out buildings and a modern house with hardwood floors and within one-and-a-half miles of Vanderhoof, British Columbia, an enterprising community.

If I had been unmindful of my creditors and could have foreseen the future, my best policy would have been to take the cash and my bride and skipped to British Columbia, kept everything in her name and laughed at my creditors. This never entered my mind. I put the money on my debts and tried to carry on with what was left of my holdings. We lived in what is now the Lestico house and farmed his land by contract and also farmed our own. Our position was weaker all the time, and land values were dropping, and sales so hard to make that it looked like we would be back to the sales on "half-crop payment plan".

During the summer I got started on a deal on the 560 whereby I was getting 308 acres of land in the coal fields near Braidwood, Illinois, 55 miles southwest of Chicago. I consummated this deal on January 1, 1922. My brother Jack, who had had complete crop failures in Saskatchewan, had joined me. We had left only the large steam threshing outfit, one small tractor, four 4-horse team outfits and all the small machinery to go with it, but it was all clear. I left Jack in charge of the 1,120 acres we had left and took my bride to Chicago.

The 308 acres had a small mortgage, some back taxes and drainage assessments and was under lease to a tenant who lived in the building. I refinanced the farm with a $15,000 mortgage which paid all back taxes, drainage assessments and gave me $1,100 cash to finance my promotion work. The buildings were insured for $9,000, the drainage, which I paid in full, totalled $3,000, and the farm had been treated with limestone recently that cost $2,000, so the buildings and improvements offset the mortgage. I had letters of appraisal from two banks, one for $125 per acre and the other for $140 per acre, so I had a good trading proposition.

The land also carried the coal mineral rights and I had all the journals giving depth of the coal vein in various spots so the tonnage could be estimated. My first effort was to try and do something with the coal. First, I located a former mining engineer who had been state inspector for mines in the Braidwood area. From the journals, he estimated the minable coal at well over a million tons. Then I went to the Alton Railroad, whose main line ran within three miles of the land, and got a letter from them that they would run in a spur if I would sink a shaft to comply with state law. Then I took nearby samples of the coal and went to a Chicago coal dealer who got some of his largest customers to agree to take their entire supply of coal of that quality at a stated price below Pocohontas, whatever that price happened to be. With this array of facts in my prospectus, I set out to finance the sinking of the shaft and installing mining equipment, which would cost $50,000. There were no takers. I offered all the profits until the backers got back five for one, and still no takers.

During this time, our first child was born[41]. We were living in a housekeeping apartment in a crowded city. My money was getting low. It looked like I would have to work up another trade and better sell if possible. So we moved to Braidwood, Illinois.

We stopped at the Blandy Hotel, a made-over mansion of a former Superintendent of Mines in the district. We had intended to get a house there and furnish it, but when we learned Mr. Blandy's rates of $1 per day for board and room, we stayed in the hotel. He let Gladys have the use of an adjoining room for the baby to sleep in and the facilities of the laundry in the large basement.

I had two sure bets to get loans, one from each of the banks that gave me letters of appraisal of the farm, sent through the mail. I used it but did not abuse it for over a year until I gave up trying to sell. I had tried by having my ads direct prospects to me at the hotel. The prospects all came from Chicago. I would show the farm and never see them again. Then I moved to Chicago, got a night job with Express Company to pay expenses, and interviewed any prospects I could find during the day. The farmers were all land-poor and the city was the only chance.

I had a contact through a Winnipeg broker named Pew with two men who held large tracts of raw land near Vanderhoof. I authorized Mr. Pew to trade my Illinois land at $125 per acre subject to a $15,000 mortgage for $4,000 cash and the balance in raw Vanderhoof land at the prevailing price. All I wanted now was enough money to get to Vanderhoof with enough to start operations. I did not care for anything else. Pew sent me a copy of a letter he got from one of the men, a Mr. McConnell in Omaha: "Will be in Winnipeg on a certain date, will have the $4,000 and take Illinois land without inspection if given letters from banks authentic."

I left immediately for Winnipeg, made arrangements with my brother to ship one outfit of horses and machinery as soon as the deal was closed, then waited for Mr. McConnell's arrival. Instead, we got another letter from McConnell, stated that he had reconsidered and inspected the land himself in Illinois. Then after a harrowing bawling-out, "Pew," he said, "the deal is off."

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I returned to Braidwood for a few days, and then back to Chicago, with the Express Company by night and looking for prospects during the day. I was now making the rounds of the real estate offices offering double commission for most any kind of a deal.

One day I had a prospect in Pullman[42]. He talked favorably like all the rest, but I thought it would be the same old story. While I was having lunch in the

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Margaret Theresa Baltzell, born January 11, 1922.

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Outside of Chicago

Florence Hotel, a Pullman worker sat opposite at the table. He ate his steak and dessert, threw out his chest and inhaled his chest like a champion. I could hardly eat and my cigarette mouth was so sore. If I had tried to accomplish his feat I would drop dead. The thought flashed through my mind, "Here is a man in perfect health, seems to have the power to accomplish anything. I'm no older than he is. I'm already a nervous wreck and will soon be a physical one."

"What department do you work in?" I said to him.

"Structural iron."

"How much do they pay?"

"$1.25 per hour for a nine hour day."

"Are there any other departments that pay that much?"

"Yes, the Joiners and Painters departments."

"Who is the foreman of the Joiners Department?"

"Mr. Olson."

"What is the work like?"

"Putting in the partitions and metal window trim, etc. in Pullman cars."

I said, "I thank you very much."

As soon as the 1 p.m. whistle blew, I went to the gate and said I wanted to see Mr. Olson. I was well-dressed. He passed me through the gate and told me where to look for Mr. Olson.

I said, "I understand you need men in the Joiners Department."

"Yes, we do. Have you had experience?"

I said, "No. Not directly. But I have done closer work."

"Well, our men work on piece work here, and there are five men in each crew, and if anyone falls behind it holds the whole crew back."

"If I am behind at quitting time, I'll work overtime until I catch up."

"Well, the material is very expensive."

"If I spoil any material, I'll pay for it."

He scratched his head and said, "I never hired a man under those conditions in my life and I've been here 40 years. You got yourself a job."

I went to work next day, sent for Gladys and the baby and went to work every day for the next two years.

The mortgages started foreclosure on the Illinois farm. I signed over to them for $600 nuisance value and took an option from them for the redemption period of 15 months. When the time was up, land was selling for $30 or $40 per acre in that district. Thirty years later when Gladys and I went out to visit the old place just for curiosity, the Northern Illinois Coal Company were strip-mining the coal. They had been taking 10 to 15 carloads per week out of the strip every week for the last 15 years, according to a watchman on the premises.

During the first year I was working at Pullman, a bunch of socialists got in power in British Columbia. They first raised the real estate tax to $1 per acre, then they slapped on a non-resident or speculators tax of $1 per acre. This made the tax burden for one year $3 per acre - or $2,400 per year on the 800 acres. The tax was not expected to be paid. It was intended to either force occupation of the land or

forfeiture. I borrowed $1,000 from the Bank of Montreal and added it to about all I had saved, including the $600 I got for the Illinois land. Then I started paying back the bank at rate of $100 per month.

I got word that sheep were selling for 80 cents to $2 per head in Edmonton, Alberta. The Canadian government would pay freight on the sheep for anyone who could show that he had ample pasture. I had already arranged with the Hudson Bay Company for hay land at less than 10 cents per acre for another deal that fell through. I applied to the Bank of Montreal for a livestock loan of $5,000, $2,500 to buy sheep and the balance to pay off the existing loan and finance my moving expense.

After 18 months' residence we would be eligible for a $10,000 government loan on the land and could have repaid the Bank and had $2,500 capital to carry on the sheep business. They sent the application to the head office, and I received word back, "Under no circumstances should they make any agriculture or livestock loans." When we had 800 acres of improved land clear, we could not borrow $3,000 to buy sheep at $2 per head. But two years before when I had not a single acre of land clear and owed the bank $20,000, they gave an extra $6,000 credit to buy cattle at a price which was equal to sheep at $19 per head.

My creditors had found that I was working at Pullman and started to garnish my wages. I was forced to go to work on a commission basis, whereby I could better protect my earning from garnishment in order to protect my family.

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PART FOUR

REAL ESTATE MANREAL ESTATE MANREAL ESTATE MANREAL ESTATE MANREAL ESTATE MAN
1925-1950

On a Sunday in April 1925, I scanned the "Real Estate Salesman Wanted" columns of several selected companies. I talked to the managers of a few companies. Finally, I selected the F. H. Bartlett Realty Company. I selected this company because they were too busy to interview me. As I was leaving, Mr. Dawling (the policeman at the door) said, "Come back tonight if you can. Mr. Wilson is going to speak."

I thought this Mr. Wilson must be important, so I came. In his talk, he put one end of a compass in the heart of Chicago and the other end on the property they were selling on the southwest side of Chicago. Then he swung the compass around to the lake north and south and marked the price of property at strategic points today, and at the price the property sold for a few years before. The average increase was several hundred percent, showing fabulous profits. I was deeply impressed and surprised and amazed at the way statistics could be manipulated to sell city lots.

Next day, I saw Mr. Dawling and he took me to Mr. Bowen, one of 20 sales managers.

I said, "If that Mr. Wilson was telling the truth last night, I would like to go to work for you."

He prepared a list for me and said, "These are the prices at which this company sold property at these locations. Go out and see what you can buy it for today.🛠

I spot-checked on the list he gave me and found Mr. Wilson's figures conservative. Business lots that Bartlett sold for $495 were selling for as high as $25,000. I reported back on Wednesday, told him I had found Mr. Wilson more than correct.

Mr. Bowen said, "A bus will take you on an inspection tour of the property. It leaves the front at 10 a.m. Look the property over and report back tomorrow."

The sales talk on the property was basically as follows:

> On the north, the property was bounded by the Chicago Drainage Canal. North of the canal, lots were $6,000. We were selling lots for $1,000 each. On the east the property was bounded by land once owned by Hetty Green who fought City Improvements. East of her, the property was selling for $5,000 to $6,000 per lot. Hettie Green had sold her property, and the improvements were on the way. The city was building a bridge across the canal, and when the bridge to the north and the improvements were completed, lots in our section would seek the level of surrounding property, giving a profit of 500 to 600 percent in possibly two or three years.

Thursday when I came in, he gave me a prospectus and plats to take back home and study. On Friday, he sent me out with an old salesman to learn how to do the trick. On Saturday, after all the other salesmen were gone, he gave me four old leads. Also, he gave me a line on their value, cost to the company, etc., and that he should not give me them for a few days yet. But as it was Saturday, he wanted to give me a chance to have someone on the property on Sunday, just for the experience.

The first three leads were worthless but they gave me practice. I covered them all in the afternoon, and the fourth and last I saved for the evening.

The prospect was Frank Behran of 7620 S. Maryland Avenue. He had bought property 10 years before from Bartlett, paid taxes all those years, and claimed he could not sell it for what it cost him. I told him I could not disclose the location of the property I was selling because it was not open to the public. This was a pre-opening sale to old customers by appointment only. After the pre-opening sale, the price would be advanced 25 percent and opened to the public.

I asked him to go with his wife and see the property if he was not convinced that he would make back all the money he lost on his first deal, two or three times over. I would not ask him to buy. I kept hammering away on this line all evening. First his wife came in from an adjoining room where she was eavesdropping but pretending to read. The daughter came down from upstairs about 10 p.m. At about 11 p.m., they consented to go to look at the property.

We passed his old property on the way out. Once on the property, he said, "Well, this is just what I thought, just like the last time 10 years ago."

I said, "Well, we will have to take another car back home. We may have to wait a few minutes. In the meantime, we may as well have a cup of coffee."

We went in and got our coffee, sandwiches, cake or pie or both and sat down at a table. My manager came around. I introduced him. He visited a few minutes, started to go away, and I asked him if he would explain to Mr. Behran about the canal and the restrictions on the property. (Mr. Behran's first deal was on unrestricted property.) We sold Miss Behran a corner lot for $1,500 and Mr. Behran a key lot for $1,250. My commission was $137.50 for my first week's work.

The next week I sold two prospects from the flat where we lived just by explaining my new job to them. After that, I got my full share of fresh leads and was top salesman in our department for the month.

I won all the class pins, such as one star for $5,000, two for $10,000, etc., and five stars for $25,000, after which I got a bonus of $25 per week salary with the same commission of 5% all within the first three months.

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From this auspicious beginning, it would seem that I soon would have solved all my financial problems. But this was not the case. A salesman, especially a high-pressure salesman as one selling vacant lots must be, is like an opera star who cannot

sing a difficult role every day and night, or a baseball player who cannot pitch a no-hit game every day. The salesman cannot work seven days a week until 11 p.m. every night without going stale once in a while, and furthermore, the subdivision properties were not all good. If we had one subdivision with good talking points, it was more than likely to be followed by two or three bad ones. Each piece of property cannot be the best and the bad property must be sold too, so the company would put on a small piece of choice property to pep up the sales force and then use the built-up enthusiasm to sell their poor property. This practice went over with the majority of salesmen who depended on mob psychology, but for the one who was or wanted to be conscientious and sell from facts, it could be disastrous to his morale. Added to all the above, there was a clash of temperaments between me and my sales manager.

There were only two periods during my nearly 40 years selling subdivision property in Chicago when there was an opportunity to really make a killing. The first was from 1923 until 1929 and then for a few years in the early 1950s. The rest of the time a real estate lot salesman—even a good one—could hardly make a living. If I had gone into bankruptcy instead of going to work in Pullman, and then went with the Bartlett firm as a salesman, I would have been a sales manager by 1925, and from 1925 to 1930, the good managers at Bartlett made $50,000 per year. And I proved that I was as good as the best when I was in competition with the same men during the Depression. But when I was tops, the managers only made a few hundred at best.

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I did learn a few good points at Bartlett's that I never forgot. The first one was never be chicken-hearted. One time I got a lead on a Miss Luchty. I called Saturday afternoon. It was for a cheap lot along the railroad track. Miss Luchty said right off, "I have been wanting to buy property for a long time and the down payment was always too high, but I have my rent paid up for two weeks and a good supply of groceries ahead and my paycheck will just make the down payment."

Then her father came in, a ghost-like figure shaking with the palsy.

I said, "Are you supporting your father?"

She said, "Yes, I am."

I thought, "Suppose I take the last cent this girl has and her dad gets sick. No, I won't do it. I'll wait." Then I told her that the lot she was interested in was not really a very good lot and I advised her to put her money in the bank and save a little more and that I would keep her posted, and when we got a good lot that I was sure she would make some money on, I would see that she got it.

At first she was disappointed, and then she rallied and became very enthusiastic about the idea. A few weeks later I had a good lot for her, and when I called she thanked me for not selling her the first lot, saying that her company let her buy some of their stock. They helped her get a $300 salary loan which, with the money she had saved, was enough to make the down payment on a $1,000 block of stock.

The company was a gyp oil outfit. I called on her later and the company had skipped. Her stock was worthless. She had to get another job to pay the last payment on her $300 salary loan.

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The "yes, yes" man is a poor prospect. He has probably looked at every lot in Chicago and never found one good enough, or he just isn't quite ready to buy. He would only waste a salesman's time. The man who can say "no" if he has the money is a good prospect if he will talk to you at all. I had sold E. A. Green, a broker on LaSalle Street, a lot from the plat. He never went to look at the property before buying. He mentioned the fact to Mr. Swanson, an associate in his office. Mr. Swanson was a friend of Mr. Lundquist, a competing real estate man, and he asked his opinion of the lot Mr. Green had bought from me. Mr. Lundquist said, "You say the lot is near Cicero and Archer? I would say that the farther away from Cicero and Archer the lot was, the more valuable it would be." Swanson reported to Green the appraisal he had from Lundquist. Green told me the story and said, "If you can sell Swanson a lot, I don't care how big it is, whatever your commission is I'll double it. Stick him if you can. He has at least $100,000 in cash laying around."

I went to Swanson and offered to get him a lot near Mr. Green's lot if I could. He blew up like a bomb shell and said he never would buy a lot and pay taxes all his life. He had a friend in the business and if he ever wanted anything, he would go to him. I made it a point to see Mr. Swanson every few days and talk to him for a little while but never mentioned real estate. Finally one day I told Swanson confidentially that I had bought a lot myself and then I explained to him why it was so much better than any other lot in the subdivision. He listened attentively, and when I finished, he swelled up, got red in the face, and said, "That's just it. That's just it. . . If you real estate men get anything good, you take it yourself. You never give an outsider a chance."

I said, "Now Mister Swanson, you told me you never would buy a lot no matter how good it was."

He said, "Well this is different."

I said, "Yes, it is different, but you would never have bought it."

"I don't know about that."

Then I said, "Well, here it is," and pulled out my contract and started signing it over to him. He gave me the down payment I had put on the lot, and I sold him three more lots shortly after.

I had a drink on Mr. Green, but I refused the double commission he had offered me.

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The company had a lot of rules for the salesman to follow: One rule: Never

take a man to see property without his wife. And Mr. Bowen was a stickler for the strict enforcement of these rules.

One time when we were ready to jump at one another's throats on the slightest excuse, I got a lead on a Jewish prospect named Joe Peskin. I made an appointment to take Joe and his wife to see the property on Tuesday when his brother-in-law would be there to watch the store. When I called with the company car, Joe and his brother-in-law started to get in the car. I asked about the wife, and Joe said, "She isn't feeling well and my brother-in-law might want to buy some, too." (Another mistake was to try to handle two prospects at the same time.) I gave in and took them out without the wife as it was logical for them not to close the store. They looked at the property, a $3,750 corner lot, and liked it very much. But he would have to talk to his wife. The property manager put that in the record, which he sent to the main office to be on the manager's desk first thing in the morning.

Mr. Bowen was waiting to pounce on me when I came in and lay me out before the whole department. After hurling insult after insult about my ego and self-sufficiency he asked me why I thought I could sell a man, especially a Jew, without his wife.

I said, "Because he is a good prospect and I intend to sell him or I won't be back."

I didn't take my leads that day for I meant what I had said. I went out and spent all afternoon at Joe's store. The wife came in and ordered me out. She finally called the office and complained that I was bothering her husband. Finally, I went home.

I lay awake all night trying to figure a strategic move. Finally, about five o'clock, I got an idea. I would tell Joe I was thinking about him all night because he liked the lot so well, and his wife interfering[illegible]it was just too bad. But it would not do any good to go there at 9 a.m. and tell him. I would have to make it real, go there (he lived above the store) right now and get him out of bed. Joe came down in his pajamas, and I gave him my spiel. Even a Jew can be moved a little and he did not get mad.

I stayed until it was time for his breakfast, and after breakfast, he would have to go to the wholesale. I went away, had a quick breakfast and then watched for Joe to leave. When he had gone, I went in to apologize to his wife. I apologized for selling Joe so hard on the property. I said, "Your husband is very ambitious for you and the children. He will be going out past this property in years to come, and as they drive by will say to you and your children, who will be old enough to understand, AA This property is worth $50,000. I could have bought it for $3,750. ● "

I saw that this did not faze her. Then I added, "This would not be so bad if he did not start to gambling on the stock market. If I were you I would let him buy the lot and then hold that as a club over his head if he ever mentioned the stock market."

This hit the mark. Evidently Joe had talked of getting in the market. She softened and said, "Vel, if he wants it that bad maybe it is best that he should have it."

I went out and hid again until Joe drove up. After he got behind the counter

by the cash register, I stepped up to him and showed him the preliminary sales slip I had all made out. I said, "Joe, she has really not turned this deal down. You sign this agreement. Give me the down payment. I'll ask her to sign it right here. If she refuses, I'll tear up the contract and give your deposit money back."

The down payment was $700. He said, "I haven't that much money in the register. There is only about $300 cash."

I said, "Well, then just make out a check for $400."

He did, gave it to me, signed the receipt and said, "There," and gave her a dirty look.

I took the receipt over to Mrs. Peskin, and she said sweetly, "Well, if he wants it," and signed.

I pretended to look as surprised as Joe was, thanked them, and then got into the office before the salesmen were dismissed. I walked in, threw the sales slip and the check and cash on Mr. Bowen's desk. He was speechless. There was a lifting of eyebrows among the salesmen and a smirk on their faces. No wonder Mr. Bowen hated me.

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Another reason why Mr. Bowen was provoked with me was that I refused to give him my address. I had given a fake address when I applied for the job, and when the first mail sent out to me from the office was returned with the notation "no one living here by that name," Mr. Bowen asked me for my correct address saying it was imperative that the company have the correct address of all employees. This did not come up until after I had shown my ability as a salesman, so I stood pat, not wanting my creditors to know where I lived. This was a constant source of irritation to Mr. Bowen everytime he wanted to reach me at home. My attitude of "you don't need to call me, I'll call you," was rather presumptive on my part. After about a year, my creditors caught up with me, and I put my sales through a "dummy" until they got tired of batting their heads against a stone wall trying to collect.

I was called into the general manager●s office about this time and given a hint that there would be an opening for a new manager soon and that I might be considered. I told him that I had other outside interests that would prevent me from considering the position even though I was chosen. I was still dreaming about getting back on the land, on the 800 acres in British Columbia, as soon as I was able to finance the venture. Looking back, it is easy to see that I should have gone through bankruptcy and tried for the managership which I would have won within a few months● time. But my vision was not too clear.

My position at the time theoretically was not too bad for a speculator. I had 800 acres of land in British Columbia that the government had offered to buy for $40,000 cash. I had 1,120 acres of land in Red River Valley with encumbrance of $25 per acre, and I had disposed of 1,293 acres adjoining at $75 per acre. I had quit-claimed my interest in 308 acres in Illinois with valuable coal rights, but I had taken

back an option for one year, and since the attorney for the mortgagor had offices in the same building as my employer, and as the market was still in the doldrums for Illinois land, I persuaded him to extend my option for six months any time I paid six months ● interest on the mortgage. Of course to profit by this option, I would have to be well posted as to the condition of the market for farm lands at all times.

I had a chance to stage a comeback if there should be an upswing in farm values in three widely diversified sections of the country Illinois, the Red River Valley, and Nechaco Valley, British Columbia. I had two accounts on the Board of Trade in my wife's name. I never had much money in either account. There never was a time when either broker refused to make a trade for me even though my account might be in the red. But the Board of Trade requires extreme vigilance, and I was too busy making a living to have too much time for it. The great benefit that I got from the market was relaxation. During the long Depression, when the land deals looked so hopeless and the times when commissions were small and I went more than a month without a sale, I could chisel out a little something on the Board of Trade. And the fact that fortunes had been made there from small beginnings ever gave me that last ray of hope.

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The Bartlett Company was by far the best company in the city for a salesman to work for. They were the largest, and more money had been made on property sold by Bartlett than by any other subdivider. They gave full cooperation in advertising, provided transportation of prospects to the property, maintained a field office and a ground-closer to help the salesmen close their deals, and they always served a free lunch to customers and salesmen in the subdivision. The fact that I could not see my way clear to take full advantage of the opportunities offered by my connection with this company was most unfortunate.

The new leads furnished by the company were from two principal sources: newspaper advertising and return postcards. The postcard would have a picture of a house, landscaped lot, and in big letters, "$475 starts you, $125 down." The $475 would not only be the price of the lot only, but it would be the price of a few lots away back at the far end of the subdivision. All the other lots would be higher in price, with the best lots $1,875 to $2,475, and the business lots still higher. The chances were that all the cheap lots would be sold off the plat by old salesmen to their old clientele. So the salesman who made an appointment to take the prospect to the property to buy one of these $475 lots would be wasting his time. So as soon as he had his prospect safely in his car or on the train he would begin the "switch" to a higher-priced lot. This $475 postcard was used year in and year out, and the necessity for making the switch became exceedingly distasteful to me.

Another practice of the company was to not allow their salesmen to disclose the location of the property on the ground that it was a pre-opening sale. The theory being that if the prospect could be persuaded to go with the salesman to look at a

piece of property without first knowing its location, he could easily be persuaded to buy after he saw it. In other words, they were fishing for the sucker-buyer. Mr. Bartlett, however, was not fishing for the sucker-buyer to take his money and then skip to another town like the fake-stock salesman. His theory was that he would make a wealthy man and better citizen out of the sucker to whom he sold property to! For 25 years, his theory proved to be true. Then come the boom years of the late 1920's when even so-called "wise investors" bought poor property at ridiculously high prices and either lost it or had to hold it and pay taxes on it all through the Great Depression.

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Return postcards were often sent in by people who were not logical prospective real estate buyers, i.e. children, invalids, elderly retired people and people out of work. I received a postcard lead from an address in the deluxe section of Evanston. When I called, the elderly lady said, "Oh, I thought you would send the literature as it stated on the card," and then politely closed the door.

Sometime later the same lady sent in another card. When I called the second time she said, "I told you."

I cut in and said, "Lady, it is evident that you do not want to buy any real estate, but it is also evident that you are interested. Now will you tell me your story?"

She asked me in and then said, "Many years ago when my four children were very young my husband died. He left me very little and I had to go to work to support them. We did not have our own home, but he had bought two business lots over there on Main Street where the Woolworth store now stands. My lawyer advised me to sell them as the taxes would only be a burden to me. For sentimental reasons I held on. Along with educating my children I paid the taxes on those two lots for 20 years until it was built up all around them. Then the Woolworth Company wanted to buy them. They offered me a fancy price but I still would not sell. But I did tell them that I would give them a 99 year lease and they could build to suit themselves. They leased the lots, built that building you see over there, and they pay me enough rent so that I can live in the style you see I am living here, with enough extra to buy all the fine clothes I want and to do all the traveling I will ever want to do. Whenever I see one of those cards, I just wish I could influence some young couple to put their savings in real estate. It has done so much for me."

I said, "Lady, thanks for that wonderful story, and with your permission, I will use the story to influence young people for you to profit by your example."

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The company also handed out to those salesmen who wanted them, the names of old customers who had made no recent purchases, those who had bought at some

time and had been cancelled out, and those who had been to the property and did not buy. While most salesman refused to work these leads, I asked Mr. Bowen for all he would give me. I might get 15 or 20 at a time. I would check the list in telephone book. If 25 percent of them were listed, I would consider that I had four or five qualified leads. I never called them on the telephone, always called in person at their home, in evening whenever possible. I would plan to make three calls: first call just to get acquainted and get their viewpoint on real estate; second call to tell them I might have something in a short time that I thought they would be interested in; and the third call to make an appointment to show them usually a piece in an old sub-division which had been taken back and which I could let them have at a special price.

There was no telling what circumstances might show up that one might turn into a deal. I had one lead on H. G. Becker, a large Loop plumbing contractor. I called at his office, he said, "Don't you fellows ever give up? Fifteen years ago I went out with one of your salesmen to look at a piece of vacant property. It was too far out and the price was too high, and they have been bothering me every since. I'm not interested in buying any real estate."

I asked, "Where was the property you looked at 15 years ago, Mr. Becker?"

He said, "79th and Cottage."

I said, "Well, I guess you could have bought that corner for less than $15,000 then."

"No, only $12,500 they told me. But there was nothing out there then."

"You know how much that property is worth today?"

"Oh, I never bothered about it."

"Well," I said, "It sold for $250,000 to the J. R. O'Conner Company for a theater and office building. Well, Mr. Becker, I know it is no use offering you any of the property we are selling now, but if I ever get anything that I think has a chance of being as good as you turned down 15 years ago, I'll come and see you."

"Ha, ha, ha," and moved me out.

A couple of weeks later I stuck my head in his office and said, "Just passing by, but you didn't expect me to have anything quite so soon anyway," and was on my way again.

A couple weeks later, I again stopped in. His secretary said he was in conference.

I said, "Which room? This is urgent!"

He pointed to the draftsman●s room.

I went in, grabbed Becker by the arm said, "I'm sorry. But this won't wait, and it is your brand, the 79th Street brand. Only $4,000 for this 50-feet one third down. Give me your check for $1,300. I●ll reserve it for you and hold it until you can see it. If you don't like it, I refund your money."

He gave me the check and never did go to see the property, at least not with me. I brought the contract over next day and he signed it without question.

This was just the beginning. Altogether, Mr. Becker bought over $25,000's worth of vacant lots from me and never went out to inspect any one of them.

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Another freak deal was with Olaf August Johnston. Johnston, while a young man working for a construction outfit, had bought four $495 lots in Bartlett's 67th and Stoney Island Subdivision. He paid for his lots and held them until the South Shore district of Chicago began to boom. When his four lots became worth $25,000 or more, he used them as security to float a loan to build a 28-flat apartment building and then retired to live a life of ease with his wife and two teenage sons.

Although Johnston had made a fortune on the lots he bought from Bartlett, somewhere along the line he had a run-in with some representative of the company and held it against the company ever after. Johnston was a wild Swede when he was aroused, and salesmen, after calling on him, would make repeated phone calls just to hear him rave. On the night I called, he had just had one of those phone calls. He was still ruffling his gray hair and his face was white with rage. When he came to the door he said, "You, you ● re another one. Why don't they let me alone?"

I said, "No, Mr. Johnston, I'm not another one. I understand some of our salesmen or someone impersonating our salesmen have been calling you, and I just came out to see if we can help you track them down and see who the guilty ones are."

He melted like butter and said, "Come in. I'll tell you all about it."

Between Mr. and Mrs. Johnston in their broken Swedish, I got the full story, or his side of it. I stayed all evening. I started to leave and then I hesitated and said, "Mr. Johnston, I would like for you and your family to be my guests tomorrow. I want you to visit our field office. Mrs. Johnston, you need not prepare dinner tomorrow. You will dine with me, and while we are enjoying our dinner, you can watch our executives and see how they treat the public. Most of our representatives are gentlemen. We may have a few who are rogues, but we won't have them long once we find out who they are."

"Well, we go to church in the morning, until about 11:30."

"That will be OK. I'll pick you up right after church and we will have dinner together and return to your home at your pleasure."

Our field office would accommodate 1,000 people or more, and around midday on Sunday it would be full to overflowing. There was one wing where the food was handed out cafeteria-style. The 15 stenographers occupied a circular desk in the center and the other three wings would be filled with tables for the salesmen and their prospects. I and the Johnstons had to wait for a table. After we were seated, I pointed out the different executives (sales managers) and some important people who happened to be at the tables. There were always a half dozen or more important people in the crowd. Their names would be slipped to the salesmen on the sly as they entered by an office boy. On each desk was a mounted plat of the property with all the pieces that had been sold marked in red. As each new sale was made, an office boy would make the rounds of all the tables and mark off in red the piece that had been sold. To make it more impressive, he would carry a duplicate of

the sales slip with a handful of currency around with him. A couple of the smaller pieces had been marked off. Johnston would duck his head to get a closer look at the plat.

Finally the boy came along and marked off a business corner priced at $5,850. Across the street was another corner at $5,750. I said to Mr. Johnston, "Perhaps you would be interested in knowing why that corner was chosen." Then I proceeded to give him a build-up on that location. Since he was not being sold, he listened attentively, as did Mrs. Johnston. Then I said, "Of course the man overlooked this fact: The traffic going in this direction will have to stop at the other corner, which makes it the more valuable although it is priced $100 lower."

About this time Mr. Bowen, who had been watching for my signal, came over and gave me a notice that all property would be advanced 25 percent the next day.

I said, "That isn't much notice, Mr. Bowen. How about the prospect who couldn't make it today?"

"Don't worry about them. There won't be any property left tonight anyway."

Then I laid the printed notice down for Johnston to get a real good look. He looked up at Mr. Bowen and said, "You guarantee that?"

Mr. Bowen said, "Yes, Sir." Then Mr. Bowen dictated a memo stating that he should receive all on the 25 percent increase for reselling the property.

Mr. Johnston objected to that feature. While they were arguing I had the contract prepared which the Johnstons both signed, gave me a check for the full down payment, but refused to sign any resale agreement that would give an agent a chance to make so much for reselling a piece of property for him.

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After this smooth piece of cooperation in sales work between myself and Mr. Bowen, our relationship became less tense. He used some of my tactics in his comment to the sales force in his sales meetings. He overlooked my absenteeism, and one day I said to him, "How would you like to make $500 quick?"

He said, "How?"

I said, "Lend me $500. I'll have to sell $10,000's worth of property to pay it back, which I will do, and your overriding commission of 5% will give you $500 profit."

He reached over, picked up a voucher, made it out for $500, had me sign it, he OK'd it, and I took it to the cashier and cashed it.

On another occasion, when I was getting behind with the taxes on the British Columbia farm, I asked him to approach Mr. Bartlett for a $6,500 loan for me. He did, and said that Mr. Bartlett would do almost anything I asked if I would just promise to give all my time to his business. As I wanted to get the $6,500 as a loan without any strings attached, I had to turn down the offer as I wanted to get the money to clear up the taxes and then take the balance to finance our moving to the farm and getting started in the ranching business. I should have taken the loan, remained there and gave all I had to his business until the loan was repaid.

When Mr. Bowen went on his two weeks ● vacation, he left me in charge of his department. When he got word that I was getting along OK, he stayed another week. I was second among 20 managers in production while in charge of the department, making Mr. Bowen over $1,000 per week in commissions while he was enjoying his vacation.

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After I had been at Bartlett about two years, Mr. Percy Wilson, who had been the inspiration for my coming to Bartlett in the first place, resigned and started in business for himself. Mr. Wilson was idolized by the whole Bartlett sales force. He had come up from Oklahoma as an office boy, worked his way up to the top in about 15 years, during which time he earned and saved $1,500,000—an unprecedented record in Chicago real estate salesmanship. He would not solicit any salesmen away from Bartlett●s, but it came to me through the grapevine that if I ever found myself without profitable employment he would have something good for me.

I resigned from Bartlett●s immediately and got a job with the United Realty Company, a new company that had been formed by five Bartlett managers who resigned in a bunch and took their salesmen with them. They had no scruples in taking Bartlett salesmen. So when I called on Mr. Wilson and he learned that I had already quit Bartlett●s and was registered with the United Realty Company, he was delighted as he would have no more scruples in taking salesmen from them than they had in taking salesmen from Bartlett. This was on Wednesday. He told me that I could take over either one or the other of two departments that had weak managers. He was going to give them one more weekend, and the one who made the poorest showing would have to step out and make room for me. Without even asking about commissions, salary, etc., I accepted, would visit the property on Sunday and then take over as sales manager on Monday morning.

I had paid some of my small accounts, and since I had been away from Canada for over five years, the others were dormant. I notified holders of all the large accounts with large machinery companies and mortgage companies who threatened suit on deficiency judgments of my plans, that I never could make enough money by working to pay them all, but that I would make an effort to get enough capital to start over again and then I would talk settlement with them. Then I served notice to all of them that if any one of them tried to force my hand to make them a preferential creditor, that I would file in bankruptcy immediately. I was now prepared to join up with the great Mr. Wilson, the man who had made the most sensational personal success record in Chicago real estate history while working as general sales manager for the Bartlett Realty Company. Little did I suspect that he was to be the greatest failure when he went in business for himself.

I arrived at the property office early Sunday morning expecting to find a beehive of activity. Instead, I found only Sam Purcell, the ground manager. It was nearly noon before 11 of the 12 managers showed up. Not a single prospect had arrived on the ground. The sales managers wandered around the office like bears in a cage at the zoo. Not a single prospect appeared until 5 p.m., until the twelth manager, Mr. Edwards (a Pole who had changed his name to Edwards), appeared

with a large retinue of Polish people in two expensive limousines that Edwards had hired at company expense. The whole gang was lit up to the gills, and they made no attempt to conceal the flasks that they carried with them. They invaded the office like a gang of ruffians and made a raid on the lunch counter. After an hour of boisterous talk and loud laughter while stuffing themselves with food like a bunch of pigs, they huddled together for a few quiet moments, and then Edwards, with his face aglow from the liquor, said, "Where's Wilson?" absolutely ignoring his immediate superior, Mr. Carter, the divisional sales manager. Mr. Wilson came out of his little private office and Edwards handed him a sales slip for $8,000 worth of property and a cloth bag stuffed with change and currency just as the ringleader had taken it in at his store. This was the only sale that was made all day and all the rules of the game had been broken in making it. All the other managers drew blanks for the day.

I rode with Mr. Wilson back to the city. As neither of the two weak managers had made a sale, he had to decide arbitrarily which one I was to replace.

In order to get me off to a good start, he chose the one with the largest office and sales force. Mr. Wilson suggested that I come in early and take possession of the office before the regular manager arrived. Mr. Carter was to intercept the poor devil before he got to his office and give him the bad news, but the guy slipped by Mr. Carter's office without being seen, and the embarrassing scene for both of us resulted, right in the presence of all 14 salespeople in the office. This ruthless method was resorted to by Mr. Wilson to prevent the discharged manager from stealing any leads or trying to influence any of the salesmen to leave with him.

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Attending sales meetings was always a sore spot and seemingly waste of time for me as salesman at Bartlett●s where we were supposed to attend our own manager●s meeting from 9 to 10 a.m. and the general meeting presided over by the general manager or a guest speaker from 10 to 11 a.m. At Wilson's, there was the managers● meeting from 9 to 10 a.m., divisional managers● meeting from 10 to 11 a.m., and then the general meeting of the entire sales force presided over by Mr. Wilson or guest speaker (as he as yet had engaged no general manager) from 11 a.m. to 12 noon. After the general meeting, the salesmen were to report back to their manager's office to get their leads. Some of the managers who liked to hear themselves talk would keep their salesmen for another siege of listening to them explain the meaning of what had been said in the other two meetings and their salesmen would not be free until 1 p.m.

Instead of having his secretary pick up the phone and call any of the managers if Mr. Wilson wanted to talk to them, he would have her type a memo and have an office boy deliver it to the manager. Immediately after the general meeting, an office boy placed on my desk a memo from Mr. Wilson stating that he wished to see me as soon as I had discharged my sales force. When I appeared at his office in a few minutes, he said he merely wanted me to have lunch with him so that we could talk

over some matters without being interrupted.

While Mr. Wilson's long-range selling job was to convince me that the Percy Wilson Company was destined to be the world's greatest real estate organization and that all those who helped him to build this great organization would be taken in as partners on a liberal profit-sharing basis just as soon as the foundation was laid and the company was running smoothly.

The more immediate object was to convince me that the fact that 11 out of 12 managers drew blanks on the weekend selling was no bad omen. There were 12 managers, three divisional managers and a vice president, none of whom had had qualifying real estate experience except myself. Mr. Wilson said he deliberately chose men without experience in order that he could the more easily mold them after his own image. There would be a contest for the bronze star every month. The star would be hung in the window of the office of the winning manager. Every month the lowest manager or managers would be replaced unless there were mitigating circumstances.

The reason the organization had made such a bad showing was due to illness on his part and he was just unable to give them the direction they needed. I could be of great help to him unofficially by my example of building up a record for high production by following the Percy Wilson way of selling. As to the overriding commission of only 1% up to $20,000 plus the $35 per week salary with a bonus of 4% for all sales over $20,000, well, no one would continue with the firm unless they passed the $20,000 production each month anyway, so the 1% was of no significance. How Mr. Wilson could sell twelve supposedly intelligent men to work for 1% override when 3% to 7% was offered by good reliable companies all over the city has always been an unsolved mystery to me. But I did it for three years. I turned down as high as $250 per week guaranteed just to remain loyal to the Wilson organization.

Along with his natural brilliance, Mr. Wilson had other outstanding qualities. He was illiterate when he first came to Chicago, but he went to night school and attended lectures until he became a well-educated man. As a young man he was vain and went to extremes in his choice of clothing. If it was the style to have three buttons on the sleeve of his coat, he would have five. His peg-top trousers became bloomers. Add to this a bright yellow vest and you have young Wilson. When Wilson got to the tailor-made stage, the tailor put him on the right track, and as he rose in the financial world, his wardrobe became more and more the right thing until he became one of the most conservative and best-dressed men in Chicago. He was a great showman. He was a member of most of the best clubs and he always managed to get a conspicuous table. Once each month, he regularly engaged a table at the Hamilton Club and the Executive Club. The managers in good standing would accompany him. Occasionally, he would take his entire managerial staff to a prominent club on our way home from the subdivision on a Sunday evening. It was a joy to be a member of the Wilson crew at this starvation stage. To be a charter member of the organization of Wilson's dream would be something worth waiting and working for.

Each manager was allowed to pay $20 per week salary plus 3% commission to five salesmen. He could hire any number on 5% commission with no salary. As I had 14 salesmen in the department which I inherited, Mr. Wilson allowed me an extra $100 per week for two weeks just to get started. Some of these 14 salesman were on the salary and some were on straight commission. My first move was to take them all off the salary, then put the salary up as a consolation prize for every salesman who brought a qualified prospect out to the property during the next week. If I failed to sell their prospect, I would give them the salary. Of course if I sold their prospect, $1,000 or more, they would not want the salary. Any salesman who could not deliver a prospect to the property would be out of luck. I hired two salesmen myself and they each made sales the first week. None of the other 14 had a prospect.

It was the rule of the company that every salesman had to appear on the property by noon on Sunday and stay until 5 p.m. whether they had a prospect or not. This was to swell the crowd and help the mob psychology, as well as to humiliate the non-producing salesman. This also gave an astute manager a chance to study his crew. If a salesman seemed to be studying the property or watching another salesman at work in an effort to improve his own efficiency, he would be worth helping. On the other hand, if he was "smart-alecky" or singing the blues or being critical of the organization, he should be eliminated.

The two sales by my two new salesmen put my department in second place. The first place went to Mr. Giovanelli and his Italian department. Several of my salesman did not show up on the property on Sunday and I fired them immediately when they came in the office on Monday morning. They went in a body to Mr. Carter's office to protest. Mr. Carter called me in for an explanation. I said, "You know the rules Mr. Carter. My decision stands or you have my resignation." I went back to my own office, wondering why Mr. Wilson needed Mr. Carter anyway. This started a feud that lasted until Mr. Carter was let out several months later.

Within a month, all the original 14 people in my department were eliminated except Miss Grenolds, a semi-retired, well-to-do middle-aged woman, and a Mr. Harrison, well-to-do and retired. Neither of these people took any leads from the office. They made a good appearance, observed all the rules, and might make some sales. I had added three more new salesmen so that my department was composed of seven people, four men and three woman, and none of them on the salary. I did not even use the $100 per week allowance because I preferred to have salesmen who did not need a crutch. The $20 per week would only attract the cheaper type of salesman anyway.

Mr. Carter, spurred on by Mr. Wilson perhaps, was continually urging me to hire more salesmen even though I was second in production. Finally, he began to hire salesmen and send them in to me, and I rejected them and sent them right back. A manager who cannot hire and manage his own sales force will not be a manager very long. We advertised that we furnished leads, and if we only had seven leads each day that was all the salesmen I wanted. If seven salesmen are all producers, the manager will more than have his hands full to help them close their deals.

The Wilson organization just simply could not get up momentum. They

selling, he asked me one day where he could get a sale.

It was vacation time and things were slow for all of us, so I said, "Well, just go out and stand on the corner and wait for someone to come up to you and ask him to buy a lot is just as good a way as any." Believe it or not that is just what happened.

Byron had been trying to sell a special lot that he liked to a janitor. He had pestered the janitor until finally the janitor promised to go and see the lot, and then ever after when Byron called, he would duck. On this day, Byron got off the Illinois Central train at 56th Street. He walked to the street on the west side of the viaduct and stopped to meditate. The janitor, whose building was just across the tracks on the east side, came hurriedly through the viaduct and was upon Byron before he noticed who it was. He was so embarrassed when he looked up into Byron's face that he said, "I decided to take that lot," and then gave Byron a handful of currency to put down as a deposit.

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Nothing could be more fascinating than working with a crew of resourceful, dependable salesmen. Tobin was resourceful and a very hard worker except when he went on a spree, which might last five or six weeks. Delapp's curse was the race track. After he made a few hundred dollars, he would play the horses until he was broke. He might attend the meetings but he would not work. Mrs. Carson did well until she fell in love with a quack doctor. I knew he was taking her money, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Mr. Wilson's health was poor. Business was never good for him. When most of his money was tied up in sales contracts, he took in partners, and in doing so, surrendered some of his independence. After the crash in '29 in which he lost his trust fund, he became petulant. The best property had been sold and we were losing many sales because of this fact. I had spent another three years chasing rainbows. Suddenly I woke up and resigned.

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I had not saved any money. I spent some time following up some of the old offers I had had, but big drawing account jobs were a thing of the past. Weak companies were folding up and their salesmen were on the street. Finally, I went to work with a small company the Bartletts had set up for their brother Bill Bartlett, the black sheep of their family. He had good property, but he robbed the till regularly until there was no money left to pay commissions. When I left there, I was practically broke. This was shortly after the stock market crash of 1929.

One day as I was walking along the street, I ran into Bill Speg. He was manager of the Telephone Lead Department in the United Realty Company. He asked me what I was doing. I told him I was looking for a job.

He said, "Why don't you go up and see Mr. Brown. I'll tell him about you and he will give you anything you want."

I said, "Who is Mr. Brown?"

He said, "He is head of Hughes Brown Moore Corp. They have taken over the United Realty Company."

We went right up to Mr. Brown's office. Speg introduced me, then said, "I know this man. He is the best sales manager in Chicago," and then left.

Mr. Brown said he could use another manager.

I said I was looking for a job and would need a drawing account for myself and some salesmen.

He asked me, "How much?"

I said, "$35 per week for myself and $25 per week for four or five salesmen."

He said, "OK. Just make out your vouchers as you need them, and I will authorize the cashier to pay them."

I said, "I may have to give one of my best sales ladies an advance to get her started."

He said, "That will be OK." He then said, "Mr. Speg will show you to your office."

As soon as I was behind my desk, I phoned my wife, told her of my new job, asked her to apply for a job using her maiden name of Miss Ramsey. She was in the office within an hour. I gave her a voucher for $25, which she cashed and then returned home. She attended enough sales meetings for appearances and brought one of my old customers out to the property on Sunday and made a $5,000 sale. We were off again with a bang. My mother-in-law was visiting with us at the time and would look after the children, and Gladys found the work so fascinating that she really went to work and within a month was leading the organization in sales.

One of her sales is particularly worth noting. She called on a janitor named

John Erickson. She rang the door bell.

He yelled, "Come in," without ever putting down his paper. He said, "What do you want?"

She said, "You want to make some money?"

He said, "How much and how?"

She said, "Come with me tomorrow and I will show you."

The next day was Sunday and there was a raging blizzard. When he arrived at the subdivision office and I showed him the plat and offered to show him the property, he said, "I don't care anything about the property. This woman salesman said I could double my money. You guarantee that and I have $1,000 to invest without looking at it."

I picked out a $5,000 lot on which I could give a $2,000 discount. Then I said to him, "I can sell you this lot for $5,000. $1,000 cash and the balance at $80 per month. At the end of one year you will have $2,000 paid on the lot. Now if I were to give you a letter guaranteeing to double your money, I might die, and if an officer of the company made the guarantee, the company might go broke. So to be safe, I'll just put it in the contract as follows: If at the end of one year you are still the owner of the property, you will automatically receive a credit of $2,000 which will be just double the money you have paid on the lot."

He said, "But will they sell it so I can get the money?"

I said, "What would the commission be in selling a $5,000 lot?"

He said, "Five percent or $250."

I said, "Which do you think a big company like this would do -- get $250 for selling a lot or give a credit of $2,000 for not selling it?"

He said, "Well, that looks reasonable. I'll take it."

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During this time Tobin came creeping in. He said, "I don't suppose you want to have anything to do with me now, but I've quit drinking."

I said, "You do not have to make any promises to me, Gordon. We will have lunch and then figure out a deal." Then I handed him a voucher for $25, told him to have his landlord or auto loan company call me if he was behind in his rent or payments.

He asked if he could use one of the phones in my office.

I said, "Take that phone at that desk over there and use it whenever you want."

He was an artist on the telephone and did most of his buildup by that instrument. Within a few days, he had made a sale.

In the meantime, Delapp swaggered in and said we were all fools, that we did not get down to business, taking it for granted that he had his old job back. He vowed that we would make a good thing out of this deal and hold on to it. I gave him a voucher for $25 and told him the commission rate was 9% instead of 5% like Wilson's, with 1% bonus if he got his own prospects.

Delapp had to see the property right away. As we drove around through the property and environs, he kept unselling himself to his old connections and selling himself to the new. Finally he said, "You know, Mrs. Hasick would go for this fine North Shore property. She has had her broken-down policemen watching the estates of the North Shore people until she thinks she is one of them."

Mrs. Hasick, a woman of about 60 years old, operated a watchman's service from her two-room flat on North Clark Street. She hired old retired policemen or some who had been thrown off the force for $60 per month, and rehired them to her rich clients for $5 to $10 per night. She had met a number of her rich clients, and she was very proud of the fact that she had had personal dealings with people of ``such importance.

So the key to selling Mrs. Hasick was to let her meet someone of importance in our office who knew, or knew about, some of the rich people she knew. And after an exchange of conversation about their mutual important friends or acquaintances, the mere suggestion that she should have some North Shore property was all that was needed to make a sale. On our way back to the office, Roy stopped off at Mrs. Hasick's place to arrange an office appointment with that important personage in our office, which was to be me.

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While my wife was still working as Miss Ramsey, a Mr. Robertson came to work for me for a short time as salesman. Robertson was tall, well-groomed and good-looking and quite a ladies● man. Miss Ramsey had lost none of her queenly bearing and lithesome figure by having been Mrs. Baltzell for over 10 years. The company was having a banquet and dance for the sales force at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Robertson had been trying to date Miss Ramsey for this affair. She told him she could not leave her children. One morning he asked her in my presence in my office. When she refused, he turned to me and said, "Don't you think Miss Ramsey should go to this party with me?" and then he went on to picture what a wonderful party it would be. This was the first time our little secret boomeranged.

A Mrs. Ann Bylaff and her son, Forest, had made a wonderful record, first at Bartlett's and then with the United Realty Company. She had married a foreman in the Kewanee Boiler Plant in Kewanee, Illinois. He was a heavy drinker, which she tolerated. But when he started chasing other women, she picked up her son Forest when he was two years old and went home to her parents. She worked as a cosmetic sales lady in Kewanee until Forest graduated from high school. In the meantime, she had bought and paid for her own home and saved enough money to start her son Forest in the medical school of Loyola University in Chicago.

She got an eight-room apartment. She and Forest lived in the kitchen and one back room, and the other six rooms were rented to students. Their first two years were spent with the Bartlett Realty Company. She made the calls. Forest arranged her itinerary and did the driving for her and did his homework while she was interviewing her prospects. Mrs. Bylaff left Bartlett and joined the United Realty

Company, where she had an even better record than she had had at Bartlett's.

Mrs. Bylaff was a determined character, selfish, mean and non-cooperative at times. When I came to Hughes Brown Moore, she was on one of her sitdown strikes. Mr. Speg told me about her record and suggested that I employ her. I did not phone her. I called on her in person, talked with her and her son Forest. She became one of the three stalwarts of my department. That lasted for the next 10 years. Tobin and Delapp were the other two. Without these three exceptional salesmen, the depression years of the thirties would have been as bad for me as they were for 99 percent of all the other subdivision salesmen or sales managers that managed to stay in business at all.

For the first year and half, my earnings were close to $1,000 per month on the average. This was the only time in my over 30 years in the real estate business that I ever made worthwhile earnings over an extended period.

Miss Ramsey really led the board while she was there, but I held back one of her sales so as to let Mrs. Bylaff win the first prize. I was never forgiven for this, of course, but it turned out to be a wise move. The first time Forest called my home and Miss Ramsey answered the phone, the cat was out of the bag. The next morning, Forest came in the office with an expression on his face like the cat that ate the canary. He said, "I know who Miss Ramsey is. She is Mrs. Baltzell."

Mrs. Bylaff spoke up and said, "Why the 'Miss Ramsey'? Why isn't she 'Mrs. Baltzell'?"

I said, "When I came here, I had no salespeople. She is only here temporarily." And after her identity was revealed, of course, she would have done more harm than good in my department.

Besides Mrs. Bylaff, I had another green-eyed sales lady by the name of Mrs. Lundy whose production was above average, while she lasted. One Monday morning after Miss Ramsey had had an exceptionally good weekend for sales, Mrs. Lundy openly demanded, in the presence of the entire sales group, to know where Miss Ramsey was getting the leads for all those sales that she was making. Miss Ramsey quietly withdrew from the department, and any other controversy that arose within the department was at least not connected with any favors to any member of my family.

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Mrs. Bylaff had a clientele that kept her going for years. If her customer liked the property she had sold them, we sold them another lot. If they did not like their purchase, we took it back and transferred the money they had paid to a better lot, and if it was better, naturally, it would be higher-priced which would give her an increased sale. If they had been cancelled out and if they had any money at all, we reinstated them, giving them credit for all they had lost on the cancelled-out lot. In all these transactions, she showed her wonderful technique in blaming her former manager when things went wrong and taking credit herself when things went well. I was built up as the special adjuster employed by the company to make everybody

happy.

Mrs. Bylaff could give her own life story as a living example of what real estate would do for anyone who was sensible enough to buy it. She bought and paid for her own home. She bought a business corner which she leased to Montgomery Ward on a graduating lease and an accelerating share of the profits that made her rich by middle age. She could scold young people into saving by buying real estate. She could comfort elderly people by telling them it was not too late. She was absolutely heartless when it came to taking the last dime from people who should not buy.

She had sold a Mrs. Berry some property, and as Mrs. Berry lost her job during the Depression, she was cancelled out. After several years when Mrs. Berry was nearly 80 and living in an old folks home, she confided to Mrs. Bylaff that she had $600 in a safety deposit box which she was saving for her funeral expense. Mrs. Bylaff convinced her that she could not get a decent burial for $600 and induced her to put the $600 in a lot on which she told her she would be sure to make enough money for a decent burial. When I and the company learned of the true nature of the transaction, we refunded the money.

Her son Forest was an alert helpmate for her as well as her chauffeur. On one occasion, we sold a slippery foreigner who gave us a small cash deposit and signed a judgment note for one day. When we tried to collect the note, he defaulted. The company would not try to collect if it had to garnish wages, but if the defaulter had money in a bank that could be attached, they would collect by force.

Mrs. Bylaff reached for the phone, and called her son, "What are you doing?"

"I'm studying."

"Put your books away and get your head to work. Mr. Dago defaulted on his note. Find out if he has a bank account."

"Well, if he defaulted he won't tell me that."

"Of course he won't. Now use your head and call me back."

In about 15 or 20 minutes Forest called his mother. "Mr. Dago has $1,500 in a savings account in the Neapolitan Bank and about $600 in a checking account in the Liberty State Bank."

Next time I saw Forest, I asked him how he did it.

He said, "I just called his wife, said I was Mr. Smith of the Northern Trust Company and told them how convenient it would be for them to have an account in our bank when shopping downtown. Then I said, 'I suppose you have a bank account in your own neighborhood,' and she told me they had, where and how much. Except for a little fancy baloney talk that was all there was to it."

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Mr. Delapp, for the most part, sold people who could not get away from him like street-car men, elevator operators, waiters and waitresses. He finally landed an angel, a Mr. Warwick, retired official of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

Our first sales were regular. Then we found out that he was a sucker for real bargains in defaulted properties. So instead of selling the company's property (Mr.

Warwick had bought so much on contract they began to worry about his ability to pay for it), we sold equities in lots that were about to be defaulted. We would buy the equities for $50 or $100 each and then sell them for a few hundred. On one occasion, we got a $15,000 equity for $100 and sold it to Mr. Warwick for $3,000 cash. Until his death in 1936, Mr. Warwick was a sure touch for a few hundred several times a year. He lived all alone in a moderate hotel and his pension was $20,800 per year.

Mr. Warwick, while a sure buyer, was a slow one. He just liked to talk a lot about a deal before he signed, even though it was evident that he intended to buy in the end. On the deal that made us $3,000 cash, he procrastinated for a solid month, and we had to see him three or four times each week. I believe he liked our company. He could afford all we sold him, and all he did was play nine holes of golf in the morning and then sit around the hotel all day.

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Mr. Tobin had a style all his own. He would always take any name from the company's customers list that he could get his hands on. To this he would add names that he would copy from the records in the recorder's office in the county building. He would copy names for several days, then sort them out and discard all those that did not have telephones. Then he would start calling them on the telephone, mention their lot of course, but change the subject as soon as possible and try and find out if the man was working, etc. He would always try to have an excuse to call back other than to talk about real estate. On one occasion, the man was building a porch on his spare time. So in a few days, Tobin would call and ask him how he was getting along with the porch. Sickness, new car, anything was an excuse to call back.

After he had called each man on his list several times, he would again sort them out and call on the ones that had good jobs or those who were easy to talk to. He rarely talked business on the first call[illegible] just visited. Perhaps he would never mention business to more than 25 percent of the people he personally called on. When it did come time to talk business, he was on such a friendly basis with them that all he would have to do would be to suggest that they take a drive and see what could be worked out. They would, of course, finally wind up at our property office.

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During my career as a real estate sales manager, I interviewed thousands of people looking for sales work, but after the first few months as a sales manager I hired very few. I preferred to keep the old salesmen as long as possible. The turnover in hastily employed men and women as lot-salesmen is terrific[illegible] at least 100 on the average to get one that will make good. Many managers would spend so much time trying to maintain a large crew that they had little time to get business.

There was a constant stream of slickers, advance artists and attractive women

who would try their wiles to get on the right side of the boss. I was taken many times for small amounts, and I have caught quite a few in an attempt to perpetrate a fraud of considerable proportions.

One salesman burst into my office early one Monday morning with a cashier's check for $1,200 and a sales slip made out for a $6,000 corner business lot. He said the purchaser would be in with his lawyer to sign the contracts at 11 a.m., but that he had gotten a telegram from his mother in Detroit that she was sick, and he wanted to leave on the 10 o'clock train. Of course, he wanted to draw his commission of $540. I told him that I would see what I could do and then I called the lawyer to come over right away as something came up about the lot his client had bought. I then told our cashier to delay paying the commission until I had a chance to confirm the deal. The lawyer appeared with the purchaser. I asked for their copy of the sales slip, which was a receipt in full for the lot for $1,200. The receipt he turned in to me was made out for $1,200 as down payment and $4,800 in monthly payments.

I advanced money to Tobin and Delapp in varying amounts. When the amount got too big so as to lower their morale, I would just write it off and let them get a new start. Their pride and enthusiasm pushed them to such renewed efforts that although I lost a considerable part of my old commissions, they brought in enough business that my new commissions made up for it.

On one occasion, Delapp sold an equity to Mr. Warwick. Our profit was to be $1,000, but Mr. Warwick asked for 30 days and gave a note for the $1,000. Mr. Delapp needed money so badly that he sold his half interest of $500 in the deal to me for $350. When the time came to collect the $1,000 note, I learned that Delapp had made promises to Mr. Warwick that I could not countenance, so I let the deal drop rather than be a party to promises that might get us into trouble with the best customer we ever had.

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1931 and 1932 were two terrible years. Banks were failing. Wealthy men and bankers were committing suicide. Unemployed men and women were walking the street in ever increasing numbers. The city of Chicago was paying policemen, firemen and school teachers with "script."

The company all but stopped trying to make sales and turned the sales force into a collection agency by paying 40 percent to the salesman and 20 percent to the manager for all payments collected on delinquent accounts. Out of 300 Chicago subdividers, there were only four major companies that kept their subdivision offices open -- Bartlett●s, Percy Wilson, McIntosh, and Hughes Brown Moore Corp.

Impoverished and disgruntled customers, wealthy as well, would trump up all sorts of accusations against the salesmen in an effort to force the company to refund their money. Mrs. Bylaff sold a Mr. Olson a lot at a bargain price. Mr. Olson was retained all through the depression as a maintenance man with Great Lakes Dredge and Dock Company and his wife was a cateress for the parties of wealthy people in Oak Park, and their combined income never fell below $500 or $600 per month. Mr.

Olson purchased a lot for $600 and claimed that Mrs. Bylaff had promised to resell the lot for him for $1,000.

I asked him to come into my office. I said, "Has she refused to sell the lot for you? How do you know she is not trying?"

"Well, that is what I want to know."

I said, "Well, I'll tell you what I will do. I always back up my salesmen. I will start advertising your lot immediately and this ad will appear regularly until your lot is sold." Then I showed him the ad that I was writing while talking to him and said he could watch the newspaper for the ad to make sure that we were trying to sell his lot. The description I gave to his lot could apply in general to numerous other lots we had for sale, so any leads that came in could apply to other property.

After a few insertions of the ad, I had Mr. Tobin call on Mr. Olson and pretend that he might open a brokerage office in the neighborhood if he could get enough listings. When Mr. Olson said he had a lot that he wanted to sell listed with me for $1,000, Mr. Tobin told him he was selling the lot too cheap. Said he should have at least $1,250 for the lot and procured an exclusive listing to sell the lot for $1,250. In a few days I sent Mr. Olson a letter asking him to drop into my office to talk about a possible deal I had on his lot. He came in on Saturday morning. I told him that I merely wanted to make arrangements as to when would be the best time to see him and his wife together in case I got a prospect for his lot. His face turned red and he hemmed and hawed and finally told me he had changed his mind about selling. Of course I wanted to know why he had changed his mind. Finally, he told me he had a chance to sell it for $1,250.

I said, "Surely you are kidding."

"No," he said, "I have it in writing," and pulled out his copy of the option he had given to Tobin.

I froze up. I became speechless. Finally I regained my composure. I said, "You mean to tell me that after all the expense I have gone to in advertising your lot for $1,000, after all the fuss about the promises you claim an innocent hard-working saleswoman made to you, that you have given an exclusive option to another real estate man and that you cannot deliver now that we may have a possible prospect for your property? I have had unfortunate people who have lost their jobs, who have tried to profit by making false accusations. But you, who not only never lose a day but get overtime by relieving another man of his job, and you, who has a wife with no children[illegible]You, who has a wife that has more catering appointments than she can handle, get out of my office. I never want to see you again."

Mrs. Olson called Mrs. Bylaff right away. Mrs. Bylaff of course forgave them immediately on the grounds that there was just a misunderstanding all around, and then put in her plug about how I always tried to do the right thing by my customers. After a few more phone calls and a personal interview, she got out the story that I was working on a deal on a business corner for one of my Board of Trade friends. If I could only get it for him, he would be sure to make a lot of money. There was a smorgasbord church festival coming up. Mrs. Bylaff said she would buy tickets and invite me, and the Olsons should be there, and I certainly would not

start any unpleasantness in a church. And then after the festivities were over, the Olsons were to invite us to their home for a nightcap. During the late evening, I got a little too much of their high-powered beverage and began to talk. I shook Olson's hand, slapped him on the shoulder, assured him that there were no hard feelings and if I ever could do him a good turn I sure would do it.

The next Sunday, Mrs. Bylaff, with the Olsons, appeared at the property office. I was glad to see them and thanked them for making a social call to break the boredom of an otherwise long Sunday. Mrs. Bylaff mentioned the special business corner lot. I told a few white lies about its opening having been delayed and tried to change the subject. But Mrs. Bylaff would keep bringing me back to the corner business lot. She asked me if I had anything as good as that for the Olsons.

"Of course not. There was nothing to be had as good as that corner lot because . . ." etc., etc., etc.

Finally she said, "Mr. Baltzell, you promised the Olsons that you would give them first chance if you ever got anything that was exceptionally good. Now why don't you let them have the corner. Your rich Board of Trade friend does not need the money. Why give it to him?"

I said I did not remember making any promise to the Olsons, but when both Mr. and Mrs. Olson backed up Mrs. Bylaff that I had made such a promise, I had to let them have the lot. That netted Mrs. Bylaff over $1,000 in commissions and me over $500.

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Any one of my three star salesmen were capable of playing their part as well as Mrs. Bylaff. The reason we did not all get rich was because there were not enough prospects with money like Olson to keep us busy. If we got one in a year we would be lucky. The money was not the only vital factor either. There had to be a set of circumstances to come in the right sequence in order to get the right psychological reaction from the prospect.

Our offices were on the 5th floor of the Conway Building, and from my office I got a clear view of anyone who got on or off the elevators. Adjoining our office was the office of the Better Business Bureau. There was a steady stream of lot owners going in and out of the Bureau offices from Monday until Friday. Our building was practically deserted on Saturday, but I kept my office open until late at night so long as either Tobin or Delapp would keep working on the phones, or to be there in case they had an office appointment for someone to see me.

One Saturday evening a determined lady, over 60 and stout, got off the elevator and went to the entrance of the Better Business Bureau, which was closed. As she returned, I was in the entrance of our office to be ready to be of service if it was requested. The lady wanted someone to sympathize with her and said to me, "How do they expect a teacher who is busy every day of the week to see them about her problems if they don't keep open on Saturdays?"

I invited her into my office and she introduced herself as Miss Margaret

Casey. She said, "I have spent thousands and thousands of dollars with these three companies and they have never done a thing for me. Lately I can't even get them on the telephone."

I said, "Well, the Better Business Bureau could not do much for you. All they could do in any case was to scare the companies into doing the right thing by you by threatening to have their licenses revoked. But as all three of the companies you mention have already gone out of business, their chief weapon is useless."

Then I told her that we had a specialist in our office who spent a lot of time in helping people who had bought property from companies that had gone out of business. There was the question of title, the future development of the property, etc. that an owner should be posted on. I said, "His name is Mr. Tobin and it just happens that he is in his office this evening."

We had a spare office with "Private" marked on the door which was to be used on special occasions of this kind. She said she would be pleased to meet him. I took her to his (supposedly) office and asked if he could spare a few moments to see if he could be of any help to Miss Casey.

Mr. Tobin spent a couple of hours with Miss Casey, took the description and location of all her properties. Then he suggested that they inspect some of the properties on Sunday after church in order that he would have a better knowledge of them. She agreed and said that she usually went to early Mass. Tobin was also Catholic so he suggested that they attend Mass together. He would pick her up at the apartment and they could go to Mass and then be on their way to inspect the property. She agreed to this, and Tobin returned with all the bad features surrounding each individual parcel he could reasonably point out. Then Tobin returned her to her home and he took her problem with him under advisement.

He kept in touch with her for about two weeks, and then he had another office appointment with her. As a result of this second office conference, they decided to have another look at her property (so she would really be aware of the bad features surrounding some, at least, of the property she had purchased). So they went to early Mass together and spent another Sunday inspecting her property. Then after about one week, they had another office appointment, and to this meeting I was called in for advice.

I was asked if her property could be sold, "supposing she was willing to pay double commission," Tobin interposed.

I could truthfully reply to this question that it was extremely hard to sell good property of reliable companies who were still in business, and practically impossible to sell poor property, at any price, under any conditions, that had been sold by companies that went broke or who for any reason went out of business and left the sponsoring of the development of the property they had sold to a host of individual owners who did not know one another, who were perhaps scattered all over the country, and who would be so divided in their opinions that no concerted action could ever be obtained.

"What can you recommend, Mr. Baltzell?" asked Tobin.

I looked at Miss Casey and slowly shook my head. I did not know. With this

little speech I bowed out of the picture. I left Tobin and Miss Casey together to work out a scheme to get me to take some of her property in trade on the Hughes Brown Moore property, and Tobin suggested that before they went any farther with their planning that she look over the Hughes Brown Moore (H.B.M.) property to see if she liked it. So the next Sunday was spent looking over the H.B.M. property. Contrasting with the smoke stacks of the Calumet region where a lot of her property was located were the beautiful mansions of Chicago's suburban North Shore, and the low swampy weedy terrain surrounding her property with the beautiful golf courses of Wilmette, Winnetka and Glencoe. They stopped in at our property office for coffee and a snack and were on their way without more than a "hello there" to me.

The next Saturday, another office meeting, and I was again called in. And the question was put to me as to whether I would consider an exchange of some of her property for our North Shore property. I was amazed that Tobin should suggest such a thing. Then he asked me how I made the deals with Mr. Warwick, the Standard Oil man. "Is Standard Oil money so much better than the money of a woman who has spent her life teaching in the public schools of Chicago?"

"Well," said I, [redacted]that is not exactly the true situation[redacted]you see there were certain circumstances connected with the Warwick deals that seldom occur."

"How many deals have you made with Mr. Warwick?"

"Well, a few. I don't like to discuss another customer's personal affairs, you see."

"Well, what are some of the conditions, and if they do occur again will you allow me to try and work out something for Miss Casey?"

I said, "The conditions that Mr. Warwick was able to take advantage of because of his wealth might be too much of a burden for Miss Casey to assume."

"Why not let Miss Casey decide that. Just what were the conditions, Mr. Baltzell?"

"Well, basically the situation was simply this. Let us say a client of ours controlled a valuable piece of property. He had a substantial equity, but he also owed a balance on a contract with this company which was a burden for him to pay. In order to lighten his financial load, he would accept poorer property and cash for his equity from any one who would assume the balance he owed our company."

"May I have a list of some of those customers?" asked Tobin.

"I do not have any at the moment, but if any such situations come to my attention I will advise you."

"Thank you very much," and the interview was over. And there was to be another waiting period of about two weeks for the "certain conditions" to show up.

In the meantime Tobin learned all about Miss Casey's financial position, how much she could pay monthly and which sections of our property she liked best. Then I prepared several notices which were replicas of original notices sent out on lots that were to be cancelled, giving description of property, price at which it originally sold at, the amount paid in, the amount of arrears, and the balance due on the contract. Tobin took a bunch of them and in another couple weeks had an $8,000 net deal which paid him $720 commission and my commission was $400.

Again, if Tobin could have had enough Margaret Casey's to keep him busy, he could have made a lot of money if he could have been working on five or six prospects at the same time, but that just was not in the cards.

Miss Casey was an angel for Tobin for the next few years. We wondered where all the money came from, but every few months she was good for another good-sized deal more than any school teacher could afford. One day she called and asked me for an appointment. She wanted to meet me alone at a restaurant to talk over her problems.

At this meeting she said, "Mr. Baltzell, I want you to know that I have no regrets in regard to the property I bought from your firm. I have enjoyed the parties. I have enjoyed everything. The only thing is, it was not only my money I was spending, that is, not all my money. I have a brother and a sister living in Buffalo, New York. We each inherited $40,000. It was mostly their money that I was investing. Now I am 65 and eligible to retire on my teacher's pension of $250 per month. They want me to come and live with them, but I owe all this money to your company. The monthly payments are more than my pension. Would your company just take all I have paid in and let me go? I could just tell my brother and sister that I lost all my money and all they gave me to invest with it, but I could live on my $250 per month and be happy."

I said, "You just figure up all you owe your brother and sister. I will get the company to apply all you have paid in, as far as it will go, toward clearing up as many lots for you as I can. Then we will have the title made out to you and your brother and sister in joint tenancy and have the Chicago Title and Trust Company issue guaranty policies large enough to match your total expenditures." She burst into tears and I had a 180-pound gray-haired mamma weeping on my shoulder in a public restaurant.

The deals that I have just mentioned were the best three deals made in my department during the first two Depression years of 1931 and 1932. The length of time required, and the ingenuity and resourcefulness required of the salesman to consummate a sale during this time is ample evidence as to why real estate firms were folding all over the city. We worked just as hard and long on many, many other prospects, only to have the deal fall through in the end. Toward the end of 1932, it was almost impossible to make a sale of any kind. Both I and my salesmen stopped going to the office daily, but we would meet there once or twice per week. Finally, I did not go to the office at all unless I got a call from one of my salesmen that they needed my aid on a prospect. To provide for this hibernation, I had made a sale of a small lot to a grocer and butcher and took meat and groceries in lieu of cash, and another sale to a small department store owner for clothing for my wife and two daughters.

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Up to this time, my problems had been purely materialistic. First to get a large tract of land, and secondly to save it. Now another problem loomed up before me—my two lovely daughters. The time spent with them during the winter of 1932-33 brought home to me the thought that it was to be their welfare that should be the first consideration.

The Ramsey's had brought with them little money when they came to western Canada from the east. But they did bring with them a heritage that can come only from genteel families with a long record of proper living. We seldom discussed our financial misfortunes, but when I did mention it to my wife she said, "I was not born in a crop failure country for nothing." She could give our daughters everything they needed while they were young, even though we were living in a transition district where the mingling of races was fast reducing the neighborhood to the status of a slum. But after they had started to school it, was a different matter.

Little girls and boys would come to visit us and we would never get a chance to know who their parents were, let alone their grandparents. Products of broken homes, orphans, the mixed races, the foreign elements—all played in the "lot" (or fenced-in large backyard behind the large tenement where we had lived on three different occasions), which was beginning to be the favored spot for our children to play in. It is the only spot, to my knowledge, that was so dear to them that they cried when we moved away. Thanks to good fortune, we had moved away to a respectable flat in the South Shore district, but we were living there now only because the building was under foreclosure and the agent accepted whatever I had in my pocket when the rent came due and because of the two deals I had made which afforded us food and clothing.

I knew I had ability. But my energies and capabilities had been stretched too far. I had tried to do too much. I must concentrate.

There were two incidents that sparked my thinking along the line of my next move. I noticed an attractive ad of a large plantation of several thousand acres near Selma, Alabama, that was being offered for sale, and I received a letter from the vice-president in charge of Canadian Affairs of the International Harvester Company asking me to call at his office on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. I responded to this call expecting to have the matter of my old indebtedness reopened. I received a friendly welcome and was immediately put at ease by his telling me that they had followed my career, that they knew that I was unable to pay anything on my old account, and furthermore, so far as the old account was concerned, it had been written off long ago and would remain so. Then he told me that my credit was good with the International. If ever I saw a deal whereby I thought I had a chance to stage a comeback, that I could depend on the International Harvester to back me to the

limit.

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With this gesture of confidence on the part of the International, I immediately wrote to all my other large creditors and told them of my conversation with Harvester and asked them if they would give a favorable reply to any inquiries about myself in case I gave them as reference when and if I tried to get another large farming operation deal going. I got favorable replies from all of them. Then I wrote to the financial institution that was endeavoring to liquidate the large plantation in Alabama and asked them to send me detailed particulars. After I received this information and had thoroughly digested it, I sent to the Illinois Central and the Louisville and Nashville Railroads and asked about new settler rates. Then I wrote to the chambers of commerce of Birmingham, Montgomery, and Selma to get their attitude toward new settlers if inquiry should be made to them regarding farming in Central Alabama. To all these inquiries I got courteous and favorable replies.

Then I sent another letter to the bank at Selma giving as reference Mr. Monroe, Superintendent of western branches of the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, Canada, Mr. Irvine of James Irvine and Company, all my chief creditors in the Canadian land deal, and Bartlett●s, Percy Wilson, and Hughes Brown Moore Corporation in Chicago as references as to my more recent real estate activities, and I asked them if they would consider a plan for colonizing the plantation. After a few weeks, I received word that they would consider any plan I had to offer.

I immediately submitted my plan which was as follows: The asking price of the plantation was $20 per acre for the 14,000 acres, or a total of $280,000. First I was to be given an option on 1,000 acres at $10 per acre, which I would improve with modern fences and buildings and operate as a demonstration farm with the advice of the state agricultural college. The $10 per acre loss on my 1,000 acres and the cost of improvements to be added to the other 13,000 acres might bring the price to as high as $25 per acre. I would supervise the operation of the farm from early spring until late fall. During the winter I would have an office in the North and sell cheap tickets to the South to spend an outing on my farm in Alabama. (Only possible qualified prospects for land, of course, would be considered.)

Title to my 1,000 acres would remain with the bank until all 13,000 were sold. My compensation for operating the farm was as tenant farmer. My compensation for selling land was to be 5% commission. My bonus was to be title to the 1,000 acres improved demonstration farm subject only to a $10 per acre mortgage when the entire plantation was liquidated. The bank in Selma acknowledged receipt of my letter and said it would require further study.

In the mean time, two events happened which caused me to withdraw my offer. First there was the most devastating tornado in history that swept across the Selma district. I looked up the history of the state with reference to tornadoes and found it was as susceptible to damaging wind storms as Canada was to frost and rust. I was not so much afraid of tornadoes for myself or for my family. Ample

protection could be provided for our safety, but to work all winter on building up a line of prospects for land and then have a tornado strike at just the most inopportune time and sabotage a winter's work was too much of a risk for me.

And secondly, I had a dream: I was out driving with my wife and daughters while passing through a colored settlement. I had a blow out. While I was fixing the tire, the sides of the road became lined with young blacks with their sensuous eyes riveted on my daughters.

The next day, it was early spring 1933, I went to the office for the first time in weeks. Mr. Brown said he believed that the reaction to Roosevelt's election would be favorable for our business. As I now had no alternative, I summoned my three salesmen and we started on another siege of matching our wits for sales with the poor victims who were struggling to extricate themselves from the financial mire of the Depression.

Old salesmen with a large clientele can usually be relied upon to produce business in a hurry after a long period of idleness. They are hard up, fresh and anxious to get things going. There was no exception with my salesmen on this occasion. I had always lived on the south side of Chicago. Now that our property was on the far north side, and it looked like this assignment would be a permanent one and we were money flush again, we got a $125 per month apartment for $40, thanks to the Depression. The apartment was one-and-a-half blocks from Lake Michigan, one block to transportation, half a block to school. On the days I went to the property, I would save over three hours over what it took to make the round trip from the south side. We bought a new piano and completely furnished the apartment the first time we were thus equipped for home life in the 14 years of our married life.

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When it came time to buy the piano, I learned that piano salesmen have a few tricks up their sleeves too. The Stark Piano Company had been running a radio program and they kept announcing, "Visit our warehouse No. 39 at 39th and Ashland and get the used piano of your choice for $10." Gladys went out to buy a $10 piano. They had so many big Baldwin's, Hamilton's and every other make imaginable that she became too confused to make a choice, so she sent me an S.O.S. I went out. She had picked a Baldwin for $20, only it was too big. Then began the slick job of switching on the part of the salesman. To get our apartment-size piano he had a repossessed 350 Stark, just as good as new, that we could get for $100 $10 down and $10 per month.

After another survey of the second-hand numbers, we decided to take the Stark. After we had signed up, the salesman introduced me to his manager to OK the deal. The manager asked if I played.

I said "No, not the piano, but I have developed a special technique with which to disturb my neighbors with my violin."

He said, "Oh, so you play the violin. Then you can appreciate the value of the perfect tone in music." Then he stepped into a room with perfect acoustics and ran through a few measures from several pieces, some popular, some classic. He noticed that I liked the classics. He hit upon the theme that for classical music especially, the perfect tone was imperative. Also a perfect instrument was necessary to train the ear of the child properly. Then he showed me the inner construction of the piano he was playing. It had the bell-metal frame on which the wires were tuned. The metal frame was rigid and the piano remained in tune. A piano with a wooden frame was subject to change due to atmospheric conditions and was almost always slightly out of tune, to say the least. The piano he was playing was a $550 instrument. It had been sold but never delivered and it was now up for sale at the bargain price of $300.

I wanted to see the construction of the piano I had bought. It was of wood. He played a few measures of Chopin on my piano out in the open warehouse, and then we went back to the piano with the bell-metal frame in the enclosed room and he played the same piece. We bought the best piano and both the girls started taking piano lessons from an excellent teacher who lived just across the hall in the same apartment building.

This was the year of the World's Fair. The family went every other day during the summer until school opened in the fall.

Margaret always wanted to learn to swim. Being within one-and-a-half blocks of the Evanston Beach, she had her opportunity. The Evanston Beach was closed to Chicagoans, but Margaret soon made so many friends that she was an Evanstonian, so far as the Evanston Beach was concerned.

She also wanted to try out for ballet dancing. There was an academy nearby on Howard Street. We got her the shoes for toe dancing and let her test her desires to see if it was really what she wanted to do. After a good trial she decided it was not what she wanted to do after all. It took too much time and there were too many other things she wanted to do. She had a special aptitude for art, so she entered a class at the Art Institute in Chicago. This was, of course, supplementary to her regular school work.

Frances was five years younger than Margaret and had not yet developed any thoughts about a career. Aside from her playmates, her only interest was the piano and she monopolized the piano stool to such an extent that Margaret lost interest in the piano after a few months and gave more attention to her art studies.

Margaret was a brunette and Frances was a blonde. There were the usual rivalries and jealousies that might be expected to exist between two sisters, but deep down there was always that genuine filial devotion that unfailingly came to the surface in a crisis.

During my inactive period, during the winter before I resumed practicing on my violin, I got each of the girls a violin. Margaret played for a while in the school orchestra but did not take too much to music. I tried to teach the girls violin using my own "teach yourself method" by Maas as a guide, but I was too strict and lacked the patience and know-how so far as teaching was concerned, and my efforts failed.

We had a cat, Fluffy, that protected the children from dogs. If they had Fluffy

in their arms and a dog came at them, all they had to do was drop the cat to the ground. Her angora fur would raise like a porcupine and with one swipe with her long paw, the dog would run howling to its master.

One of the neighbor children returned from Florida with a small alligator. As soon as the cold winter air hit the reptile it went into hibernation. The child thought it was dead. Margaret knew different so she supervised the burial of the reptile in Calvary Cemetery and then later robbed the grave and brought the alligator home and it was soon revived by the heat of our apartment.

There was an old hermit who lived in the neighborhood. She had old dresses, jewelry, relics of all kinds. The house caught fire and was badly damaged. The lady disappeared and left the ruins to the mercy of the youngsters of the neighborhood. After about a week, when the old lady still did not return, the raid started. Margaret brought two beaded old dresses for her mother and a box containing some old gold teeth that she was going to sell for herself. This was the time when Roosevelt's gold policy started everyone scrounging through their old dresser drawers for the old teeth, etc. to sell.

On Christmas I received a long list from each of the girls. It contained first, that I would be privileged to buy them anything I wanted to myself. Then there were the things they wanted, then the list of things they needed, and finally a list of things that although they did not really need them now, they would be needing them in the very near future, so I might as well buy them now and they would have them on hand and I would not have to be bothered about shopping for them later. Margaret was 11 years old and Frances was only 6, so although the articles on the list were made up after consulting with one another, Margaret was the real author of the plan.

I looked the lists over and then took them with me. It was still a long time before Christmas. One day I asked them to prepare another list, saying that I had misplaced the original. They set to work with great enthusiasm to prepare another list, really glad that I had lost the first one. I took the new list and then in a few days I found the first list. In comparing the two lists, I found they had changed their minds about what they wanted between the time the two lists were prepared. I pointed this out to them and then made a little speech along the line of Benjamin Franklin and his whistle. Then I told them that their mother and I would buy them a nice Christmas present which would be a surprise, and that I would give them each a bag full of money and they could buy some things that they especially wanted themselves.

I got a fancy leather bag, then I put two silver dollars, some half dollars, quarters, dimes and a lot of nickels and pennies inside. Margaret never spent a penny of her money for years, but kept it safely hidden. Frances carried hers around with her until she lost it. She never complained, in fact never mentioned it, but we would see her walking around where she had been playing with her eyes riveted on the ground, and there was no mistake about what she was looking for.

In a short time, a little boy, one of her playmates, found her bag of money and returned it to her. This was cause for great rejoicing and Frances showed her appreciation for the return of the money by spending it all on her little friends right away.

I shopped in the second-hand book and music stores and acquired a considerable library of encyclopedias, Century dictionaries and histories, and reference books that the children would need all through high school and college. I also got a set of The World's Best Literature in 32 volumes of 700 or 800 pages each. I got several hundred of the best classical records.

This was a golden age for myself and my family. Although I had acquired the habit of drinking a little too much, even during Prohibition, I accumulated a few thousand dollars by the middle of 1934, which I vowed to save for a rainy day. The only dark spot on this period was that, although she never interfered, I knew Gladys was unhappy about my drinking. I knew that I could stop any time I wanted to. I believed that in time she would come to know that I would never be an alcoholic. I did not stop because, after the end of the Volstead Act, everybody was drinking. I believe it helped my business and I believed it helped me. Where others would take sleeping pills or worry themselves into a case of ulcers, I took a couple of shots and went to sleep and got up the next morning ready to start the battle all over again.

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By the middle of 1934 it was beginning to be increasingly more evident that the boom started in 1933 was a false move. Most of the business of my department came from loading old customers and reinstating customers who had been cancelled out when we began the search for new clients. The going was as tough as ever. Office buildings in the Loop were losing tenants daily. The cheap paint on the subdivision offices and street markers was beginning to peel and weeds were allowed to grow. Mr. Brown confided to me that if I could concentrate my efforts on a particular section of their properties that they had clear, he would appreciate it. He even offered a bonus if I could transfer the customers who had already been sold in on sections with mortgages, and said if I do make a complete transfer, he would let the property go by default. With this handwriting on the wall, only a fool would spend a cash stake that had so fortunately[45] been placed in his hands in trying to buck the trend. I had a stake. I would conserve it until an opportunity was at hand.

The time had long since passed when I could redeem the Illinois land with the valuable coal rights and the 1,120 acres in the Red River Valley. The only property that remained was the 800 acres in British Columbia that had been sold for taxes and this was the last year of the redemption period. Also, Mr. McConnell (who had offered me $100 cash for an option on my place to use as a demonstration farm to sell his several thousand acres of unimproved land several years before) sent me a letter stating:

> Several years ago you gave me an option on your 800-acre farm near Vanderhoff, British Columbia, to use in an effort to help dispose of my large holding of unimproved acreage in that district. I have spent all the money I intend to in this futile attempt. In return for the favor you did me, I now offer you any part or all of my holdings comprising several thousand acres for just one dollar. The confiscatory taxes levied against non-resident owners has not been repealed, but so much land has gone back to the government that I understand they will make almost any concession to anyone who will occupy the land. As I never expect to occupy my land, I could never profit by any concession made by the government. If you ever do intend to occupy your own land, and if you could profit by being the titled holder of any of my holdings, just say the word and I will quit-claim to you all you want of my land for just $1.

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The author was searching for just the right word, trying to decide between "fortunately", "suddenly", or "propitiously".

I knew that the Weyerhauser Lumber Company of Tacoma, Washington, had thousands of acres of cut-over land in the Pacific Northwest, some of it within a few miles of Tacoma and Seattle. I thought if I could make some kind of a deal with them along the lines I had offered the people near Selma, Alabama, which would give me added financial security and bring my base of operations within 300 miles of my British Columbia holdings, perhaps I might work the two deals at the same time. After several exchanges of correspondence, although there was no definite agreement, these letters seemed favorable toward my being able to make an advantageous connection, if I appeared in person.

In July 1934, I decided to make the move. I would go to Tacoma, get my family settled for the first school year, then I would investigate the situation in British Columbia and then take up serious negotiations with the Weyerhauser for the colonization of a large tract of their land. The whole family was now astir, inflamed with enthusiasm for a new adventure. The girls were just old enough to be intrigued by anything strange or exciting, and Gladys was resigned to try anything that might help our situation.

First, I shopped for a truck to transport all our belongings. After a couple weeks I found a truck with an extra-long body that had been used for hauling bailed hay. Then I had the truck overhauled and a high frame made to contain the furniture and support the heavy canvas covering. We would load on all our belongings, and head for the north Pacific Coast, camping out along the way.

I got rolls of heavy paper and bound all volumes of our books singly. The furniture was all wrapped to prevent friction. The piano was placed just far enough back of the seat of the truck to form the back for an elevated seat for the girls so they could just see out over the top of the cab. Everything was securely loaded and fastened, and we started on our way about the middle of August 1934.

We just wanted to make the coast in time for the girls to start to school in about three weeks. We were in a hurry to get outside Chicago, and then we would take our time in perfect contentment.

We had never owned a car in Chicago and I always used a cab or the company's chauffeur in my work, so I was not accustomed to driving, except that I made several practice trips around Chicago to get the feel of the truck before starting on our trip. All went well with our trip until we reached DeKalb, Illinois, about 60 miles west of Chicago. There we got a little thrill.

There was a rather steep decline on US 30 right in the middle of town, just before a right angle turn. I was going within the speed limit, but a little too fast for a steep downhill turn. Fortunately, in the far corner, was a gas station which gave me ample room to make the turn and be on our way without incident.

A few miles farther on, just after passing Ashton, Illinois, we came to another right angle turn in old US 30. The road was level and I had slowed to a snail's pace for the turn when, from nowhere, appeared a speeder just as I was making the turn. I pulled over onto the soft shoulder to prevent a collision, as it seemed impossible for the speeder to make the turn. The soft shoulder gave way and our truck turned

completely once, and part way over the second time, hit the bank and fell back. Gladys reached over and turned off the ignition, calmly surveyed the wreckage, and then turned white and speechless.

No one was hurt. The girls were sleeping and Margaret was made unconscious by the awakening shock. The man offered to drive us to Ashton. Gladys motioned for me to go with the girls and she would stand guard. The doctor pronounced us OK except for the shock to Margaret and offered to keep the girls while I got a garage man to pick up the wreckage.

Here we met Faust Boyd. He gave orders for his whole crew to follow with the tall trucks and he took me in his car to speed back to see if Gladys was OK, and thank God she was. In a short time the spot was swarming with people, some of them vultures who wanted to profit by the accident by buying something for nothing. After I had told one guy to take the radio for nothing, thinking it was smashed beyond repair, Mr. Boyd asked permission to take over. Then he told me and Gladys to get in his car and he would see that everything was taken care of and nothing lost.

We left everything to Mr. Boyd. He brought our truck and broken furniture back to Ashton and had it stored in an old dairy barn where he could drive the truck in without unloading. Then he got us a place to stay with a lady who had been the maid in the mansion of a millionaire, who on his death had willed her the home. We could eat in the AAA restaurant nearby. We did nothing for a few days. We were benumbed mentally and physically, but otherwise OK. After three or four days, the very kind lady told me, as I paid her and told her I did not know just how long we would want to stay, that we could stay as long as we wanted to, as her guests, without paying a cent. She said she enjoyed having Gladys and the girls so much that she would not think of charging. Just make this your home until you decide what you want to do.

When I went to pay Mr. Boyd, he said he hadn't figured it up yet. As I looked over his shoulder and saw "480", I thought, "$48 seems pretty high, but then there was four men, his car and a tow truck, and it was after hours with time and half or double time for overtime. It could be that much." When he handed me the bill and I saw that it was for only $4.80, I almost collapsed.

Mr. Boyd was very kind in driving us around the country. We met people, nice people, at the church on Sunday . But we had no plans and it was time for the girls to be in school, which was our first responsibility. We could not resume our trip. None of us could stand to travel. We never wanted to return to Chicago to live. Finally, Mr. Boyd said, "Why don't you just stay here. Rents are cheap. We have a good school. If you want me to, I'll line up a few houses for you to look at for rent, and we have a handy man here who will repair your furniture, and you will be surprised at how much of it he makes look as good as new.

We did not say "yes" and we did not say "no" to Mr. Boyd's suggestion that we let him find us a house to live in. But our furniture would have to be fixed and the truck repaired, so we started the handy man on the furniture, and he did an excellent job. Then we let Mr. Boyd's garage start repairing the truck. In the meantime, we attended box socials at the country school and everything of a public

social nature that happened in town. Gladys could always click instantly, if she wanted to, with any crowd, anywhere. When Mr. Boyd got us in his car one day and took us to see two houses for rent, we said, "We will take this one."

Everything was fine except that I did not have anything to do. I sent out 100 letters to postmasters in and around the section of British Columbia where my land was located, asking for prices on land. There was an initial flood of offerings, and no farm, no matter how well improved, would cost as much to buy as it would cost per acre to redeem my own. I accepted this as final and let the 800 acres in British Columbia go by default.

As we would not be traveling again by truck, we had no further need of it, so we traded the truck for a new Chevrolet with Mr. Boyd. After we were settled in our rented six-room cottage, we enjoyed some of the happiest weeks of our whole life. We made trips along the Rock River and the Black Hawk country and attended every social affair in the town. The little town was full of retired rich farmers and a large number of unmarried women of Glady's age or older who had been away to college while the other girls were snatching up the more eligible men. But although they lost in the race for men, they were very interesting and fine people to know.

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Much as I enjoyed this sort of life for a while, I could not just sit idly by and watch my little capital dwindle away. There was a brokerage firm in Dixon that handled orders on the Board of Trade, but their service was poor, and after a few weeks, I decided to commute to Chicago, or rather, I took an early train to Chicago every Monday and returned to Ashton Saturday evening.

The Chicago Board of Trade opened at 9:30 a.m. and closed at 1:15 p.m., so anyone who had nothing else to do and who was living in the YMCA hotel in the Loop had a lot of time on his hands. I attended many concerts at Orchestra Hall and at the Grand Opera House, but I could not spend all my time in this way. While at the YMCA hotel, which was the hang out place for a lot of musicians, I met Fred Butler. Butler was a very accomplished pianist. He was a pupil of Liebling, who was in turn a pupil of Franz Liszt. There were sound-proofed practice rooms in the hotel that a musician could rent for 10 cents per hour or longer if no one came to claim the room. Just to kill time, I took my violin and sheet music with me and spent some time in one of these practice rooms myself.

I had not had an accompanist for years and Fred offered to work with me as a favor or in part-payment for the many pork chop sandwiches and coffee I had bought for him. I said he did not owe me anything, but that I would give him $1 per hour if he would run through all my music with me. Just once, not to practice it, I would play it through my style and he was just to try and keep as close to me as possible. We started in and kept going for 30 hours at one or two hours per day.

I don't know how such an excellent musician with a trained ear for music stood it, but he did. He said he really enjoyed it because I slipped up in my technique on some comparatively simple passages and seemed to be able to execute

some more difficult passages with surprising skill. He said it became a game with him just to see whether I made the leap as we came to certain passages, or whether I would fall short of the mark and land in the ditch.

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I did not go near any real estate firms or contact any of my salesmen until early spring. Then I called on Mr. Brown, of the Hughes Brown Moore Corporation. I asked him if he could and intended to stay in business. He said he had to, whether he wanted to or not. He had a tiger by the tail and could not let go. He said if I wanted to give it a try again, that he could guarantee that the company would be in business for at least two years just to collect on existing contracts, if nothing else. I contacted my old salesmen and a couple others from another department that had disbanded, and in March, 1935, rather reluctantly, started to work at a task I no longer cherished, with the hope of just making a living. All thought of big stakes were no longer to be a part of my plans.

I still continued to live at the hotel during the week. The only change in my plans until the girls were out of school was that Gladys met me at the property office Sunday afternoons with the car and we enjoyed the drive back to Ashton, and then I would return to Chicago on Tuesday or Wednesday morning.

Business was surprisingly good for the early part of 1935. One day I got a summons from the manager of the Chicago Branch of the Bank of Montreal. He said they had made a check on me and found that I could pay them if I wanted to out of my earnings. I reminded him of my other creditors and of my promise and threat. He came back with the old contention that the bank should come first. I countered with the statement that there ought to be a law whereby I could sue the Bank of Montreal for leading me on by giving me $23,000 credit when I did not have an acre of unincumbered property to my name and then letting me down when I asked for a loan of less than a quarter of that amount when I had clear property with an intrinsic value of over six times the amount of the loan I applied for, just because high finance had decided it was time to put on the squeeze. Of course I did not expect to change the policy of the Bank of Montreal, so I went through bankruptcy in 1935 for a total of $176,000 which I had been burdened with for nearly 15 years. I was now 49 years old, and over half of my life had been spent in chasing rainbows.

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In going west from our property on Dundee Road to our home in Ashton, we passed through the town of Dundee on the Fox River. We fell in love with the place and stopped there either for dinner or ice cream every time we passed through the place. Then we would travel up and down the tree-lined streets from one end of the town to the other. It was just 29 miles west of our North Shore property. One evening while sitting near the corner at 7th and Oregon, we caught one another

looking at the same little frame house on the northwest corner with the large vacant lot adjacent to it. The sidewalks were lined with 10 giant walnut trees. A lot of money had been spent on hedges and shrubbery, although it showed recent neglect. It could be made into a fine home. We were both thinking the same thing. We would like to own it.

On Monday morning we decided to forego our usual activities and drove right back to Dundee to investigate the little vacant house on the corner. It was owned by the bank and the price was $3,000, on very easy terms and no money down, if we finished repairs ourselves that the bank had undertaken.

I offered $2,500 with $700 cash. The cashier of the bank said he would have to confer with the directors. We called back in a couple of days and he said our offer had been accepted. I began to count out the $700 in cash as he wrote the preliminary sales slip, and I noticed he had not included the vacant lot.

He said, "Oh no, the price did not include the extra lot."

I started to pick up my money, saying the house would not be any good to us without the vacant lot. As a matter of fact, it was only because of the extra lot that we became interested in the first place.

He asked to have time to submit my offer to the directors again, and it was accepted. We moved from Ashton to Dundee immediately after the last day of school.

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The family got off to a good start in Dundee right from the first Sunday. They attended the elite Congregational Church. Reverend Hill, the popular pastor was an Englishman. His wife was a Canadian who had taught school in western Canada and they had two daughters. I was an American, my wife was a Canadian, also had taught school in western Canada and we had two daughters about the same ages as the Hill daughters.

Along with this we had a new car at a time when even well-to-do people were driving their old cars. We all had creditable wardrobes. We had paid $700 down on a house at a time when people were making one monthly payment and moving in. We did not advertise this fact, but the bankers and directors knew it. The leading real estate man of the town knew it, and the attorney for the bank, whose wife was a social leader, knew it.

All the above, of course, would have been of no avail if my wife and daughters had not been able to deport themselves as cultured ladies. Mr. and Mrs. Haeger of the world famous Haeger Potteries, and without question the top family socially in Dundee, called and spent the entire evening with us. And if getting off to a good start socially had been our aim, every step, incident, and association had been in our favor.

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With my bankruptcy action out of the way and the family settled for the first time in our own home with all that could be desired so far as neighbors, school facilities and social connections were concerned, I could give my undivided attention to my business.

There was a slackening off in sales as the winter approached. 1936 being a presidential election year, things did not pick up in the spring. By mid-summer it became as hard to make a sale as it was in 1934. I remained in the office every night just in case I might be of help to any one of my salesmen if they needed me.

I had discussed with Mr. Warwick the possibility of my opening up an office myself and going in for brokerage instead of subdivision lots. With a little prompting from Delapp, he now suggested that perhaps I should open my office in spite of the hard times so as to be ready when good times returned. He said he would like to have a place when he came downtown where he could sit down and relax. He offered to put me on a retainer of $4,000 per year, payable quarterly, to take care of all his business, and he sent a letter to the Continental Illinois Bank advising their trust department that he was transferring all his business to me. He advanced me $2,000 to buy furniture and open an office on LaSalle Street in Chicago. Well, a few months rent at $75 per month, cost of office furniture, a part time office assistant, telephone installation, and newspaper advertising, and the $2,000 was soon gone, and being in my own office did not make it any easier to find people with money to buy real estate. I was expecting to get another $1,000 on January 1, but Mr. Warwick suddenly died of a heart attack about the middle of December 1936. Mr. Warwick did not have enough cash to pay for his funeral expenses. All the property that he had bought from us that had fully paid for had been turned over to satisfy his obligations owing to the double indemnity liability clause in stock he owned in several banks in Gary, Hammond and Whiting that had failed. The Standard Oil Company refused to pay any part of his pension that he would have received if he had lived until after January 1. I was left sitting alone in my office on LaSalle Street.

With the death of Mr. Warwick, I lost Delapp. Tobin was forced to take a semi-political job in a tax adjuster's office. Mrs. Bylaff, only, stayed with the ship until it sank.

There seemed to be an understanding among second-hand furniture dealers. When one wanted to buy it, the price was high, but when you wanted to sell, it was worth nothing. After the first month's rent was defaulted, the building had a lien on the furniture, typewriters, etc. I still was obligated on several months of a two-year lease that I had to sign in order to get the office arranged to my specifications. In the end, I just let the building take everything to get a clean slate again.

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One day, just before I had turned in the keys to my office, Tobin came in. He said he had talked to Mr. Bowen who had now become general sales manager of the Bartlett Realty Company and that I could get a job as sales manager if I applied for it.

I went to see Mr. Bowen. He gave me an office, gave me a drawing account for myself and five salespeople.

So in February, 1937, I was back with Bartlett●s where I had started almost 12 years before. I had nothing to show for the 12 years but a home with a few hundred dollars paid on it that was located 50 miles west of Chicago, while the property I would be selling for Bartlett●s was located in the sand dunes of Indiana, 55 miles southeast of Chicago. On the days I went to the property, I would be traveling over 200 miles from my home to the property and back.

Bartlett●s was now the only company selling subdivision property that gave the same commissions to salesman that they did in the boom days. Their property had a luxury appeal, being in the Dunes with Lake Michigan frontage. We had something good enough for a millionaire if he would talk to us at all and we had an inexhaustible supply of $149 lots to sell to poor people who wanted a cheap place to spend their vacation. If anyone could not sell at Bartlett●s, they could not sell at all.

As a manger at Bartlett's, they made the rules. I didn't. I was in the office every morning at 9 a.m. When I left the office for lunch or for any errand before 5 p.m., I signed the sheet stating where I could be reached. I was to be on the property on Wednesdays and Sundays from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m. (5 p.m. in winter). I was to attend the Monday night meeting every week. It was a seven days a week routine. A man killer.

I would make the trip from Dundee for several weeks, and then take a room at the YMCA Hotel for a month to rest up. There were several little 10 cent admission theaters in the loop where I spent 50 minutes of my lunch hour sleeping when fatigue had just about knocked me out.

I won the star for the year 1937 at Bartlett●s although I was only there for 11 months. Mrs. Bylaff won the watch for being highest salesperson on three different months, and Tobin was high salesperson on two occasions and won two watches. But being high manager now did not mean $4,000 or $5,000 earnings in a month. It might mean only $400 or less.

I remained at Bartlett●s until the outbreak of World War II, and although I was high manager among 20 managers more than any other one man, my average earnings were less than $300 dollars per month for the five years. But it kept us in our own home and the children in school without interruption.

One time Mr. Bartlett asked me if I had any ideas about how we could improve business. I told him to rent some of the vacant offices in the building, install cots, and allow the managers to have rest periods immediately after their sales meeting in the morning and again at mid-afternoon.

After the war began, to make sales was out of the question. I gave up my manager's job and went to work as a guard in a war plant operated by the Pullman Company at $39.50 per week. After a little over a year as a guard at Pullman, I saw an ad calling for men to work on a war base on the northeast part of the North American continent. I applied for a job and was given an assignment as recreation hall manager at $300 per month plus board and clothing.

Gladys rented the house in Dundee, took a course in precision inspection and was given a job in the Foot Gear War Plant, and my oldest daughter, Margaret, who was a student at the University of Illinois, joined the Womans Corps in the Marines. Frances remained with her mother and attended high school in Chicago.

I guess no one likes to talk too much about what they did during the war. I spent my time until near the end of the struggle on two bases, one in South Hampton Island in the north end of Hudson Bay and the other on Frobisher Bay on the northeast coast of Baffin Island.

A subdivision sales manager at Bartlett●s or Wilson's, even during the booming 20's, hardly knew his own family. The grind was for seven days per week and one or two evenings that were demanded by the company. During the depression years, just to make a living, a manager had to work with his sales force not only seven days but almost seven nights per week. For the five years I commuted from Dundee, I left home every morning before the family was up. And for four or five days per week it would be 11 p.m. before I got home.

The years I spent in the Arctics were almost a complete separation. No mail deliveries for weeks at a time. When I returned, Margaret was a young woman soon to be married and Frances was ready to enter the University. It seemed to me they had hopped from youth to maturity overnight and that I had missed that wonderful period of their adolescence.

When I returned, I learned that Percy Wilson, who had been a regional director for the FHA loan administration, had started a program to build 500 homes and wanted another manager to help dispose of them as they were built. When I applied for the job, I learned that what he really wanted was someone to sell the vacant lots that were adjacent to the buildings.

The job of selling these lots was merely routine order-taking. No skill was required. I merely hired a crew of GIs as salesmen. They would bring out other GIs to look at the houses. The ones that did not like the two styles of houses that we had, we sold a lot and we would build a house for them according to their own specifications.

Money was no problem at all. The GI Bill financed the construction, and either the parents or parents-in-law would put up the small down payment to get the

young people started, and in many cases, out of their hair. In most cases it was easy to get the parents to put up the money for the down payment if the young people were living with them. If the young people had already become established in their own apartment, the parents rarely came to the fore with the cash for the down payment.

He paid $50 per week salary and 4% commission with full cooperation as to advertising for leads, etc. and drawing accounts for a limited number of salesmen. I remained with him for two years until the job was done, and then in the fall of 1947, I returned as sales manager with the Bartlett Realty Company.

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In 1945 I took time off to sell the house in Dundee. The children were through school and the long train ride was too much of a burden. I painted the house on the outside and trimmed the hedges and flower beds. Then I redecorated the inside. I put an ad in the paper and sold it for $7,500 [redacted] $2,500 cash, and we held the mortgage of $5,000 ourselves. After a few months the house was resold for $9,000 cash and our mortgage was paid off.

We had always thought that we would eventually buy a small place in the country for our retirement years. In 1946 we decided to spend our vacation time in finding a suitable location. After considering many locations, especially in the southern and Pacific Coast states, we finally decided to investigate several listings in the United Farm Agency and Strout Farm Agency catalogues in the Ozarks in southwest Missouri and northwest Arkansas. Our first stop was at Rolla, Missouri, about 100 miles southwest of St. Louis. From there we went south and then west to the Shepherd of the Hills country made famous by Harold Belle Wright.

The rye market in Chicago had been going up for months, and around $2 per bushel seemed to hesitate. So I took the money from the mortgage without telling Gladys and sold rye short. Then came the last blow-off. Rye rose the 10-cent limit every day for several days. When Gladys learned what I had done, she was most distressed. I had already decided that I would take the loss on the first opportunity, and when I did, over half of our $5,000 was gone. Fortunately there was still enough left to pay for our farm in Arkansas.

Looking at several locations along the way, from Branson, Missouri, we turned south on US 65 until we reached the Buffalo River in Arkansas. We looked at locations along the Buffalo River to the east and to the west of the highway. We spent the night at St. Joe near the river on US 65.

The next day we inspected locations on the Little Red River near Clinton, Arkansas. To get a location on the larger rivers and also have a high mountain would require buying too much acreage, so we compromised by taking a location on a branch of the Little Red River that gave us Little Round Mountain, just over 1,000 feet high, for a building site.

Little Round Mountain is an elevated knob on the end of a ridge that comes to an abrupt stop near the fork of two branches of the Little Red River. The farm

consists of two adjoining 80 acre tracts. One consists of the crest of the ridge with a slight declination to the southern branch, and the other consists of the creek bottom with a slight elevation toward the crest of the ridge. There is an excellent growth of hardwood and cedar in the bottom land and an excellent growth of pine on the hillsides and on top of the ridge. There had been about 20 acres of the bottom land cleared and perhaps 30 acres of the top of the ridge had been cropped. There was a good stone-lined well, a spring, and the creek that never went dry.

The house, with large fireplace, needed repair but was livable in moderate weather. The community church was on one corner of the farm. There were 12 or 14 neighbors within one mile. Clinton was only three miles away on a black top road. We bought the place, paid cash for it, and returned to Chicago to make a little more money to add some improvements and really make a home of the place. This was the only sensible thing I ever did in my whole life, except to marry Gladys.

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When I returned to Bartlett●s this time, I was all alone. Delapp had dropped out of the picture shortly after the death of his angel Mr. Warwick. Tobin had died of tuberculosis, and Forest Bylaff was too busy practicing medicine to continue as his mother●s chauffeur. And without him, she was helpless to do effective sales work, as she was now 75 years old. So I started on the miserable grind of interviewing applicants for sales work, knowing that I would have to hire 100 to get one that could or would stand the guff long enough to learn enough to be successful. Although, I always kept five or six chairwarmers in my office in the morning to please Mr. Bartlett (who always wanted to see the offices full of sales people), it was several weeks before I really got any real sales force to work effectively.

The tempo of the organization had slowed down quite a bit. Mr. Bowen, who had been such a fanatic about military discipline, was replaced by Johnny Forbes, an efficient but good-natured guy who could kid Mr. Bartlett about some of his eccentricities and make him like it. Johnny liked to duck out when things were dull, leaving word that he would be right back, and then be gone for the rest of the day. He would OK a ticket for a cab fare and look the other way occasionally for a merited salesperson, knowing perhaps that it was to get a square meal. The swindle sheet that the managers used to sign was abandoned. The monthly contest for the star was abandoned. The company furnished leads and transportation and office facilities both in the city and on the property. There were no salaries and no drawing accounts. The commissions were advanced from 5% to 7% for managers and from 10% to 14% for sales people. The whole sales force were on their own to sink or swim. This is the kind of an arrangement that I always liked (except perhaps for brief periods when I was broke myself and ashamed to go to places where my credit was good for a loan).

The first real big producer that I hired was a Mrs. Timmonds, wife of a professor in University of Illinois. She came up from Urbana in answer to my ad for sales women in the spring of 1948. Early on, she said that her husband was taking a

that the first thing they will ask me?"

"You can say the company simply will not sell to its sales people. They would naturally pick the best lots and the public would have to take what is left."

"If any of my customers want my lots they can have them and I'll take something else."

Well, I gave in, although I never did sell a lot to a salesperson, and she is one of the three or four that I allowed to take a lot away from me. In her case, the company gave a 10-percent discount which wasn't mentioned to her until she saw it in the contract.

The two lots were near the center of a long hog-back dune running parallel with the shore line. There were six or eight lots on each side of the ones she bought and there was very little difference in the price or value of the different lots on the ridge. From the top, one could get a panoramic view of all northwest Indiana and far out into Lake Michigan.

On the third day, when she came into the office she said, "I did not get as much accomplished last evening as I intended. I'm living with my daughter and they had to go out and I was elected to be baby sitter. I did, however, have the use of the telephone."

I looked at her rather sternly and said, "I do not want to be held responsible for your turning down a $250 per month job to work for me unless you can devote all your time to this work. Is it necessary for you to live with your daughter?"

"No, not exactly, but since she has been married, I have seen so little of her that I thought it would be nice if we could be together while I am here."

"No doubt that would be nice, and I don't want to come between mother and daughter, but it would be better for you to get a room by yourself in the middle of the territory you choose to work in and take a day or even a week off once in a while to visit your daughter. This business is an all-absorbing business. You start a deal, you must concentrate every minute of the time until it is closed or there might be a slip-up. You really can hardly afford to make your own bed."

The next day when she came in she said, "What do you know about the Miramar Hotel?"

I said, "I know nothing except some time ago I had a client who lived there, a mother and her daughter. They were fine people and I don't think they would have lived there if it were not all right."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. I engaged a room there. It is conveniently located near the 63rd Street Station and in the center of the district where I have chosen to work, and they have maid service so I won't have to make my own bed."

I didn't know whether that last remark about making her own bed was meant for a stab or not, but I let it pass. I thought she might save a couple dollars per week at least by getting a cheaper room, but to make any suggestion about saving a couple of dollars in living expenses to anyone who had their aim set as high as Mrs. Timmonds might have put a damper on her morale.

Mrs. Timmonds became the most sensational producer I ever employed. And she did it without having any special aptitude for sales work and without ever

developing any. She played the law of averages to the limit. She got a list of all the professors at the University of Chicago and pursued it ruthlessly. She would call up a professor in his office or his home and say, "This is Mrs. Timmonds. My husband is head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Illinois. I would like to see you about a matter in which you might be interested." And then after a bit of irrelevant conversation she would usually get an appointment to see them in their home, and then would follow an appointment for them to see the lots she and her husband had bought in the dunes. She made more sales than any other salesperson, but her percentage of sales for the number of prospects taken to the property was low, perhaps one in five, whereas Mrs. Bylaff, in her prime, would average one out of two and Tobin perhaps two out of three.

After she had exhausted the list of professors at the University, she started in on the professional people in Woodlawn, and then after she had covered this list for the second or third time, she started sending out return postcards. The company supplied 100 cards with postage which the salesman could mail out. Mrs. Timmonds would send out 500, and when the company objected to the extravagant waste, she passed the cards out from door to door.

If I had one or two days per week that I did not have to ride out to the property to meet one of Mrs. Timmonds long-shot prospects, I would be lucky. I was glad to do this as it was our living, but it really became very tiresome. It lacked the fascination that came from the intricate scheming that my old salesmen and I had to do during the Depression.

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After a few attempts, I discontinued the practice of interviewing men for sales positions. There were just too many jobs at good pay, and no man would do what Mrs. Timmonds was doing to make good. So I concentrated on women exclusively for my sales force. Most of them would just be part-time employees, or they would work a short time and get discouraged and quit, or perhaps after one sale had given them the money they wanted for a particular purchase, they had no interest in the job.

I hired a Mrs. Kelly, a widow, and I tried to help her make good. She needed the job, had natural sales ability and was pleasant and interesting to work with. But she had a married son who was living with her. Mrs. Kelly was afraid her inexperienced daughter-in-law would not cook to suit her six-foot, 26-year-old darling son. This was obstacle No. 1 for her, and which would have defeated her in the end. But the thing that brought her career to an untimely end was when her son (who was a school teacher) countermanded my instructions to her about sales work. She would say, after a few months in the department, after I made suggestions to her about her work, "Well Harold thinks so and so." I did not have the patience or time to enter into a contest with a spoiled son, so I just let her follow Harold's suggestions until she was out.

There was a soft-spoken Mrs. Weber, a widow, who was one of the first to enter my department and remained throughout. She and her two daughters all

worked, and between the three of them made a fine living, an ideal situation for any woman who wanted to engage in sales work that took time in the evening. She was never a heavy producer but could be counted upon to turn in a sale once or twice per month, and it was always good business and there was never any unpleasant misunderstanding with any of her customers. Aside from Mrs. Timmonds and Mrs. Weber, I had no permanent sales force from 1947 until 1950, although I did have many part-time and transient people.

We were in a strictly utility market. People bought property for immediate use. They would appraise property by its location with reference to their work rather than from any advantage it may have because of its strategic location as an investment. We might have a deal well on the way to completion, and if a car full of people of a different nationality drove by, even in a Cadillac, we might be asked if there were any Jews, Polish or Italians in the development, and our prospects who could not be fully reassured by our answer would decide to "think it over" and would be lost to us forever. I often wished I could have had my old salesmen Bylaff, Tobin and Delapp with me now that people were making money again, just to see what we could do.

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One day Mrs. Bylaff visited the office. I did not encourage her to start to work. I knew she was too old for continuous effort and that she could never accept second place and would therefore sabotage Timmonds if I allowed her a permanent place in the department. But she was lonely and I was itching for one of the old-time deals like we used to make. I asked her if she thought we could make a sale like we used to.

She said, "I think so, if we had a prospect."

I said, "Well, I'll tell you what you can do. Look over all your old leads. Pick out five or six that have money and who will talk to us, but whom we never could sell. I'll take an afternoon and evening off and we will see what we can do."

She prepared the list and we spent all afternoon and most of the evening, but drew a blank everywhere we called. The last name on the list was a Miss Keller, a retired school teacher of about 65 years old. Miss Keller was robust, never sick in her life, had saved a lot of her money, although living well. She had made some profitable investments in improved property and stock, but never would buy a vacant lot. She was a very intelligent and interesting person to talk to, but in business matters, she felt so secure and was so opinionated and self-sufficient that no salesman ever had a chance. Mrs. Bylaff told me before we went in that she had been trying to sell Miss Keller for 20 years and that she did not think we had a ghost of a chance.

I said, "Well, we will have some fun trying."

We were not to discuss real estate at all with Miss Keller at this meeting. Just visit. Occasionally Mrs. Bylaff was to make a slip and say something about real estate and I would say, "I thought this was to be a social call. Can't you ladies forget

business for just one evening?" Then we would get back to socializing again. We discussed current affairs, the opera, and the younger generation.

She had a favorite niece that she had been patronizing. She said, "She used to be happy with just a doll, then it got to be books and sports clothes, but what do you think she wants this Christmas. She wants a fur coat, a $2,000 fur coat."

Miss Keller had volunteered the statement repeatedly that she really had all she would ever need to provide her moderate living requirements. This was to forestall any attempt by us to switch to a real estate canvas. I said, "Miss Keller, have you ever seen Beverly Shores in the winter time the snow white undulating hills with the crystals shining in the pine trees? Anyone with your artistic talents should see it just once. I only have one customer for tomorrow, a Board of Trade man who asked me to watch for a location for him in Beverly Shores and is coming out just after lunch to inspect a location I have found for him. Mrs. Bylaff, as you may know, is no longer with the company, so why don't you two ladies be my guest for the day. I think you will enjoy it."

Mrs. Bylaff could be just a woman, in a case like this, who had an opportunity to steal away from a very dull Sunday thrust upon her. I bided my time while the women, skillfully led by Mrs. Bylaff, decided on which clothes to wear to combat the snow and decided that the 10 a.m. would be the best train to take.

On arrival at the property office they spent some time looking out the window, and then I told them I wanted to see if the road was open to the lot I would show my Board of Trade man when he came, and asked if they would care to ride along. We found the road open all the way to the lot. Mrs. Bylaff began to ask me questions about the lot, and why the man would want this particular piece of property. I explained all its advantages to her.

Mrs. Bylaff then asked if he would build on it.

I said, "Oh no, he is just buying for an investment. You see this is a foreclosure and there has been a lot of money paid in on it and whoever gets it will have an unusual advantage right from the start. You know the old saying, 'Well bought is half sold.'"

We went back to the office, had a snack and some coffee. Mrs. Bylaff kept changing the conversation back to this lot and I kept pulling away. Finally she asked me how much money was actually paid in on this lot and I told her a little over $2,000. "Of course," I said, "there would be a little expense."

"Well, if I sold it to one of my friends, since I'm no longer with the company and there would be no commission, would she get the $2,000?"

"Well, there are a lot of if's in your question Mrs. Bylaff, but if, well, yes," and then got up to look out the window to see if my prospect was in sight.

I was watching Mrs. Bylaff through the corner of my eye and when she slyly gave me the nod, I came back to the table, and she said, "If Miss Keller bought the lot?"

"Oh yes," I interposed, "if Miss Keller bought this lot and made the $2,000 and then bought that $2,000 fur coat for her favorite niece and completely spoiled the child, she never would forgive herself." Then I strolled away from the table again.

In a few minutes Mrs. Bylaff handed me a sale slip signed by Miss Keller with a check for the full down payment attached.

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One day while I was sitting in my office during the lull after all the sales people had departed, I noticed a familiar figure sitting in the assembly room just in front of my office. I arose and spoke to him and then immediately recognized him as Carl Dibble. I had known him at Wilson's 15 years before. We were never on friendly terms especially, but I recognized him as a man of ability. I invited him into my office and he told me that he had just landed in town on a freight train and was going to ask Johnny Forbes for a job.

I said, "Well Carl, you will not get a job if you go in there the way you look now." I had a room at the YMCA at the time and I had a practically new blue serge suit there.

I said, "Take these keys to my room, go take a bath, throw your clothes from the skin out in the waste basket in the lavatory, put on that blue suit and all the accessories you will need and find in my room before you try to see Mr. Forbes."

Then he raised his hat to scratch his head and I noticed he had a do-it-yourself hair cut so I gave him a couple of dollars and said, "See the barber on the way. I will wait in my office until you return."

Carl Dibble was about 50 years old, in excellent physical health, but in a deplorable mental state. Until he was in his early 30's, he had his own brokerage business on Wall Street. He went broke, his wife and family left him, and guided by a mother-in-law with a persecution complex, his wife had him in jail for defaulting on alimony payments, often and for long periods at a time. When he had money, he liked to dress like a Wall Streeter and he knew how to swing a cane. He could sink awfully low, but he seemed to be able to spring back for brief periods if he once got a firm toe-hold.

Carl had his interview with Forbes and was asked to come back the next day. Then Forbes asked me if I could recommend him to start a telephone lead department.

I said, "Well Johnny, do any of us think a telephone lead will go in this market? And as for Carl's leads, well, he might be able to work them himself, but no one else could."

"What is wrong with them?"

"Well, here is a sample," I said, "He calls a number. If a woman answers he might say, 'How would you like to take a ride with me in my big automobile?' Before she collapses, he will interject, 'Of course, you can bring anyone along with you, your husband if you have one. I have something that ought to interest you. If it does, fine. If not, we will enjoy the ride anyway.'"

Johnny did not think it would go over with the sales force so when Carl came in the next morning, he sent him back to me.

I broke the rules of the company and put Carl on a $25-per-week drawing

account, and let him draw the first $25 immediately. With my blue serge suit on his back and $25 in his pocket, Carl spontaneously resumed his Wall Street swagger. I took him to lunch in a tavern that had booths in the rear, and I and my other salesmen had been extended the courtesies of this place for lengthy conferences with our clients for years. So I introduced Carl as a new addition to my crew. The owner/manager asked us what we would have and Carl immediately pointed to Old Forester.

The manager picked up the bottle and Carl said, "Not that. How do I know what you got in that bottle. Give us a bottle with the seal unbroken."

I got a look, but the bottle with unbroken seal was opened in our presence and we were each served a drink. Carl said, "Leave the bottle on the table." And just after the proprietor turned to go away, Carl grabbed up the bottle, reached across the table, and filled my whiskey on-the-rocks glass almost up. Then as he filled his own glass.

The proprietor, having seen what was going on through a mirror behind the bar, turned around and took the bottle away from the table! Carl threw a $10 bill on the table and tried to laugh it off, but his gesture was too evident.

With the $75 suit and $25 advance, I had an investment of $100 in Carl before he started to work. We walked back to the office, neither of us ever referred to the incident in the tavern. I pointed to a desk and telephone and told Carl to use it if he liked and that to call on me if he needed me. He studied the plat, picked a corner business lot on the Dunes highway, and then began calling private gas station owners. His canvas would be about as follows:

"Are you the owner?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to sell your station at a really good price?"

"Yes."

"How much are you asking? Do you really think you could get that much?"

"Yes."

"Well if you can, I have a deal for you. I can get you a much better location at a quarter the price you are asking, but we will have to work fast. Can you be in my office in the Conway Building this afternoon or tomorrow morning?"

The answer, either "yes" or "no." If "no," he would say, "Well, if you can't get off to see the property, there is no use talking about it. Goodbye."

The second day, my phone rang. The party said, "This is Art Kidd. Do you have a Mr. Dibble there?"

I said, "Yes, do you want to talk to him?"

He said, "Who are you?"

I said, "I am Mr. Baltzell, one of the managers."

"Well, who is this man, Dibble?"

"He is one of our special representatives."

"Well, he phoned me about a piece of property yesterday. You know anything about it?"

I said, "No, you will have to talk to Mr. Dibble about that."

"Well, he wanted me to meet him in the office and I am a busy man, and I can't."

"Well," I broke in, "Mr. Dibble is a very busy man, too, and if he made you any kind of proposition that sounded good to you, you better act on it quick as he does not have much time to fool around when he gets something hot."

"What time will he be in in the morning?"

"About a quarter to nine," that would give them time to make the 9:05 train.

"All right. Goodbye."

The next morning at 20 minutes to nine, Mr. Kidd was in my office when I arrived. Dibble came swaggering in just after me. Kidd introduced himself and said, "I wanted to know more about that gas station lot."

Dibble looked perplexed, scratched a notation on a piece of paper and said, "If those people call, tell them I'll be back at noon," and then started out.

Kidd said, "How about the lot?"

Dibble said, "We just have time to make the train. We can talk on the way out." Kidd tagged along. Shortly after 12, they were back. Dibble pretended to be mad and said, "That damned phoney has wasted my whole morning. Did those people call?"

I said, "Yes, and they left this message." Dibble snapped his fingers and dashed out of the office.

Kidd said, "He hasn't time to make a deal! He has too much on his mind."

I said, "He probably has a deal already. That is why he was in such a hurry."

Kidd said, "I think I would buy the lot, only I would like to know a little more about it."

I said, "Mr. Kidd, you saw the lot. Your judgment is probably better than Dibble●s. As for myself, I'm sorry but I can't help you. That is Mr. Dibble's affair and I really don't know the price he had on the lot."

"Well, he said it was $3,500."

"In that case, if you want to make an offer at that price, I will take your deposit and give you a receipt that will hold the lot for you for 24 hours."

"How much deposit?"

I said, "At least $500."

Kidd pulled out a roll that would choke an ox and peeled off $500, and I gave him a receipt. Dibble was watching from around a corner, and as soon as Kidd left, he hurried into the office, and seeing the sales slip and deposit said, "We will sell him the lot across the street to shut off competition. That guy is loaded. He used to be a fence for bootleggers." In a few more days, Dibble had sold Kidd the other corner as he predicted. Then that was the last of Dibble. His commissions amounted to near $1,000 dollars. He remained around the hotel for a while and then disappeared.

These last two sales, the one by Dibble to Kidd and the one made several months previously by Mrs. Bylaff to Miss Keller were the last of that type of selling I ever did. I wanted to make both of these sales both for the sake of the salespeople involved and for my own sake, something like going back to the old homestead. One wants to see it for the last time, but never wants to live there again. Both these

sales were profitable, but I had been making them for 30 years and they did not come close enough together to do me any good.

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PART FIVE

THE ARKANSAS FARMTHE ARKANSAS FARMTHE ARKANSAS FARMTHE ARKANSAS FARMTHE ARKANSAS FARM
1951-1954

After we bought the farm in Arkansas, whenever things got dull in the real estate business, I set to work on plans for improving the farm. We had money for reasonable improvements and I was rapidly coming to the frame of mind where I would rather adjust my mode of living to my purse than to try to enlarge my purse for a higher (more extravagant) style of living.

As the hill property overlooking the lake became more scarce, even Mrs. Timmonds began to have weeks without making a sale. She said that she had a chance to make a connection with a brokerage firm in Champaign. Her husband had returned to the University and wanted her home again. I advised her to make the move. It took her a few months, but finally she gave up and returned home.

Our apartment building had been sold to colored and near the end of 1950, two colored families had already moved in. I had never collected unemployment insurance. I arranged to be fired by Mr. Forbes so I would qualify for unemployment insurance, and shortly after January 1, 1951, we stored our furniture (except some bedding and kitchen utensils) and headed for Arkansas.

I had quite a time collecting at first, owing to the presumption that I had left a place where I might be employed for one where my chance of getting employment were less. Of course, at 64, my chances of employment were not too good with a new company anywhere and my unemployment checks started to come again after an exchange of letters and an appeal of my case.

We packed the back seat and the trunk of our car with clothing and kitchen ware and piled the bedspring and mattress on the top of our new car and started for our farm in Arkansas early in January 1951. I had only visited the farm once in February the year before when the weather was moderate. Gladys had visited the farm once or twice each year since we bought it in 1946, but her visits were in the summer time. We both had the story-book picture of a farm in the balmy south where severe changes in the weather were not a problem.

The weather was moderate when we entered the state in the lowlands along the Mississippi, but as we began to ascend the hills, the rain began to turn to sleet. We stopped in the last town, Shirley, before coming to our place and bought some groceries. We would have stopped there for the night as the sun had gone down, but there were no accommodations for tourists and we traveled on. When we got near our house, the roads seemed to be impassible in wintertime. They were OK during dry weather but the freeze and thaw and winter rains made them too soft to chance with a loaded car, so we took our flash lights and walked the rest of the way to the house.

There were wet spots all over the floor that betrayed the leaky roof. The wind was blowing through the cracks in the wall. The old fireplace was sagging wet. The

only dry wood would have been to take some of the boards that were used for inside finish. We went back to the car, neither of us was in a loquacious mood, and drove on to Clinton where we registered at the motel for the night.

We were as much surprised to see the bright sun when we awoke in the morning as we were at finding the sleet the night before. We could hardly wait to get back out to the farm to begin to plan our program by actual contact with the problems as we found them. First was to get a kitchen stove, then some extra tools that I had overlooked in my shopping in Chicago, nails of different sizes, and some roofing paper for temporary repairs.

We remained at the motel for a few nights until we had the kitchen stove installed, the ruts filled with small stone so we could get the car close to the house, and I had a supply of wood for the fireplace. Then we moved out to the farm. It remained mild for a few days and then the weather turned cold. It started to snow, and by the first of February, it was 16 or 18 inches deep and remained on the ground for over a week and the thermometer dropped to 20 below zero, a record low for all time. It was 10 below zero under our bed.

The reason we did not freeze to death was because we brought out heavy blankets, including a Hudson Bay blanket (as used by trappers in northern Canada) and several suits of heavy underwear that I had used in the Arctic. I also had my alpaca-lined parka and fur-lined mittens. All I did was chop wood in the adjacent woods nearby and carry it on my back to the fireplace. When the wind came from the east the fireplace smoked so much that we had to pull the fire and move into the kitchen. And when the wind was from the north, the kitchen stove smoked and we had to move to the living room and start the fireplace again.

When the weather moderated, I made a frame from four long poles and draped the fireplace with a large canvas we had brought with us as temporary restraint to the wind until I could get around to redaubbing the spaces between the stone with mud.

Within less than two weeks we were back to moderate weather again when the temp averaged around 70 degrees at midday. We got comfort from the neighbors who told us that it never got that cold before and there never was so much snow, that the temperature seldom dropped below freezing and when it did, it would warm up again before noon. In the 10 years that I have lived here, I have found that the natives were basically right, although once or twice every year, the temperature will drop down far enough to freeze anything that is left unprotected, even though it may rise again the very next day to 50 or 60 degrees. The need for fire constantly during the winter is more from dampness than cold weather.

Although it does get too cold in the winter occasionally and too hot in the summer for brief periods, the total number of "just right days" to be found on the southern slope of the Ozarks is greater than any place I have ever been, and I have traveled and lived in every section of the country except the eastern part of the United States.

In the first month of our residence on the farm, we came closer to reality and found that it would take time, a lot more time, before we could even get started on the various projects we had dreamed about, let alone reach their final accomplishment.

For instance, we would need a team of horses. I would just go to the sale and buy a team of horses. In a couple of hours the whole transaction would be completed. There were horses at every sale, but none we liked, so we advertised in the paper for a team of horses, a wagon, a plow, a cultivator, and a mowing machine. In six weeks after we landed on the farm, we found the matched team we liked Dan and Nig, two fine-looking matched blacks with a star on their faces that cost us $100. Plugs were selling at the sale barn for as little as $15.

Before we got the horses, I cut the wood with an axe for both the fireplace and the kitchen stove and carried it on my back. I was 30 or 40 pounds overweight and had done no hard work for 30 years or more, so it took just about all my time to chop enough wood to keep both fires going. This was a blessing in disguise, for while working alone, I could adjust my effort to my physical endurance. For to guide a team of strange horses from behind a plow in a stony and stumpy field is no easy task, and if I had not had this conditioning work-out period in the beginning, I may have done serious damage to my heart when I had to adjust my pace to that of the horses.

There was so much work to be done that I hardly knew where to start. So I eliminated everything except the first priority, and that was plowing. If we were to have any crop in the field or garden, the land should be prepared immediately. First I started in the garden which had not been plowed for years. Every few feet I would strike a rock that would throw the plow out of the ground, and when I came to a shrub that stopped the horses, I had to grub it out by hand. We had a little less than an acre in the garden, which if free from stone and shrubs could easily be plowed in half a day but it took a solid week. As soon as the garden was finished, I started to plow the next cleanest field. I would plow one round and then grub out roots while the horses rested. At this rate, it was already late for seeding by the time I had three acres plowed.

As many of the neighbors already had their gardens planted, I stopped plowing and started to cultivate the land for seeding. It was a wet year, and by the time I had the first seed put in the garden until I had the corn planted, the quack grass was beginning to show up among the tender plants in the garden.

The next job on the priority list was to stretch the wire around the 80 acres on which the buildings and spring were located, so we would have a fenced pasture for the horses when they were not working. While fencing was second in priority, the season was so wet and there was so much time that we could not work on the land, we had the fence completed by the time the planting was done.

The stretching of the barb wire had seemed such a simple matter when planning my various projects while still in the city. I would just fasten the spool on a homemade axle and fasten it at a corner of the field, then take the end of the barb

wire and string it out along the line. I supposed the old markers would still be there. They were there all right, but were so overgrown with underbrush that we could not find them, so we had to start with a compass and blaze a new line. This would have been simple if the ground had been level and we could see from one land survey marker to the next, but we had to take it from the top of one hill to the depression below and then work up to the top of the next hill. By the time we got to where we thought the end of our farm might be, we would look for the official marker, and always it would be a considerable distance from the line we had surveyed, and then we would work back from this point. Eventually by our crude method we hit upon the line.

When I started to pull the wire by hand, I soon found it was a job for a horse and not for a man. So I tried old Dan and found he was a willing helper, but while I could weave my way through the brush, Dan needed a wider path. I also found that when the wire caught with Dan doing the draught work, something had to go and usually it was the axle. Then I made a sled with the axle fastened between two uprights on the sled and put the spool of wire on the axle. I then secured the loose wire to the corner post and let old Dan pull the sled and unwind the wire as we went along. If the wire got caught, I could stop old Dan immediately, loosen the wire, and then be on my way again. As Dan required a wider path than I did, so in turn, Dan and the sled needed a wider path than just Dan himself. So I got a brush scythe, a brush hook, a Swedish saw, and a two-bit axe and cut a path all along the line the entire distance around the 80 acres. Eventually by this trial and error method we got things going, and by the time the fence job was completed, we knew how to build a fence in the woods and hills of Arkansas.

There were too many stumps in the field to use modern machinery for planting the corn, even if I had had any to use. I could not set our old-fashioned hand planter so I dropped the corn by hand and covered it and the fertilizer with a hoe. When I started to cultivate the garden, there were so many rocks that I had to use a hoe until the plants got so deeply rooted that the horse cultivator would not disturb the plants. Both the garden and fields had been overrun by live stock from all over the country for years, and therefore, every noxious weed in the country had been scattered by the animals and allowed to propagate themselves because of a lack of cultivation.

After the corn had been planted a few days, I went down to the field to see if it had sprouted. I could see the small plants were just peeping through the ground, and thought, "By Sunday, I will be able to see the rows all the way across the field." Early Sunday morning I made another visit to the field, and as I approached, a large flock of crows arose and flew away. They had followed the rows and pulled up the corn by the roots over three-quarters of the field. It was so completely devastated that I had to recultivate the whole field and plant it over again.

By this time it was much too late and immediately after replanting the field the rains came and left the ground so wet that I could not use a horse cultivator. I tried to keep the weeds down by hand with a hoe, but the weeds won in the end. In the garden, not only every variety of weed know to Arkansas was represented, but

the biting insects, the sucking insects, the cutting insects and those worms that work underground on the roots were all represented in full force.

The fact that my entire garden and corn crop seemed doomed to failure did not bother me in the least. I would have my land plowed early for the next crop so as to give time for the weeds to sprout and be killed by cultivation before seeding. And I would have a large spray gun to fight the insects and I would treat the seed before planting. By being early, alert, and scientific, I would win out in spite of all obstacles.

My crop had failed but I could buy melons for 5 cents apiece, pickles and cabbage free for the picking. Why I wanted to bother raising my own had not occurred to me yet. Why not give the poor farmers a few cents for their surplus and save my time for more interesting pursuits did not occur to me.

My own personal experience however does not refute the fact that one can make a living on a farm in Arkansas. I planted each of my various garden and field crops all at the same time. The editor of the local paper gave this program for a successful farmer on the hills of Arkansas: Plant a little of everything as early as you can. Plant a little more every two weeks throughout the season for each respective plant. Some of it will grow. Have your canning apparatus ready and can, can, can as much of everything that grows as you can. It will keep until next year. Anyone who follows this program every year, year after year, will always have plenty to eat.[46]

The next-in-line must to be tackled after harvest of the first year was to improved our private road from the county road to our house. There were five different lanes that had been used in the past, each lane being abandoned when the ruts and stone exposed by washouts made them impassible. As my improvement was to be permanent, I chose the most direct route which was right along our fence line to the county road, although this lane had been impassible for years. It was a straight decline of a quarter mile. The washout between the car tracks had become a ditch about four feet deep near the bottom end and graduated to only a few inches near the top of the hill. Parallel to this ditch had been a stone fence that had fallen into disuse. I moved the entire fence into the ditch and then gathered from the fields small rock that I placed on top of the large rock. Then I dug a new ditch for drainage, parallel with and a few feet removed from the road and threw the dirt on top of the small stone. Altogether I hauled over 200 wagon loads of stone to build the road. It would never be impassible, but it did get bumpy and I had to keep filling in the ruts with shale or gravel for the first few years until the stone base became thoroughly settled. No hillside road, however, is ever permanently completed. After the freeze and thaw and heavy rains of every winter, some repairs have to be made.

The old house too must be repaired before another winter. As it had been our original plan to build an entirely new house right on top of the Little Round Top, I was not too particular about appearances.

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Author's note: "● Just Trying to Improve the Score ● or just ᴧᴧKeeping up the Score ● Occasionally I think of a title or possible subtitle. It is of no significance to this page that I jotted it down here.

The original plank house had four rooms, two rooms in each end of the house with a breezeway in between. As the fireplace was in one of the rooms on the east end of the house, it was this part that I repaired. I covered the cracks in the floor with heavy building paper, then spaced 2x4's about two feet apart over the paper. Then I filled in between the 2x4's with sawdust treated with lime to keep out vermin. Over this I placed rough lumber taken from the dismantled west end of the house, and as a finish, got the cheapest linoleum I could buy, 9'x12' for $4.95. I gave the attic floor practically the same treatment. As for the sides of the house, I tacked on heavy flowered wallpaper as the lumber in the inside finish was too rough to use paste. I enclosed the breezeway for a storage room. I repaired the leaks in the clapboard roof from the under side by using tin shingles made from quart size, straightened-out oil cans, and I kept a large supply of tin shingles made from oil cans in reserve to repair the new leaks that the wind would be sure to open up. For the first year, I merely redaubbed the fireplace with mud.

When all completed, we had a large living and bedroom 16'x16', a kitchen 10'x16' and a 10'x16' storage room and an attic with a ceiling that I could hardly reach in the center. In the front was a porch the full length of the house. When all repairs were completed and all the rubbish was cleared away, the old shack did not look too bad, and it was the warmest house in winter and the coolest in summer that I ever lived in. The building was protected from the winter winds by the surrounding trees. And in summer there always was a cooling breeze from beneath their foliage. Although the simple repairs were inexpensive in money, they required weeks and weeks of time. Tearing down the old building without splitting the dried out boards was the most tedious part of the work.

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Gladys really only had a part time job in the apparel shop in Chicago, and it was her own personal clientele that made it worthwhile. From the middle of March to the middle of June and from the first of September to the middle of November were her best months. She spent the rest of the time on the farm.

Although we both would qualify for Social Security in the upper brackets, we had considerable timber of commercial value that could have been sold a little each year, and at that stage, I fully expected to make the goat business a profitable one. We proceeded with every move as though we were preparing against a famine. The rationing of two wars and the uncertainties that had befell us throughout our entire married life had well prepared us for this role.

During the first summer, I picked and Gladys canned 143 one-quart and two-quart cans of blackberries. We had a 14-quart pressure cooker and not one can ever spoiled. She canned tomatoes and green beans and peas and pickles and made jam and jelly enough to fill the shelves on one entire side of our storage room. She bought a hand cream separator at the sale (we did not have electricity yet) and intended to make butter from goat milk. This, however, never happened and after wiping and oiling it each year for the first few years, it was finally permanently

packed and stored away for any future emergency if it should arise.

We called on one neighbor to buy some cabbage. The farmer's wife and several of her children went to the cabbage patch to gather only the best heads for us. When we offered to pay, the lady said, "Oh I wasn't going to charge you for it. We just give when we have and they give us when we don't have." We pressed some money in her hand to buy presents for the children.

Another neighbor's wife who grew cucumbers commercially received Gladys with open arms. Again, when she offered to pay for two bushel bags completely full of pickles, "Oh" she said, "I won't charge anything for them. I just enjoyed helping you pick them so I could visit with you. The pickle factory is closed for this year and the pickles would just rot anyway." Gladys pressed $2 in her hand for enough pickles for 40 quarts and we still wanted to have our own garden!

Although I have not tried to have a garden or cultivated field crop since the second year, I have observed this anyone can have a fine garden if the ground is well prepared in season, the seed is treated, proper provision is made to guard against insects and cut worms, and a little irrigation at a few critical periods. If one likes gardening, he can be well rewarded for his efforts here.

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My next experiment was with chickens. No one, I suppose, ever planned to go from city to farm who did not plan to have his own fresh eggs and broilers and fryers. I fixed my chicken house according to the book for 100 young chicks mill run, about half pullets and half cockerels. The south side was made to admit sunshine and keep out the wind and rain. Around the edge of the floor I submerged close woven wire netting to keep out the weasels or other predatory small animals. I got 100 Indian River chicks two weeks old. They gave me 102 for good measure, and as we only lost two in the early stages, we brought 100 to full maturity for a broiler. I used only the best prescribed feed according to directions and used the prescribed feed troughs and water containers. We were set on getting 28 cents per pound for our surplus when the chicks were about three pounds at three months old. When we were ready to sell, the market had dropped to 20 cents. We decided to eat the chickens ourselves rather than sell on a down market. After eating six or eight, the remaining 42 cockerels looked like a lot of chicken to us, so we again inquired about the price of broilers. We were told maybe 10 cents if we could sell them at all. Then we decided to process the cockerels and can them. After this, raising cockerels for home use was obviously a very impractical business. I killed and dressed and Gladys canned 40 four-pound cockerels and we had canned chicken for two whole years.

I had to eat most of them myself as Gladys had a job as a saleslady in a fashionable ladies● wear shop in Chicago during the spring and fall seasons and only spent the mid-winter and mid-summer months on the farm.

After the cockerels were out of the way, I expected having our own eggs and

enough to sell to pay for the feed would be a wiser course to pursue. It cost me about 50 cents per dozen for eggs from my own flock and I could buy them from the neighbors for 30 cents. Naturally, 30 cents per dozen was all I could get for the eggs that were costing me 50 cents to produce. So I forgot the book method of raising chickens and turned my young hens out to eat grasshoppers and bugs. I gradually reduced their rations on store feed until they became accustomed to their new diet. All went well and there was no perceptible reduction in their egg production, until the hawks and foxes resented the intrusion of my young hens into their restricted territory. I would tie a hen to a stake in the open field and hide under a bush for hours with my loaded gun, waiting for the hawk to appear, but I never killed a hawk. Before I hardly got out of gun shot, I would hear the chickens cry, turn and see the feathers fly with the hawk flying away. I soon got tired of this sentry duty as the chickens seemed to be becoming hawk-wise and stayed closer to shelter. But every day or so a crazy hen would venture out too far and the hawk would have his dinner.

I kept storing eggs in the refrigerator and the hawks kept taking the hens until the refrigerator was full of eggs and the 50 hens had dwindled to 14. My good neighbor Mrs. Teague (a widow, about 80 years old and living alone) had always admired my flock. I asked her one day if she would like to have my hens.

She said, "I have no money to buy chickens."

I said, "I didn't mean to sell them to you. You can have them for nothing."

And after a few days since she had a market for her eggs at 25 or 30 cents per dozen, and I being tired of eating three of four eggs for breakfast and despairing over ever being able to eat all I had stored away I packed 30 dozen and gave them to her so that I would have room in my large refrigerator to store a different kind of diet for myself.

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Each time Gladys came down, just before she returned for Chicago, she would think of something I ought to have for my health or comfort on the farm. We had always intended having goats instead of dairy cows and had been watching the sales for one that would be good enough for us, and we had shopped at two or three private places that had dairy goats for sale, but we found none that suited us. The best dairy goats at the auction never brought more than $7 or $8, and those in the pedigreed herds about $15. We were told by one of our neighbors that a dealer in all kinds of live stock by the name of Brown would be able to get us just the kind of a goat we wanted. We went to see Mr. Brown. He did not have any goat on hand, but if he found one such as we had described, he would let us know.

On Sunday morning the day before Gladys was to leave for Chicago, he drove into our yard with the finest looking goat we had seen so far. It had a fine lively white male kid a few days old. He priced the goat and kid (which was a grade Taggenberg without pedigree) at $17.50. I looked in her mouth and the goats teeth were completely worn down to the gums. I said, "She is quite old."

"Yes, she is a little short-mouthed."

I said, "Your price is about twice what good goats sell for at the auction sale."

"That's right. That's right. Sometimes they do. But after she raises you a couple of kids, you can sell them and have the goat for nothing."

I said, "Well, I'm sorry I caused you all the trouble, but I really did not want to bother milking a goat anyway. It was my wife's idea some time ago, and she is going away tomorrow."

"That's all right. You don't have to take her. I'll just sell her to someone else."

Gladys said, "What did you say the price was?"

He came back with, "I reckon I'll have to have $17.50. I can't afford to sell her for less." The white kid had jumped out of the truck and started capering around.

Mr. Brown said, "In a year he will bring you $8 or $9 if you won't want to eat him yourself. He won't cost you anything to raise. You have plenty of feed growing here."

We bought the goat and paid him the $17.50. Although we paid double what the goat was worth at the then current market, it was the best investment, percentage wise, we ever made in our lives if we had followed through. She raised two pair of twins besides Billy White (as we named her first baby), and we could have two or more quarts of milk per day for nine months of the year.

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The first row crop was almost a total failure because of the crows, rain, weeds, and insects. The second was a failure because of the drought. To make the count a full 100 percent against myself so far as farming operations were concerned, my next failure was due to my own carelessness. I had mowed a few acres in the open spots among the bushes and made two stacks of native grass hay. Then to make sure that it would not be destroyed by fire that often breaks out during the hunting season, I decided to back-fire around each stack for a safe distance while the stubble was short. I succeeded in back-firing around one stack and proceeded to the second stack and started my fire going there. In a few minutes I noticed a fire had started again on the inner side of the burned-off band around stack number one. I raced back to put out the fire, but before I succeeded in doing so, a gust of wind came up and drove the flames into stack number two and burned it to the ground. This strong wind also made the flames start up and soon were burning on all sides of stack number one, so in a few minutes, I lost by my carelessness with fire, all the hay that it had taken me several days to make.

While I stood there watching the flames devour the fruits of my labor, something seemed to tell me that I would never succeed as a farmer. Physically I was in the best condition I had been in for 30 years. When I left Chicago in the winter of 1951, I weighed 220 pounds. Now one-and-a-half years later, I was down to 170 and could keep going at a brisk gate all day long. As soon as I stopped in the evening, however, I was dead tired—too tired to think.

I saw myself as a laborer trudging to the mines, spending my energies on physical labor, and in a way that never would do me any good. I liked the physical

work because it made me feel better, but I was overdoing it. Working with a team of horses takes one out of their natural stride and is therefore harmful to anyone past 65. Putting in a crop of any kind or harvesting it single-handed, which would require one to work harder than he should to get it in on time or harvested in season, and he most likely would be working on many days when he should not be working at all. I did not make a resolve to myself, but then and there began the practice of working only when I felt like it, and on jobs that did not have to be done within a time limit, or not at all.

A philosopher once said when asked what his recipe for happiness was, "Get tired and dirty and hungry and sleepy every day of your life. You must be tired before you can rest, you must be dirty before you can enjoy the refreshing thrills of a bath. One must be hungry to enjoy a good meal and one must be tired to fully enjoy a good night's sleep."

I made it a practice to work a few hours every day. In the summer time it would be in the early morning, usually between around 5 a.m. and 9 a.m., and in winter from 9 a.m. until about 3 p.m., with time out for lunch. During summer I would have a bath in my homemade shower after my morning workout, change clothes, read the mail, have an afternoon siesta, then read or listen to radio in the evening. In winter I usually had an early supper, then slept for a few hours, then during the middle of the night when the receptions were best for far-away stations, listened to classical music on my radio, and then sleep again until after sun up.

My jobs would be, first, maintenance. If there was a washout in our road after a heavy rain, I would repair it immediately. I would walk around the fence-line at frequent intervals, and if a tree had fallen across the wires, I would remove it and repair and realign the wires. I kept enough wood on hand at all times for a few weeks' supply. If kept too long it would become worm eaten and moldy in damp weather. All the above jobs had to be done, but I did not have to meet a deadline in doing them and they only took a little of my time. Repairs to roads or fences rarely took more than three or four hours, and the wood cutting could be spread out as desired so long as I kept an ample supply ahead.

Most of my time was spent in doing things I liked to do with an axe. I liked to chop. The first job I did was to build "Tunnel Lane" to the top of "Little Round Top." The old wagon trail followed the winding cow path with one branch to the spring and the other to the top of the mountain. I cut a new path right through the thickest part of the woods in a straight line to the hill top. It was just wide enough for a car to pass and not so wide but that the branches of the trees from each side met to make a solid roof overhead. For a considerable stretch of its entire length, the sun never hit the ground. I worked at this for my morning exercise for several weeks before it was finally completed.

My next voluntary lengthy job with the axe was to cut an equestrian trail. Starting at the house I cut a zig zag winding trail down to the creek then along the creek to a fording place to an open field on the opposite side for a sprint, then to the top of a bluff overlooking the creek and down on the other side to another ford back across the creek. Then up to the top of Little Round Top from the side opposite the

house, across the open field on its top and then zig zag down to the spring to refresh the horses, then over the winding cow trail to its junction with Tunnel Lane for an easy cool walk back to the house.

First I cut out all brush and small trees from the ground and then I took my hand-axe and from my saddle, astride old Nig, I cut all overhanging branches so one could pass from one end to the other without ever getting hit in the face with the limb of a tree. I worked at this job at my leisure time for over a year. After the trail was finished, no one ever used it when just going out for a ride.

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When I began to live on my income rather than try to make a living on the farm, I began to get acquainted with the animals around me. Nig and Dan were not just two horses. Billy White was just not a goat. Kitty was more than a cat, and Whitey and Biddy were not just two young roosters.

Nig and Dan were half brothers, 9 and 10 years old. They had spent most of their lives before I got them on a farm where there were no other horses and they became very attached to one another. When I took either one of them for a ride, I had to tie the other one securely in his box stall and close the stable door or he would go crazy. Their favorite pasture was on top of Little Round Top where I often visited them when they were grazing there. If I just came to the edge of the field and called out to them, they would whinny and come galloping up to me. If at another time I proceeded to the center of the field without calling to them and then began to clown by waving my hands and kicking my legs around, they would start galloping around the edge of the field, sometimes together, and sometimes they would whirl and continue in single file and in opposite directions. After they got tired of this monkey business, they would come galloping up to me, as if to say, I knew it was you all the time.

I stabled them in one shed and their hay was under another roof. In bad weather I fed them both hay and corn and in good weather I only fed them corn and let them get their own roughage in the pasture. One day I fed them their corn, the weather was doubtful. I stopped half way between their stalls and the hay shed to ponder the weather. Dan, who could see me from his stall, gave out a "Pfu- Pfu-Pfu-." He was not begging. It was a command: "Go on and get our hay!"

Dan died in his stall during the third winter from pneumonia. I had to use Nig to drag him to his grave, which was just over a ledge to the windward from the house, and the ravens, foxes and dogs would do the rest. After I unfastened the chain and started back to the house, after a few steps Nig stopped, looked back toward where Dan lay and gave a soft mournful, "Pfu Pfu Pfu," and then voluntarily resumed the lonely path back to the stable.

I kept Nig busy all day trying to make him forget. I fed him in the evening and then turned him out in the feed lot. He walked to the fence in the direction of Dan's grave and let out a series of the most mournful sounds I ever heard. I stayed with Nig most of the night, and the next morning saddled him up and went for a mate to take the place of Dan. I bought the first horse that was offered us, an iron gray gelding three years old, not a match for Dan, but he was adopted immediately and Nig made more of a fuss over him than he had over Dan, whom he had taken for granted. I kept "Young Dan" as we called him, until I found Nellie, a riding filly just

a little smaller than Nig but a dead match in color. Nellie soon won out with Nig over Young Dan, and I then sold Young Dan at the sale at a $10 profit.

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Kitty came to us one cold winter night. We heard her cry at the front door. When we opened the door she ran to the edge of the porch. We could not coax her into the house, nor would she run away just keep a safe distance as we approached her, and as we retreated, she followed us at a safe distance. We left her food on a plate outside. In the morning she was back for breakfast and every meal (for cats) for the next three years.

Only once in that time could I get her in the house (by subterfuge). When I closed the door and she saw she was trapped, she dashed for the ledge inside the fireplace which was ablaze with a hot fire. She cried with fright but would not come down until I opened the house door. The next morning she was at her private table for breakfast as though nothing happened.

And when I went for a stroll, she accompanied me, always at a safe distance, but always clowning all the way, dashing toward me, then whirling and scurrying up a tree, waiting until I was out of sight and appearing suddenly as if playfully trying to scare me. When she had kittens, she kept them as wild as she was herself, but when I would be in the house, she would line them up on the ledge outside the window as if to show them off to me.

When I went away sometimes for several weeks, Kitty would always be back within 24 hours until one time she did not come home and we never saw or heard from her again.

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During the first year of his life, Billy White had no one to play with except his mother (who had had so many sons and daughters before him that he was no novelty), myself, and Biddy the rooster. I was not particularly nice to Billy. I whipped him often to keep him off the front porch, I castrated him, and I used him as a guinea pig to test out my electric fence, but he never faltered in his loyalty. He would play hide-and-seek around the house, accompany me everywhere I went, if I allowed him to, and would always answer me from afar when I called him.

One time when I was going to the woods to fall some trees, I did not want him to go along for fear a tree might fall on him. Instead of whipping him or penning him up to keep him from following me, I thought I would just try the cold-shoulder treatment on him. When on our strolls together, we always kept up a between man and goat conversation. This time I started off in a hurry without inviting Billy.

He said, "Ba Ba." I paid no attention to him. He said, "Ba Ba," again and started to follow me. I paid no attention and quickened my pace. He said, "Ba- Ba- Ba-" in a little louder voice. I paid no attention and quickened my pace still more.

He stopped, let out one loud long "Baaaa" and then returned to graze with his mother.

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For the first few weeks of his life we thought Biddy was a pullet (hen), but in time his true sex became apparent. When cannibalism started among the young chicks, Biddy was the worst offender, but he never got pecked himself.

When I started to teach the young chicks to sit on the roost and in the morning there would be some back on the floor, Biddy would always be in the crowd. One night after I placed them on the roost, I returned to the chicken house just after dark and there was the bunch of chicks on the floor with Biddy prominent in the crowd. I placed them back on the roost. The only one that showed any resistance was Biddy. I gave him a cuff on the head and sit him on the roost and he sat there. But as soon as I turned off the flashlight I heard a chick drop to the floor. I turned on my flash and sure enough it was Biddy. I picked him up and gave him a good cuffing this time and sat him back on the roost and then waited for him to try it again, but he had learned his lesson. In spite of this rough treatment, Biddy not only would still eat out of my hand but he would follow me. Of course, I gave him an extra bit of cracked corn now and then.

Billy White liked to race across the porch, jump off the end, and twist his body in the air before he landed on the ground. He liked to stand by my chair with his head on my knee. Biddy got so bold as to intrude on Billy's private playground. Biddy would hop upon my knee or sit on my shoulder and "caw caw caw" back to me as I talked to him. Billy White became jealous and would try to push the chick away. One day I held Biddy in my hand, and as Billy came up to butt him away, I held Biddy's head in my hand and gave Billy a peck on the nose. Billy looked surprised and then cautiously stuck his nose out again. This time I gave him a harder peck and Billy took quite a set back. Then I released Biddy's head but still held him in my hands. Billy was very cautious, but more curious than ever, and when he stuck his nose out again, Biddy looked a little scared at first and then let go with a hay maker of a peck that sent Billy scampering off the porch. Biddy never again was afraid of Billy White. He would ruffle the feathers around his neck and stand braced for action. Billy would tease him but never get close enough to get another peck. Both Billy and Biddy would follow me all over the farm. Biddy often perched on my shoulder and Billy trailing along behind.

Biddy and Rooster White (Whitey) were the only two males that survived the axe when we processed our surplus cockerels. Biddy was the larger of the two birds and just as agile, but his brilliant large red comb was too much of a target for Whitey's deadly aim. Although Biddy never won, he never stopped trying. Whitey seemed to be more attractive to a greater number of the hens and perhaps Biddy felt obliged to take a certain amount of punishment every day to dispel any notion among the hens that he was a coward and thus lose all the respect they had for him. The hawks got Whitey first and for a few weeks Biddy ruled the flock with all the

splendor of Solomon. But his reign was all too brief, for the hawks got him in the end.

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Each time Gladys returned to the farm from Chicago, she brought a carload of our own personal property or some castoffs from our daughters. In the summer of 1953, she not only brought everything she could pack in the back seat and trunk of the car and pile on top, but she had bought a substantially built homemade trailer which she loaded with furniture and hitched on the back of the car. As we had already taxed our limit of storage space to the point where everything was piled on everything and nothing could be found, I had to temporarily (involuntarily) renounce my passive resolve not to try to do anything worthwhile and build a storage place for this load of a little bit of everything.

I still had enough old lumber from the dismantled west end of the house for the siding, and then I got enough galvanized metal roofing for an outside storage room 10' x 16' and 8 feet high. I made shelves on both sides with an aisle down the middle. All surplus books, dishes, surplus clothing etc. were packed in boxes and labeled and placed on the shelves in this outer shed to make room for more of the furniture in the house and attic. I guess anyone enjoys doing anything that they can do relatively well. This storage room was made of old rough lumber and could not, and therefore was not, expected to be too smooth a job. I was always good at doing things well and expensively that did not have to be done well in the first place. As this was a short job, I really enjoyed it as it was quite a relief from my practice of doing only the jobs I liked to do.

With this storage room completed and our valuables securely packed away and no intention of embarking on a canning spree such as we did during our first two summers, we were all set to really enjoy living on our place in Arkansas. We had attended the local auction sale occasionally, but now with time on our hands and since there was an auction sale in one or another of the surrounding towns every day in the week, we widened our scope. We attended two or more auction sales every week. It was a good place to see the country people and get to know them by observation, even though we made personal contact with only a limited number of them.

Everything was sold at these sales, second-hand clothing and furniture, produce of all kinds from the farm and garden. I have seen canned fruit and vegetables sell for less than the cost of the mason jars in which it was canned. Farm animals and machinery and small tools of every kind. I bought two single trees at the store for $3.50 and I bought six, just as good, at the sale for 90 cents. I paid $16 for my first set of chain harness. At one of the auctions I was asked by the auctioneer humorously if I would start the bidding on an army surplus set of an all-leather harness complete with lines, bridles and breeching at $5.50. I said, "Yes." There was not another bid, and I have a fancy set of work harness hanging in the stable that

I never use.

During this time Gladys was looking especially for a saddle and a pony for the grandchildren. The saddles were never good enough and the ponies were always too dear. I was always looking for quality goats at a bargain, and I got a few out from $5 to $7.50 compared to the $17.50 for our first nanny and Billy White. One day a little jack about one year old was brought into the ring. There was one bid of $6. I raised the bid to $6.50 and got the prize. I thought he would be a cheap substitute for a pony for Andy, our 8-year-old grandson. I had him for some time before Andy arrived and had him trained to do a few tricks. I had him saddled and tied to a post when Andy arrived. Andy gave one look at Jackie and said, "I want a quarter horse. I don't want a mule," and thus Jackie was sentenced to another try in the auction ring to find a new home.

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We had heard about cyclones and tornadoes and we had noticed the storm cellars all around us, but we had not yet included a storm cellar in our plans. After a severe storm hit within 40 miles of our place and Gladys had a couple of interviews with the young mother of 10 children who had never had any protection of her own against tornadoes for her brood, it was not long before a storm cellar had first priority on our list. We got an estimate of the cost of building one from a local contractor, and he gave us a price of $150 to $250. For $150 we could get a sort of man-made cave with walls lined up with our own rock, a board roof covered with dirt, and a dirt floor. Labor was only 75 cents per hour, we had plenty of flat rock, so I decided that I would use my own rock and sand and buy the cement and use some of that cheap 75-cents-per-hour labor.

A contractor had his bulldozer stored on our place and we had him make the excavation and push another pile of rocks out of the way for $28. Then I started a man and his 17-year-old son to build the walls from masonry. They worked until their bill for labor alone amounted to $129, and they only had the wall about three feet high. At the rate he was going, our storm cellar would have cost us over $300. Of course it was a big one, 8' x 10' inside with a 6&#128-foot ceiling. I let them go and went to work myself building a form to hold concrete over the masonry walls that had been started. Then I hired the same man to help me mix the concrete. I took the place of the boy, and for a labor cost of only $25, we pushed the walls up another 3&#128 feet, put in a concrete floor and a reinforced the concrete roof.

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I kept adding goats to my flock until I had ten females and one male. Looking forward a few months, it took no soothsayer to foresee that I would need additional shelter. So I started the first section 20' x 20' of what was to be quite an elaborate housing development for goats. Here again my first consideration would be to keep

down the cost. I would use my own timber and make the walls of small logs with a metal roof.

I started cutting the logs, intending to use only straight logs of uniform size and about six inches at the stump. I was already becoming timber conscious, and before I had gone very far, it dawned upon me that it was poor economy to be slaughtering those fine young trees just when they were beginning a healthy growth. Mrs. Teague (Aunty Frances) had a pile of old rough lumber stacked up on her barn yard. When I went up for the mail at lunch time, I asked her if she wanted to sell it.

She said, "Go ahead and use it. It will just lay there and rot."

I said, "What do you want for it?"

"Oh! Whatever it is worth to you."

I took it all, culled it out and paid her half what new lumber was worth at the lumber yard in town.

Although we had never considered giving up building our home on Little Round Top, we were gradually becoming fenced in around the old homestead. A new woven wire fence had been built. We had brought in electricity. The stable had been repaired. The chicken house, the outside storage house, the storm cellar, and now the goat shed had been built. The place began to feel like home to me and I would not be stepping off the measurements of the new yard and garden every time I made a visit up on Little Round Top.

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During our entire married life we had been separated for periods of two or three months almost every year. One year Gladys and the girls would spend the summer with her people in Canada and the next year with my people and her sister in Indiana[47]. So, for the first three years of my life on the farm in Arkansas, I took her trips back to her part-time job in Chicago as a matter of course. But when she returned to Chicago in the fall of 1953, an entirely different situation had come up.

Her former superior at the war plant during World War II had taken a position with the Ford Motor Company at 74th and Cicero Avenue in Chicago, and he offered her a position that was too good to turn down. This would be a steady job with work requiring residence in Chicago of 11 months out of the year with only a two-week vacation. As everything that we had attempted to do cost us more than we had figured, and as practically nothing of our farming operations gave any assurance of helping us financially, there was nothing left for her to do but accept the job and for me to place no obstacles in her way. I have seen men sobbing over the bar because of their sorrows. I had not had a drink or smoked a cigarette for three years, but this time as she turned the corner and passed out of sight, the tears were real.

If I had known at this time that her job would last for six years, I would have forsaken the farm and gone back to my old real estate business in Chicago. But she only expected to be employed for a year or so, and I would just make a couple of trips to Chicago between her vacation times and we would keep our plans in line with our original intentions.

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During my first three years on the farm, I scarcely ever left it during the time Gladys was away. But now that her absence would be prolonged between visits, I started looking for a pickup truck or a jeep to drive to town. The novelty of riding horseback had worn off, and the horses, although gentle on the farm, became so frightened when they met cars or large trucks or trailers on the highway that for safety's sake I needed a new means of transportation. Within a few weeks, an Army jeep was offered at the auction sale and I bought it for $300 dollars.

While the jeep was still in the repair shop for a complete overhauling before taking it home, I got word from my brother in Indiana that they were having trouble

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Gladys● sister, Dorothy Matilda Ramsey had married Walter●s brother, John Clifton Baltzell (Jack) on September 16, 1926, and they lived in Decatur, Indiana.

caring for my 96-year-old father. As the doctors said, his body had just simply worn out his mind. He would wander away from home and violently at times resist any effort to restrain him. He had been living for the last 12 years since mother died[48] at his home place with my youngest sister and her husband. But for the sake of her health, other arrangements had to be made. They tried hiring a companion for him. That was when he started wandering away. I had three brothers and three sisters living and each one of them tried to give him a home. But he resisted and resented all efforts they made in his behalf.

That is when they called upon me, hoping that since I had been away from home for so long and had not as yet had to restrain him in any way, he might be more amenable to any suggestions I made. After consulting with the family, it was decided that we would keep him in his own home and that each one of his children would give up their own home for two-month periods and move in with him and take care of him. I started the ball rolling, and for the next three years[49] spent two to four months each year in Indiana, living with and taking care of my father. I spent some extra time when one of my sisters was ill. I would stop in Chicago for a visit on my way to Indiana and then after my two or four months● sojourn in Indiana, I could return via Chicago for another visit on my way back to Arkansas. Gladys, in turn, always chose to spend her vacations on the farm in Arkansas. We both seemed to be eager to get back to the farm the minute we were foot-loose to do so, and this preference for the farm after three years of mostly disappointment was the best indicator that we would eventually be there to stay.

People always seem to want to be reassured as they go along with a new project that they are doing the right thing. Even if we had began to get cold feet at this time, since the people in the large cities were beginning to be air raid conscious, the most valid reason, the most comforting thought of all was that we could all be safe on the farm in Arkansas.

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My first visit to Indiana was during the winter but all subsequent visits were in the summer time. 1951 was a wet year but the next five years were dry. By the middle of the summer of 1954, I got word while in Indiana from one of my neighbors that the spring had gone dry. I had to return to Arkansas and extend my fence to include a section of the creek bottom in the pasture.

This was a miserable job. The bottom lands in Arkansas during July and August are really hot, and as so much of the fence line was on an incline much too

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Walter● s mother, Emma Jane Andrews Baltzell died on January 12, 1942 at the age of 81.

49

Walter● s father, Thomas Hoffman Baltzell passed away on February 13, 1956, 10 months before his 100th birthday.

steep for old Nig to travel, I had to string the wire myself. They say that necessity is the mother of invention. The terrain was too steep for Nig and the load was too much for me to carry. So I made a pair of shafts which I fastened to a spindle that was run through the hub of a bundle of barb wire. I thus pulled the roll of wire along and let it unwind as I progressed. I have never bothered with my sled and axle even on level ground since I devised the more simple method.

After I started making the trips to Indiana, I had little choice as to what my activities would be when I returned to the farm. There was always a job that just had to be done the minute I arrived home. When I only had a few goats, they stayed at home. But as they got the brush cleared away, they began to wander. I had an electric fence around one field, but they soon got used to it and went under it or over it without restraint. So I sent the electric controller back to the manufacturer and they sent me one that was supposed to be twice as strong. Within a few days the goats were all out again, so I just loaded them in the trailer and took them to the auction.

I had cleared the brush and picked the stone on three fields that we named Cave Park, North Field and Hill Top, all three comprising about 20 acres. Although I had given up the idea of farming myself, I did not intend to let the briars and brush get the upper hand in these fields again.

Both my sons-in-law had good jobs with old reliable companies and there was no reason to anticipate that their families would ever be in want. I knew that by planting winter oats and drought resistant crops in the summer time, these 20 acres that I had cleared would provide all of us with food, and it was to be my recreation and my vocation to keep it in condition for crops just for that emergency that we did not anticipate and certainly hoped would never come.

I told Tom Rhodes, a store keeper in town, that I had decided to quit trying to farm and that all I was going to do was to just keep the stones picked as they would be exposed by erosion and to keep the weeds and sprouts cleared away. He was developing a derisive smile as I was talking, and just as I was ending my speech, a couple of ex-farmers came in and Tom said to them, "He has 160 acres of land out there, and he is going to keep the stone picked and the brush and weeds cut just for the fun of it." When I returned from Indiana in the fall and found that the sumac and briars would grow as high as my head in three months, I understood why there was so much compassion in the look the two farmers gave me in Tom's store. The over-hanging briars unmercifully lacerated the horses ● legs and sides even though I tried to fit pants on their legs. The stone and coarse brush stems would break the knives in the sickle bar in the mowing machine.

So I could not economically use the jeep to draw the mower, so I gave up in despair for the first year. The second year, I back-fired around the edge of the fields just inside the edge of the timber, and then set fire to the dry grass in the fields and burned them off. The sentiment both officially and among the hunters and sportsmen was so strong against using fire to clean up the fields that I didn't know whether I could ever muster up enough courage to do it again or not.

-the end-

On August 31, 1965, Walter Thomas Baltzell passed away, having related his life up through the year 1954. In 1977, Gladys remarried. She and her husband, Bill Jennings, live in Clinton, Arkansas.

December

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